

W O R K S

THE

W O R K S

OF

H O R A C E .

B. Heraldis. Huc. (17)

THE

W O R K S

OF



H O C E

THE
WORKS
OF
HORACE

IN ENGLISH VERSE.

By SEVERAL HANDS.

COLLECTED and PUBLISHED

By Mr. DUNCOMBE.

WITH

NOTES HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.

Visam Britannos.

Carm. III. iv. 34.

VOLUME the FIRST.

LONDON:

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*.

M.DCC.LVII,

W. O. R. K. S.

H. O. R. A. C. E.

THE NEW YORK

BY SEVERAL HANDS

OF SEVERAL AND PUBLISHED

IN THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

NOTES H. O. R. A. C. E.



THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK



THE
P R E F A C E.

THE Editor having, for above Thirty Years, amused himself, at different Times, by translating now and then an Ode of *Horace*, as it happened to strike his Fancy, at last entertained the Thought of completing the Four Books of Odes, and the Secular Ode, partly from his own Translations, and partly from adopting such Versions and Imitations, as he despaired to equal. But he would scarce have had Spirits to accomplish this Scheme, imperfect as it is, if a young Gentleman of *Cambridge* had not offered his Assistance; which was accepted. To him he gladly resigned many Odes.

That the Work may not swell to an unreasonable Bulk, no more than one Translation and one

Imitation of the same Ode are admitted. By this Rule we are obliged to exclude many excellent Pieces.

Those Odes which have never been printed are marked with an Asterisk *.

It seemed necessary to add Notes to explain the ancient Histories and Customs, to which *Horace* so frequently alludes, that without some Knowledge of these, he can scarce be understood but by Scholars. For the Notes the Reader is indebted chiefly to *Dacier* and *Sanadon*. Most of these were written many Years before Mr. *Francis's* Translation of our Author appeared: As they were drawn from the same Source, it will not be thought strange, if the same Things should sometimes occur in both. However, Care has been taken to avoid this as much as possible: And several Passages have been struck out.

In the new Translations we have attempted to trace the Original as closely as was consistent with the Genius and Elegance of the *English* Tongue.

One

One Fault we have endeavoured to avoid, which, though countenanced by modern Practice, will always offend a judicious Ear ; we mean the promiscuous Use of *You* and *Thou*. And it seems the more worthy of Notice, as it was doubtless originally owing to Poverty of Genius. Rhyme and Reason are too often at Variance ; no Wonder therefore, that a hasty Writer should ring the Changes on Words, which so frequently occur at the End of a Line. But this will by no means justify what is condemned by Reason. Mere Authority, when put in the Scale in Opposition to Truth, will always *kick the Beam*. Besides, the Practice of our elder Poets was more pure and correct. *Waller*, the great Refiner of our Language, is remarkably nice in this Particular. When he begins a Poem either with *You* or *Thou*, he uses the same Pronoun throughout the whole Piece. In his Poem to the King on his Navy, 1626, and in that on *Lady Carlisle in Mourning*, he uses *Thou* and *Thy* ; but in his Panegyric to the Protector, 1654, and in his Poem to the King, on his Return, he uses invariably

You and Your. Dryden, hasty as he was, is in that Point sufficiently correct. *Anthony*, in the Scene between him and *Ventidius* in *All for Love*, says, *Art thou Ventidius?* He replies, *Are you Anthony?* And both of them use the same throughout. And his Conduct in the admired Scene between *Sebastian* and *Dorax* is extremely applicable to the Case before us. *Dorax*, while he is composed, treats the King with some Respect, and addresses him with *You and Your*, as conscious of the Deference due to Majesty: But when his Passions are roused and inflamed, that Deference is forgot; and he then thunders out *Thou* and *Thee* in as fierce a Tone as the King himself. Again, towards the Conclusion, when his Anger subsides, his Phrases soften; and he then returns to *You and Your*. This is a just Picture of Nature, and such a seeming Inconsistence is a real Beauty. But no such Plea can be urged in favour of some late Writers, who are perpetually shifting from *You* to *Thou*, and from *Your* to *Thy*, even when unconstrained by Rhyme.

Prior,

Prior, though sometimes faulty in this respect, yet in his elegant *Poem* to the Memory of Colonel *Villiers*, (for it ought not to be styled an *Ode*, as it is written in the common heroic Measure*) in Imitation of Ode 28, Book I. (see Page 104.) adheres invariably to *Thou* and *Thy*. But *Pope* is not so correct in his Imitation of Ode 1. Book IV. (p. 419.)

Now, now, I seize, I clasp *thy* Charms,
And now *you* burst (ah cruel !) from my Arms,
[&c.

To produce Instances from living Authors might be thought invidious. We shall therefore leave them to the Reader's own Observation. It is enough to have pointed out this Fault, which carries with it its own Conviction.

* The same may be said of many of Mr. *Francis's* Translations.

But, though I have been in the habit of
yet in his elegant Poem in the History of Ovid's
Vivian, (for it ought not to be called an Ode, as
it is written in the common heroic measure) in
imitation of Ovid's 12th Book (Page 107) and
here it is chiefly to be observed that the Poem is not
to be found in the translation of John D. Barrow, Esq.
(1789).

I now have I shall be glad to hear
And now I shall (as usual) from my friends
be informed of the success of the Poem.

The Poem has been from living authors and
thought in the Poem. We shall therefore have them
to the Reader's own Observation. This is enough to
have placed on the Poem, which carries with it
its own Conviction.

The Poem may be found in many of the Poets' Trade
Editions.



THE
C H A R A C T E R
O F
H O R A C E.

By a PERSON of DISTINCTION.

Translated from the *French*.

AMONG the great Number of Books, which, for so many Ages, have been transmitted down to us, I am of Opinion that we ought to value what we have of *Horace* as one of the finest Presents we have received from Antiquity.

This Poet, so happy in the Choice of his Words, has forgot nothing to render his Diction as strong and just as his Thoughts.

The Translations of his Works, however faithful and elaborate, can only pass for *Copies*: And they only, with whom *Horace* has conversed in his
own

own Tongue, can boast to have seen the *Original Picture* of his Wit. He lived in the Court of *Augustus*, a Prince of an elegant Turn of Mind, cultivated by polite Learning. His favourite Minister honoured him with his Friendship; I mean the celebrated *Mæcenas*, who was so great an Admirer of learned Men, and so liberal to them, that all their Benefactors are even to this Day called by his Name. But, as the greatest Minds are not exempt from Weaknesses, he loved *Licinia* even to Dotage.

* *Horace*, to sooth his Passion and the Charms of this Lady, has employed an Address so fine and insinuating, that neither *Ovid*, nor even *Tibullus*, has any thing comparable to it; and indeed it ought to pass for a Master-piece of Delicacy.

Though our Author is gay on gallant Subjects, he is no less serious on those that are solid. It is in the Writings of this † philosophical Courtier, that

* See the 12th Ode of his 2d Book.

† *Horace* has not only treated of Morals in his Satires and Epistles, but has even filled the greatest Part of his Odes with them.

that we may learn to live in the World with the Great, and in private with Ourselves. As the dogmatic Style has something disgusting in it, he does not assume that Air of Authority, to give Weight to his Sentences, which are so often in the Mouths of those who have Judgment enough to know the Value of them. It is * at Supper with his Friends, or sitting in a gay Humour by his † Mistress, that he suggests a commodious Philosophy, and ‡ arms himself, in good Fortune, to bear one day the bad.

In his First Book, see the 4th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 22d, 24th, 28th, 29th, 31st, 34th and 35th Odes.

In his Second Book, the 2d, 3d, 9th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 18th Odes.

In his Third Book, the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 16th, 23d, 24th and 29th Odes,

In his Fourth Book, the 7th, 8th and 9th Odes.

And, in his Fifth Book, or Epodes, the 2d and 7th.

* See the 4th, 9th and 27th Odes of the First Book; the 3d Ode of the Second Book; and the 13th Epode.

† See the 11th Ode of the First Book, and the 28th Ode of the Third Book.

‡ See the 29th Ode of the Third Book.

Other

Other Teachers of Morality have drawn Virtue austere and rigid ; and the Way which leads to it difficult and rarely trod. Our Poet, on the contrary, introduces it arrayed in all the Charms, which can render it amiable, and attract our Affection. He represents it as sociable even to Gaiety, and does not reject its Company in his Hours of Pleasure. His Design herein is at once to instruct and to please, by always mingling the Profitable with the Delightful. He has so far succeeded in it, that he has found means to make *Mirth*, *Revelry* and *Folly*, the Hand-maids of *Wisdom*.

However, though I am charmed with the Lustre of his Wit, I am not so far dazzled with it, as to approve his Invectives against * certain old Women, who had interrupted him in his *Amours*. The Picture he draws of their Faults is so gross and indecent, that the Genius of *Horace* disappears. But, † this excepted, I am of Opinion, that we cannot,

* See the 8th and 12th Epodes. These will be omitted.

† This elegant Writer seems to be here speaking of his Odes only, otherwise what he says will not be strictly true.

CHARACTER of HORACE. xv

without Injustice, deny him our Admiration ; and that he ought to be distinguished by the Title of the GENTLEMAN AUTHOR.

To this *French* Nobleman's Picture of *Horace*, I beg Leave to add his Character, as drawn by an *English* Lady, in the following Lines, which were written when the Author was in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty.

See *Horace* shaded by the Lyric Wreath,
Where every Grace and all the Muses breathe ;
Where courtly Ease adorns each happy Line,
And *Pindar*'s Fire and *Sappho*'s Softness join.
Politely wise, with calm well-govern'd Rage,
He lash'd the reigning Follies of the Age ;
With Wit, not Spleen, indulgently severe,
To reach the Heart, he charm'd the list'ning
Ear.

When soothing Themes each milder Note employ,

Each milder Note swells soft to Love and Joy ;

Smooth

Smooth as the Fame-prefaging * Doves, that
spread
Prophetic Wreaths around his Infant Head.

— Nor ought we to omit a Sketch of his distinguishing Manner by a skilful Hand, in a Book lately published. “ His Excellence lay in
“ exquisite Observations on human Life, and in
“ touching the *Foibles* of Mankind with Delicacy
“ and Urbanity. ’Tis easy to perceive this moral
“ Turn in all his Compositions. The Writer of
“ the *Epistles* is discerned in the *Odes*. Elegance,
“ not Sublimity, was his grand Characteristic. *Horace* is the most popular Author of Antiquity;
“ the Reason is, because he abounds in Images
“ drawn from familiar Life, and in Remarks, *that*
“ *come home to Mens Business and Bosoms.*”

Essay on the Writings of Pope, p. 172.

But, allowing all this to be true in the main, it must be owned, that he has many sublime Odes; of which Notice will be taken in its Place.

* See Book III. Ode 4.

P R E F A C E. xvii

A learned Friend, (whose Name would do us Honour, if we were allowed to mention it,) having perused Part of this Work, gave us his Opinion of it in the following Manner. “ I read your Specimen
 “ with Pleasure, and think there are many Odes
 “ more successfully executed, than I could have
 “ expected from the Nature of the Work. I ever
 “ looked upon *Horace’s* Odes as the most difficult
 “ to translate of any thing in the whole Language.
 “ The little Incidents and Circumstances of History,
 “ the Manners of the Persons addressed to, the Rites
 “ and Customs referred to, in War, Politics, and Religion,
 “ were familiar to the *Latin* Readers, and gave
 “ them a Propriety, Elegance, and Ease, which must
 “ be lost to the *English* Reader; and, though assisted
 “ by the Notes, he finds it rather a Study, than an
 “ Entertainment. I therefore think that *Imitations*
 “ and *Accommodations* will generally succeed
 “ better than strict Translations. You will perhaps
 “ take my Meaning better by an Instance from the second
 “ Stanza of Ode 29. Book 1. *Imitated*;

“ What plume-crown’d *Sachem*, great in Arms,
 “ *&c.*

b

“ Suppose

" Suppose it re-translated literally into as elegant
 " *Latin* as ever *Horace* wrote; and let us give
 " *Horace* half an Hour's Life again, to try an Ex-
 " periment; let him read it over; how strange
 " and inelegant would it appear to him from his
 " being unacquainted with the Customs of *North-*
 " *America!* The Odes on Love and Wine will
 " bear Translation best, as the Subjects are com-
 " mon to both Nations, and their Ideas, in gene-
 " ral, agree: Yet here, when a particular Cus-
 " tom is introduced, which often gives an Ele-
 " gance to the Original, the Translation grows
 " obscure and less pleasing. Of this I am furnished
 " with an Instance in Ode 5. Book 1. Both the
 " Translation and Imitation run easy till we come
 " to the last Stanza; where, instead of the grace-
 " ful Close in the *Latin*, the *English* hobbles off
 " lame and harsh, from its Allusion to *the votive*
 " *Tables*, so well understood at *Rome*, but so little
 " heard of by a mere *English* Reader."

We offer this Passage as the best Apology we
 can make for the Faults and Defects the Reader
 will probably find in this Attempt. At the same
 Time

Time we could not but be pleased to see our Friend point out to us that very Plan, which we were before determined to pursue, *viz.* the inserting of frequent *Imitations* and *Allusions*: Though we hope Instances are not wanting of *translated Odes* which flow with Ease.

But that *Imitations* will generally succeed better than strict *Translations* is undoubtedly true. The same Observation may be applied to *Juvenal*. The Truth of this has been happily displayed by Mr. *Samuel Johnson* in his *Imitations* of the Third and Tenth Satires, than which the *English* Tongue can boast nothing more spirited. It were to be wished that he could be prevailed on to enrich it with more Pieces of the same Kind. The Vices of the Age rather demand the Pen of a *JUVENAL* than that of a *HORACE*.

Some of our critical Friends having censured the Word *Delphos*, used in the Translation of Ode 7. Book 1. p. 28. we will lay before the Reader all that can be said *for* or *against* it, from a Note of the learned Dr. *Newton*, on the following Lines of *Paradise Regained*:

b 2

— Hence—

— Henceforth Oracles are ceas'd,
 And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
 Shalt be enquir'd at *Delphos*, or elsewhere.

“ In the famous Controversy about ancient and
 “ modern Learning, Mr. *Wotton* reproves Sir *Wil-*
 “ *liam Temple* for putting *Delphos* for *Delphi* every-
 “ where in his Essays. Mr. *Boyle* justifies it, and
 “ says that it is used by all the finest Writers of our
 “ Tongue, and best Judges of it, particularly *Wal-*
 “ *ler, Dryden, Creech*. If these Authorities may
 “ justify Sir *William Temple*, they may also justify
 “ *Milton*: But certainly the true Way of writing
 “ is not *Delphos* in the *Accusative* Case, but *Delphi*
 “ in the *Nominative*. And though one would not
 “ condemn those excellent Writers, who have un-
 “ awares fallen into the common Error, yet to de-
 “ fend *Delphos* upon this very Pretence, that it has
 “ been the *Custom* of our *English* Writers to call it
 “ so, is, as Dr. *Bentley* replies, like the Popish Priest,
 “ who for thirty Years together had read *Mum-*
 “ *psimus* in his Breviary, instead of *Sumpsimus*;
 “ and when a learned Man told him of his Blun-
 “ der, *I'll not change*, says he, *my old Mumpsimus*
 “ *for your's, w Sumpsimus.*”

In

In the Opinion of our Master *Horace*, the Use of Words depends on Custom;

Quem penes, arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi.

If this Rule be true, then however blameable the first Introduction of *Delphos* for *Delphi* might be, yet since it has been adopted by so many eminent Writers, and can plead so long a Prescription, it may now pass for current Coin. *Delphos* is used in the Singular by *Cooper* and *Littleton* in their Dictionaries. Perhaps it may be formed, as a *Nominative*, from its modern Name *Delfo*, changing the *f* into *ph*, and adding an *s*. “ Custom, as a late ingenious * Writer observes, is the Standard of Language; and that alone is proper, which is authorized by it; that alone improper which deviates from it.”

The Editor having mentioned to some learned Friends, about three Years ago, the Scheme he had long meditated in relation to the *Odes* of *Horace*, was advised to undertake also the *Epodes*, *Satires*, *Epistles*, and *Art of Poetry*, in order to render the

* Mr. *Seel*.

Work complete. This Advice has been complied with ; and the whole is now ready for the Press.

The whole Work will be comprised in three Volumes, each to contain, as near as can be computed, thirty Sheets ; the second to appear next Winter, and the last in the Spring.



The Editor having mentioned to some learned Friends, about three Years ago, the Scheme he had long meditated in relation to the Ode of Parnassus, was advised to undertake also the Epical Satire, Epique and Art of Poetry, in order to render the

T H E

* Mr. 2nd.

Work

b 3



THE
C O N T E N T S.
B O O K I.

	Page
*ODE I. To <i>Mæcenas</i> . — — —	1
* — II. To <i>Augustus</i> . — — —	6
— III. By Mr. <i>Dryden</i> . — — —	11
— — Imitated. By <i>William Harison, Esq;</i> — — —	16
* — IV. To <i>Sestius</i> . — — —	18
* — V. To <i>Pyrrha</i> . — — —	20
* — — Imitated. — — —	22
— VI. To <i>Agrippa</i> . By Mr. <i>Jeffreys</i> . — — —	24
— — Imitated. By Sir <i>Richard Steele</i> . — — —	26
* — VII. To <i>Munatius Plancus</i> . — — —	28
* — VIII. To <i>Lydia</i> . By Mr. <i>Needler</i> . — — —	34
— IX. To <i>Thaliarchus</i> . By Mr. <i>Dryden</i> . — — —	36
* — — Imitated. By Mr. <i>Mulso</i> . — — —	38
* — X. To <i>Mercury</i> . — — —	41
* — XI. To <i>Leuconôë</i> . — — —	43
* — XII. To <i>Augustus</i> . — — —	45
— XIII. To <i>Lydia</i> . By Mr. <i>Jeffreys</i> . — — —	54
* — XIV. To the Commonwealth. — — —	56
— — Imitated. By <i>I. H. B. Esq;</i> — — —	57
* — XV. The Prophecy of <i>Nereus</i> . By a Lady. — — —	59
— — Imitated. By <i>J. D.</i> — — —	63
* — XVI. To <i>Tyndaris</i> . — — —	68
* — XVII. To the Same. — — —	71

	Page
* ODE XVIII. To <i>Varus</i> . — — — —	73
— XIX. To <i>Venus</i> . By Mr. <i>Congreve</i> . — — —	75
* — XX. To <i>Mæcenas</i> . — — — —	76
* — XXI. A Hymn to <i>Apollo</i> and <i>Diana</i> . — — —	79
* — XXII. To <i>Aristius Fuscus</i> . By S. J. — — —	82
— — Paraphrased. By Mr. <i>Hughes</i> . — — —	83
* — XXIII. To <i>Clœ</i> . By J. C. — — — —	86
* — XXIV. To <i>Virgil</i> . — — — —	87
* — XXV. To <i>Lydia</i> . — — — —	89
* — XXVI. To the <i>Muses</i> . — — — —	91
* — — Imitated. By J. D. — — — —	93
* — XXVII. To his Companions. — — — —	95
* — XXVIII. A Dialogue between the Ghost of <i>Archytas</i> and a Mariner. — — — —	97
— — — Imitated. By Mr. <i>Prior</i> . — — — —	104
* — XXIX. To <i>Lælius</i> , a Philosopher. — — — —	109
* — — Imitated. By J. D. — — — —	111
* — XXX. To <i>Venus</i> . — — — —	113
— — — Imitated. By Dr. <i>Broxholm</i> . — — — —	114
* — XXXI. To <i>Apollo</i> . — — — —	116
* — XXXII. To his Harp. — — — —	118
* — XXXIII. To <i>Albius Tibullus</i> . — — — —	119
* — XXXIV. — — — —	121
* — XXXV. To Fortune. — — — —	124
* — XXXVI. On the Return of <i>Numida</i> from <i>Spain</i> . — — —	129
* — XXXVII. Occasioned by the Sea-fight near <i>Actium</i> . — — —	131
* — XXXVIII. To his Boy. — — — —	136
— — — The same. By a Lady. — — — —	ibid

B O O K II.

	Page
* ODE I. To <i>Caius Asinius Pollio</i> . — — — —	143
* — II. To <i>Caius Sallust Crispus</i> . — — — —	147
* — III. To <i>Dellius</i> . — — — —	149
* — IV. To <i>Xanthias Phœceus</i> . — — — —	152
* — V. — — — —	153
* — VI. To <i>Septimius</i> . — — — —	155
— — — Imitated, By Mr. <i>Marriott</i> . — — — —	158
* ODE	

C O N T E N T S.

XXV

	Page
* ODE VII. To <i>Pompeius Varus</i> . — — —	159
* — VIII. To <i>Bariné</i> . — — —	162
* — IX. To <i>Valgius</i> . — — —	164
— — Imitated. By Mr. <i>Jeffreys</i> . — — —	167
* — X. To <i>Licinius</i> . — — —	169
* — XI. To <i>Quintius Hirpinus</i> . — — —	172
* — XII. To <i>Mæcenas</i> . By Sir <i>Jeffrey Gilbert</i> . — —	175
* — XIII. — — —	178
* — XIV. To <i>Posthumus</i> . — — —	184
— — Imitated. By the Earl of <i>Corke</i> . — — —	223
* — XV. Against the Luxury of the Times. — — —	188
— — Imitated. By a Lady. — — —	191
* — XVI. To <i>Grossphus</i> . — — —	193
— — Imitated. By <i>J. D.</i> — — —	197
* — XVII. To <i>Mæcenas</i> . — — —	199
* — XVIII. — — —	203
* — XIX. A Hymn to <i>Bacchus</i> . — — —	209
* — XX. To <i>Mæcenas</i> . — — —	214
A Letter from Mr. <i>Hughes</i> to Lord Chancellor <i>Cowper</i> . —	218
To the same, in Allusion to the foregoing Ode. —	221

B O O K III.

	Page
* ODE I. — — —	229
— — Imitated. By Mr. <i>Booth</i> . — — —	236
* — II. To his Friends. — — —	239
* — III. — — —	242
— — Imitated. By Mr. <i>Walsb.</i> — — —	248
* — IV. To <i>Calliopé</i> . — — —	252
* — V. — — —	263
— VI. To the <i>Roman People</i> . By the Earl of <i>Ro-</i> <i>common</i> . — — —	271
— — Imitated. By <i>R. L.</i> — — —	277
* — VII. To <i>Astérie</i> . — — —	283
* — VIII. To <i>Mæcenas</i> . — — —	287
— IX. A Dialogue between <i>Horace</i> and <i>Lydia</i> . By Bp. <i>Atterbury</i> . — — —	294
* — — Imitated. — — —	297
* ODE	

	Page
* ODE X. To <i>Lycé</i> . — — — — —	299
* — XI. To <i>Mercury</i> . — — — — —	302
* — XII. To <i>Neobulé</i> . — — — — —	307
* — XIII. To the Nymph presiding over the <i>Blandusian</i> Fountain. — — — — —	309
* — — Imitated. — — — — —	312
* — XIV. On the Return of <i>Augustus</i> from <i>Spain</i> . — — — — —	313
* — XV. To <i>Chloris</i> . — — — — —	318
* — XVI. To <i>Mæneas</i> . — — — — —	320
* — — Imitated. By Mr. <i>Say</i> . — — — — —	326
* — XVII. To <i>Ælius Lamia</i> . — — — — —	330
* — XVIII. To <i>Faunus</i> . — — — — —	333
* — XIX. To <i>Telephus</i> . — — — — —	336
* — XX. To <i>Pyrrhus</i> . — — — — —	341
* — XXI. To his Cask. — — — — —	443
* — XXII. To <i>Diana</i> . — — — — —	348
* — XXIII. To <i>Phidylé</i> . — — — — —	349
* — XXIV. — — — — —	355
* — XXV. To <i>Bacchus</i> . — — — — —	363
* — — Paraphrased. By Mr. <i>Shippen</i> . — — — — —	367
* — XXVI. To <i>Venus</i> . — — — — —	369
* — XXVII. To <i>Galatea</i> . — — — — —	372
* — XXVIII. To <i>Lyde</i> . — — — — —	393
* — XXIX. To <i>Mæneas</i> . By Mr. <i>Dryden</i> . — — — — —	395
* — XXX. — — — — —	403
* — — Imitated. — — — — —	406

BOOK IV.

	Page
* ODE I. To <i>Venus</i> . — — — — —	413
* — — Imitated. By Mr. <i>Pope</i> . — — — — —	415
* — II. To <i>Antonius Julius</i> . — — — — —	420
* — Part of the same Ode imitated. — — — — —	426
* — III. To his Muse. By Bp. <i>Atterbury</i> . — — — — —	428
* — — Imitated: — — — — —	430
* — IV. The Praises of <i>Drusus</i> and <i>Tiberius</i> . By Mr. <i>Jeffreys</i> . — — — — —	433
* — V. To <i>Augustus</i> . — — — — —	441
* — — Imitated. — — — — —	447

C O N T E N T S.

xxvii

	Page
* ODE VI. To <i>Apollo</i> . — — —	450
* — VII. To <i>Manlius Lucius Torquatus</i> . — — —	457
* — VIII. To <i>Martius Censorinus</i> . — — —	461
— — Imitated. By <i>Soame Jenyns, Esq;</i> — — —	464
* — IX. To <i>Lollius</i> . — — —	466
* — — Imitated. By <i>J. D.</i> — — —	473
* — X. To <i>Ligurina</i> . By <i>J. M.</i> — — —	475
* — XI. To <i>Phyllis</i> . — — —	476
* — XII. To <i>Virgil</i> . — — —	479
— — Imitated. By <i>J. W.</i> — — —	482
— XIII. To <i>Lyce</i> . By <i>Richard Roderick, Esq;</i> — — —	484
* — XIV. To <i>Augustus</i> . — — —	486
* — XV. To <i>Augustus</i> . — — —	497

See the Errors of the Press corrected at the End
of the Volume, p. 504.



THE

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ANTHONY LORD HERSCHELL

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ODES
OF
HORACE.

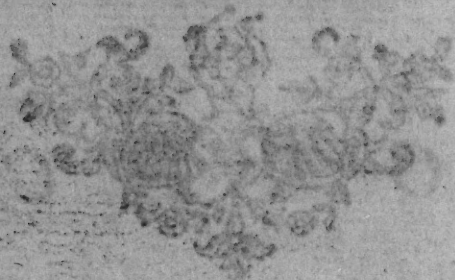
The Editor

IVXX

С Т И Т И О З

[illegible]

See the Errors of the Press corrected at the End
of the Volume, p. 504.



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
ANTHONY Lord *Pershams*

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ODES
OF
HORACE.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ODES
OF
HORACE.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
ANTHONY Lord *Feversham*,

THIS FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ODES of *HORACE*
Is Inscribed

BY
His Lordship's
Affectionate Kinsman,
and most Obliged

Humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
ANTHONY LORD FERRELL

The First Book
OF THE
ODES of HORACE

Is Inscribed

His Lordship's

Albion's

and most Obedient

Humble Servant,

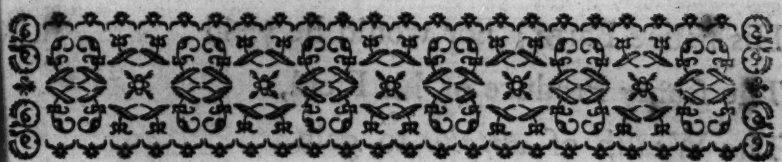
The Editor



O

M

There
And,
With
Where
In
Rais'd
of and
Their



The FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ODES of HORACE.

* ODE I.
TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS! from an ancient Race
Of Kings¹ deriv'd; my Guard² and Grace!
There are, who to the Chariot trust;
And, clouded with *Olympic* Dust,
With fervid Wheels the Goal decline,
Where³ Victors claim the Palm divine.

In⁴ *Civic* Honours some rejoice,
Rais'd by the giddy Vulgar's Voice;
And some with *Libyan* Crops to fill
Their ample Garners; *this* to till

B

His

2 ODES of HORACE.

His native Farm; nor would he yield
The scanty Produce of his Field,
The Wealth of *Attalus* to gain,
By risking Dangers on the Main.

The Merchants, tost on stormy Seas,
Applaud Content and home-felt Ease;
And yet, impatient Want to bear,
Their shatter'd Vessels strait repair.

Old *Massic* Wine regales the Taste
Of him, who half the Day can waste
Beneath the fragrant Myrtle's Shade,
Or by a sacred Fountain laid.

To Camps and Wars, the Matron's Hate,
The Trumpet calls her daring Mate.

The Hunter flies his Consort's Arms,
Forgetful of her blooming Charms,
At Break of Day, 'midst chilling Snow,
With Hounds to chase the fearful Doe;
Or make the *Marsian* Boar his Prey,
Who thro' the Toils has forc'd his Way.

' An Ivy Crown ennobles Me,
Whose darling Joy is Poetry.
If soft ⁶ *Euterpe* tune the Flute,
And *Polybymnia* strike the Lute,

In
A
Wh
With
But i
Armo
Abov
And t

* It d
properly
and *Que*
signify n
Distinctio

Reg
Insp
And *Tere*

Quid
Nay, even
and power

* *Horac*
and was a
of *Philippi*.
Recommen
Favour of

* Where
whit ad
In the Sense of

In some obscure Recess I sing
 A shady Grove and purling Spring,
 Where the light Choir of Nymphs advance,
 With 7 Satyrs, in the mazy Dance.
 But if *Mæcenas* place my Name
 Among the Bards of *Lyric* Fame,
 Above the Crowd I then shall rise,
 And touch with lofty Head the Skies.

NOTES.

* It does not appear from any Historian, that *Mæcenas* was, properly speaking, derived from *Kings*. The Words *Kings* and *Queens* in the best Authors, especially in the Poets, often signify no more than *Lords* and *Ladies*, or *Men* and *Women* of *Distinction*. Thus *Horace* is to be understood, *Satire* II. Book I.

*Regibus hic mos est ubi equos mercantur, apertos
 Inspicere.*

And *Terence* in the *Eunuch*, Act I. Scene II.

*Porro Eunuchum dixti velle te,
 Quia solæ utuntur his Regina; repperi.*

Nay, even the Merchants of *Tyre* (because they were very rich and powerful) are styled *Kings* by *Isaiah*, Chap. xxiii. 8.

DACIER.

* *Horace*, in the Civil Wars, followed the Party of *Brutus*, and was a Military Tribune under that great Man at the Battle of *Philippi*. See Book II. Ode VII. But, by the Interest and Recommendation of *Mæcenas*, he obtained his Pardon, and the Favour of *Augustus*.

* *Where Victors, &c.*] The Construction of the *Latin* is, *exaltat ad Deos, Dominos terrarum*. Mr. *Greech* has mistaken the Sense of this Passage, and translated it,

Do lift a King into a God.

B 2

* *Hunc*

* *Hunc si mobilium, &c.*] The Construction of this Passage I take to be thus: *Juvant hunc, si, &c. Juvat illum, si, &c.* with a full Stop at *areis*. Mr. Dacier has, I think, given a wrong Interpretation of it: He makes *hunc* and *illum* to be governed by *dimoveas*, and translates it thus: "You can never, by the Wealth of *Attalus*, prevail upon the Man, who has filled his Storehouses with all the Corn of *Africa*, to turn Merchant, and expose himself to the Hazards of the Sea." Upon which I observe, 1. That a Citizen, who makes so large a Purchase, must be supposed to do it in order to sell again; and therefore might properly be called a Merchant. 2. What Wonder is it, if so rich a Man (as is here described) cannot be tempted by any Offers to change his Condition?

Mr. Creech understood what is here said of the Citizen who purchases Corn, and of the Countryman who tills his own Land, to relate to one and the same Person; and accordingly translates this Passage still more absurdly than Dacier:

Another ploughs his Father's Fields;

His Barn holds all that *Libya* yields.

He was led into this Error by some of the Commentators.

3 *Me doctarum edera præmia frontium*
Dis miscent superis.—————

Some Critics suppose, that *Horace* writ here, *Te doctarum, &c.* and then the Compliment turns on *Mæcenæ*. Besides (say they), according to the common reading, *Horace* here forestalls his own Praise; for *Dis miscent superis* is a stronger Phrase than *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice*. It must be allowed, that this Conjecture is ingenious, and the Opposition between *Te* and *Me* not inelegant: But, as it is not supported by any Manuscript or ancient Copies, this may be rather called *correcting* than *restoring* of an Author. The common Reading is capable of a very good Sense: *Dis miscent superis* may be understood only in a qualified Sense for *make me happy*; and accordingly it is softened in the Translation: Or perhaps, by the Phrase *Dis miscent superis*, *Horace* intended jocularly to express his high Esteem of Poetry. The following Imitation may give some Idea of what I mean:

Let but an Ivy Wreath adorn
My Head, by *Phæbus*' Favourites worn,
I think myself as great as *Jove*,
And all the Pow'rs that reign above.

So that, according to this Construction, he here rallies himself; which is agreeable to the known Genius of *Horace*: But afterwards, when he mentions the Honour done him by the Applause of *Mæneas*, he assumes an Air of Gravity. Besides, there is this Objection to the Emendation proposed: In all other Parts of this Ode *Horace* mentions the Things wherein Men themselves place their own Happiness. Now, if we suppose him to go on in the same Strain here, it will be an odd Compliment to *Mæneas* to tell him, that he esteems himself equal to the Gods on account of his Learning. On the other hand, if we suppose the Poet to deliver his own Sentiment, it will be departing (and, as I think, improperly) from the general Scheme of the Ode, merely to introduce a Compliment to his Patron.

⁶ *Horace* here puts *Euterpe* and *Polyhymnia* for all the Muses; otherwise he would have offended against Antiquity. Tho' the Flute has indeed been always given to *Euterpe*, yet we do not find that *Polyhymnia* played upon the Lute. DACIER.

⁷ The Ancients have always represented the Satyrs dancing. Thus *Virgil*, in the 5th Eclogue: *Saltantes Satyros imitabitur Alphesibæus*, *Alphesibæus* shall imitate the Dances of Satyrs; and *Isaiah*, chap. xiii. ver. 21. Satyrs shall dance there. The Satyrs were supposed to be Half Men and Half Goats. From the Waist upwards they were Men, with this Difference, that they had two little Horns on their Heads; and from the Waist downwards they were Goats. The Ancients thought that the Satyrs had a profound Knowledge of all things, and that even their Sports and Railleries always contained something mysterious in them. Hence it was the Custom to paint and to engrave the *Graces*, the *Loves*, and *Venus*, in Company with the most deformed Satyrs: And thus *Horace* here introduces them with the *Nymphs*. At *Athens* the Sculptors made the Statues of their Satyrs hollow, in such a manner that they could be either shut or opened at pleasure; and when they were opened, several small Figures of *Venus*, the *Graces*, the *Loves*, and other Deities of the same Kind, were discovered within. For this Reason *Alcibiades* compared *Socrates* to one of these Statues.

DACIER.



* ODE II.

To AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

TOO long with Storms of Hail and Snow
 Has *Jove* chastis'd the World below ;
 Too long his red right Arm has thrown
 Dire Bolts to strike our Temples down.
 Such swelling Waters have appear'd,
 The World a second ¹ Deluge fear'd,
 As when o'er Hills and craggy Rocks
 Old ² *Proteus* drove his scaly Flocks ;
 When Shoals of Fishes, breathless, hung
 On Trees, where Birds no longer sung ;
 And every Native of the Plain
 At once was swimming in the Main,
 We saw destructive *Tyber* flow,
 And Monuments of Kings o'erthrow ;
 Nor ev'n from *Numa's* Fane retire,
 Nor fear to quench dread *Vesta's* Fire ;
 When, mov'd by Tears which ³ *Ilia* shed,
 (His Wife, who mourn'd great *Cæsar* dead)

Back

Back from the *Tuscan* Shore he drove
His Waves with too uxorious Love,
And took too much Revenge on *Rome*,
Reserv'd for *Jove*'s superior Doom.

Our Youth will hear in future Times,
Our Youth (diminish'd by our Crimes),
That with our Blood those Arms we stain,
Which should the *Parthian* Foe have slain.

What God's Protection shall we crave,
The falling State of *Rome* to save?
How shall the 4 sacred Virgin Throng
Make *Vesta* listen to their Song?
To whom will *Jove* the Pow'r convey,
To expiate 5 all our Guilt away?
Clouds 6 round thy glitt'ring Shoulders cast,
And to our Aid, O *Phæbus*! 7 haste:
Or you, fair *Cyprian* Queen, descend,
Venus! 8 whom *Love* and *Joy* attend;
Or thou, 9 O *Mars*! whom clamorous Fight,
And shining Arms, alone delight;
To whom no Form so graceful shows,
As Warriors frowning on their Foes:
On thy neglected Race look down,
Whose Blood claims Kindred with thy own.

For sure our Feuds thy Fancy cloy
With Scenes, which once were all thy Joy.

Or if, bright *Hermes*, You appear,
Disguis'd like young *Augustus* here,
And, with that Title pleas'd, the Name
Of *Cæsar's* just ¹⁰ Avenger claim,
Late may You rise to Heav'n again,
And long o'er *Rome* propitious reign;
Nor, at our Crimes offended, fly
Too soon, to bless your native Sky!
Here rather still ¹¹ great Triumphs love;
Here your just Titles still approve;
Of ¹² PRINCE and ¹³ FATHER of our Land;
Nor let the ¹⁴ *Medes* insult while You command.

J. D.

NOTES.

¹ *Horace* here alludes to the famous Flood, which happened in *Theffaly* during the Reign of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, in the Year of the World 2437, fifteen or sixteen Years after the Departure of the Children of *Israel* out of *Egypt*.

² *Proteus* was the Son of *Jupiter*, or, according to others, of *Neptune*, who gave him the Charge of his Sea-calves. He reigned in *Egypt* (according to *Dacier*) 240 Years after *Moses*. On this Account, says he, it is more probable, that Antiquity has ascribed many of the Actions of *Moses* to *Proteus*, than that *Moses* and *Proteus* were one and the same.

³ *Ilia* was the Wife of *Mars*, and the Mother of *Romulus*. She is also supposed to be the Wife of the River *Anie*. But I find

find only *Horace* and *Claudian*, who make her the Wife of the *Tyber*. What gave occasion to this Diversity is, that the Princess was thrown into one of these Rivers by the Command of *Amulius*; according to some Writers, into the *Anio*; of others, into the *Tyber*. DACIER.

4 *Virgines sanctae.*] *The Vestals*, whom he calls *holy*, on account of their Vow of Chastity.

5 *Virgil* has made use of the same Word *scelus*, to denote the same Action,

Te duce si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri.

6 *Nube candentes humeros amictus.*] The Gods were wont to cast a Veil of Clouds around their Heads, in order to reveal themselves to mankind. Instances of this kind are frequent both in *Homer* and *Virgil*. The Scriptures represent the true God as appearing in like manner. Thus *David* says, *He bowed the Heavens also, and came down: And Darknefs was under his Feet. He made Darknefs his secret Place: His Pavilion round about him, were dark Waters, and thick Clouds of the Skies.* Psalm xviii. 9 & 11.

There is also a Passage to this purpose in the Prophet *Nahum*, which is truly sublime, viz. *The Lord bath his Way in the Whirlwind, and in the Storm, and the Clouds are the Dust of his Feet.* Chap. i. ver. 3.

However, it is probable that *Horace* does not here so much allude to this Custom, as to what happened at that Time. For *Dion*, *Plutarch*, and *Pliny* relate, that after the Death of *Cesar*, the Sun was obscured, and that during the whole Year, his Rays could not penetrate the Mists in which he was involved. The learned Men, who pretend that there was an Eclipse of the Sun at the Death of *Cesar*, are mistaken; it was only a very great Paleness, which they imagined an Eclipse. DACIER.

7 *Horace* addresses himself to *Apollo*, either because he was supposed to be the Father of *Augustus*, or because *Cesar* was descended from him by the *Trojans*. But (which is remarkable) though it was thought that this God was the Founder of *Troy*, and that the *Trojans* landed in *Italy* by his express Command, he was yet unknown to the *Romans* during the Reigns of their first Kings. DACIER.

⁸ He addresses himself to *Venus*, because she was the Mother of *Aeneas*, from whom *Caesar* was descended.

⁹ *Mars* was the Father of *Romulus* and *Remus*, by *Rhea*.

¹⁰ *Horace* could not have made a more acceptable Compliment to *Augustus* than this, for he had nothing so much at heart as to revenge the Death of *Caesar*. *Nihil convenientius ducens quam mortem Avunculi vindicare.* SÜETONIUS.

¹¹ *Augustus* triumphed five times; but of these there were but three great ones, which were called *Curule Triumphs*, and two small ones, which were called *Ovations*.

¹² *Princeps.*] This Title was given him in his sixth Consulate, when he was thirty-five Years old. It was therefore probable, that this Ode was writ immediately after that Title was conferred on *Augustus*, when the Civil Wars were ended, that is to say, under his sixth Consulate. DACIER.

¹³ It is said, that the Title of *Father of his Country*, was given to *Augustus* on the fifth of February, in the Year of Rome 758, and in the 68th Year of his Age. If this be true, it is evident that *Horace* could not speak of this Circumstance as of a thing already done, since he lived but 58 Years, and died thirteen Years before *Augustus* enjoyed this Honour. But I can scarce believe that the *Romans* so long delayed to give him this Title, since they had already conferred upon him all the Honours they could think of, even to the calling him a God, and erecting Altars to his Name. It is therefore probable, that they who have referred this Particular to the 68th Year of *Augustus*, are mistaken; and I do not doubt but they were led into this Error by the Names of the Consuls. For, since the Historians remark that the Title of *Father of his Country* was given to *Augustus* under the Consulate of *Valerius Messala*, those learned Men immediately referred this Circumstance to the 68th Year of that Prince, in which there was a Consul of that Name. But they ought to have examined in the first place, whether there had not been another *Valerius Messala* among the Consuls of the foregoing Years. That Name occurs three or four Times. It is not even necessary, that this *Valerius Messala* should have been Consul, when he gave *Augustus* this Title from the Senate and
from

BOOK I.

II

from the People: *Suetonius* says not a word of this pretended Consulate. It may be certainly inferred from the Words of *Dion*, Book 53. that the Title of *Father of his Country* was given to *Augustus* in the same Year with that of *Prince*, viz, under his *sixth* Consulate.

It appears likewise from Medals, that the Title of *Father of his Country* was given *Augustus* before that of *Prince*, even in his *fifth* Consulate, after the Defeat of *Antony*. But he would not accept of it: He did not receive it, till several Years after.

DACIER.

²⁴ *Medos*.] He means the *Parthians*, whom he had before called *Persians*, ver. 22. These three Names are often used promiscuously, because those three Monarchies were incorporated, the *Persians* having subdued the *Medes*, and the *Parthians* the *Persians*. DACIER.



ODE III.

Inscribed to the ¹ Earl of Roscommon, on his intended Voyage to Ireland.

By JOHN DRYDEN, Esq.

SO may th' auspicious ² Queen of Love,
And the ³ twin Stars, (the ⁴ Seed of *Jove*,)
And ⁵ He, who rules the raging Wind,
To Thee, O sacred Ship! be kind;
And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
Supplying soft ⁶ *Etesian* Gales;

As

As thou, to whom the Muse commends,
 The best of Poets and of Friends,
 Dost thy committed Pledge restore,
 And land him safely on the Shore;
 And save the better Part of Me,
 From perishing with Him at Sea.

Sure He, who first the Passage try'd,
 In harden'd Oak his Heart did hide,
 And Ribs of Iron arm'd his Side!
 Or his at least, in hollow Wood
 Who tempted first the briny Flood;
 Nor fear'd the Winds contending Roar,
 Nor Billows beating on the Shore;
 Nor 'Hyades, portending Rain,
 Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
 What Form of Death could him affright,
 Who unconcern'd, with stedfast Sight,
 Could view the Surges mounting Steep,
 And Monsters rolling in the Deep;
 Could through the Ranks of Ruin go,
 With Storms above, and Rocks below!

In vain did Nature's wise Command
 Divide the Waters from the Land,

If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable Main;
Th' eternal Fences overleap,
And pass at Will the boundless Deep.

No Toil, no Hardship, can restrain
Ambitious Man inur'd to Pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden Quarry flies.

Thus bold ⁸ *Prometheus* did aspire,
And stole from Heav'n the Seeds of Fire:
A Train of Ills, a ghastly Crew,
The Robber's blazing Track pursue;
Fierce Famine, with her meager Face,
And Fevers of the fiery Race,
In Swarms th' offending Wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted Ground;
And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
Comes up to shorten half our Date.

This made not ⁹ *Dædalus* beware,
With borrow'd Wings to sail in Air.
To Hell ¹⁰ *Alcides* forc'd his Way,
Plung'd thro' the Lake, and snatch'd the Prey.
Nay scarce the ¹¹ Gods, or heav'nly Climes,
If Are safe from our audacious Crimes;

We

We reach at *Jove's* imperial Crown,
And pull th' unwilling Thunder down.

NOTES.

¹ The Original of this Ode was addressed by *Horace* to *Virgil* on his Voyage from *Rome* to *Athens*, where he was going to finish the *Æneid*; by which the *English* Reader will perceive the Propriety of Mr. *Dryden's* applying it to the Earl of *Roscommon*, one of the best Critics of the Age in which he lived.

² *Venus* is invoked in Navigation, because her Star is particularly favourable to Mariners.

³ The Ancients called these flying Fires, which are sometimes kindled in the Air, the Stars of *Castor* and *Pollux*: If two appeared at the same time, it was thought a happy Omen; if one only, to presage a Tempest.

Castorum stellas cum simul videntur, salutare credi; cum solitaria, graves et noxias. Plin. l. ii. c. xxxvii.

⁴ *Castor* and *Pollux* were the Sons of *Jupiter* by *Leda*, whom he compressed in the Form of a Swan.

⁵ *Æolus*, King of the seven *Æolian* Islands: He was a great Astronomer, and was believed to have a perfect Knowledge of the Winds. His Counsels were useful to *Ulysses*, who learnt from him what Winds should blow during his Voyage. *Homer* has worked up this Truth into a very ingenious Fable. He pretends, that *Æolus* held the Winds imprisoned in subterraneous Caverns, and that he enclosed them all in Bags, and made a Present of them to *Ulysses*. Dacier.

⁶ Eastern Winds.

⁷ The *Hyades* were the Daughters of *Atlas* and of *Æthra*; they had a Brother named *Hyas*, who was devoured by a Lioness; they so tenderly bewailed his Death, that for their Affection

to him they were rewarded with Heaven, and placed on the Front of the Bull, where they still weep: From hence it comes to pass, that whenever they appear, their Rising is soon followed with Rain.

This is what the Poets have feigned of them. The Truth is, the *Hyades* are five Stars in the Form of a Greek Φ , on the Front of the Bull, which presage Rain, and for that reason were called *Hyades*, from the Greek Word *hein*, to rain; as the Romans called them *succulas*, from the Word *succus*, which sometimes signifies Rain.

8 *Prometheus* was the Son of *Iäpetus*, and the Father of *Deucalion*. He ascended into Heaven by the Aid of *Minerva*, and having lighted a Torch at one of the Wheels of the Chariot of the Sun, he stole Fire from Heaven, and made a Present of it to Mankind. The Gods, as a Punishment for this Sacrilege, caused him to be fastened to a Rock on Mount *Caucasus*, where a Vultur continually preyed upon his Liver. What gave Occasion to this Fable is, That *Prometheus* was a Man very learned in Astronomy: He dwelt on Mount *Caucasus*, to make his Observations on the Rise and Setting of the Stars. He taught the *Affyrians* Astronomy, and lived in the Year of the World, 2320.

9 *Dadalus* was an eminent Statuary and Architect. He lived in *Crete*, at the Court of King *Minos*, a little before the *Trojan War*, in the Year of the World 2874, and is supposed to have been cotemporary with *Gideon*. He made, at the Command of *Minos*, that celebrated Labyrinth, where he was inclosed himself, for having given the Clue of it to *Theseus*. His Friends, and even the Queen herself, who had some Obligations to him, for assisting her in her Intrigues, corrupted his Guards, procured his Escape, and put him on board a Ship, which was so good a Sailor, that they who were sent in Pursuit of him, said he was borne away on Wings. This was understood by the Populace as if he had really flown, whereas they only spoke of the Wings of his Ship: The Ancients commonly gave that Name to the Sails of Vessels. DACIER.

10 *Alcides*, or *Hercules*, went down into Hell, and brought from thence *Theseus*, *Pirithöus*, and the Dog *Cerberus*, whom he had taken at the Foot of *Pluto's* Throne.

11 *Horace*

¹¹ *Horace* here alludes to the known Story of the Giants, who attempted to scale Heaven by piling of *Pelion* upon *Ossa*, &c. but were defeated by the Gods, and justly punished for their Presumption.



The SAME ODE Imitated.

To the Yatch, which carried the Duke of Marlborough to Holland.

By WILLIAM HARISON, Esq.

THRICE happy Bark, to whom is giv'n
 The Pride of Earth, and Favourite of
 Thy every guardian God implore, [Heav'n,
 And waft th' important Charge to *Belgia's* Shore;
 Where Councils yet suspended wait
Britannia's last Resolves, and *Europe's* Fate.
 So may the Winds with constant Gales
 Fulfill thy Purpose, and inspire thy Sails;
Nereids and Nymphs attend thy Side,
 Thy glitt'ring Stern protect, and gilded Pride.
 Bold was the Man and bravely good,
 Who tempted first the Sea's impetuous Flood,
 Heard the Waves roar, the Tempests blow,
 And fought in foreign Climes the distant Foe;
 Who

Who made his Country's Glory known,
And for the public Weal despis'd his own.

Auspicious Isle ! in vain design'd,
By jealous Fate, a Stranger to Mankind,

Since uncontroul'd thy Offspring reign,
And sport, and triumph, on the harmless Main !

To manly Souls, resolv'd like theirs,
No Task has Danger, or no Danger, Fears.

Hence, Spirits of a Patriot Mould,
Daringly great, and fortunately bold,

Climbing th' imperial Seat, combine,
To sift the baffled Claim of RIGHT DIVINE ;

And to the World Instruction gave,
Distinguishing the Subject from the Slave.

Then lawless Pow'r receiv'd its Doom,
And Liberty reviv'd with native Bloom.

Though Nature, frugally inclin'd,
Has all her Gifts to narrow Bounds confin'd,

What will not Art and Pains supply ?
O'er Waves forbid, in winged Tow'rs we fly,

And with *Herculean* Toil advance,
To quell th' united Pow'rs of *Spain* and *France*.

Nor Heav'n itself is unengag'd
In Wars, for *Freedom* and for *Anna* wag'd;

Rous'd by her pious just Alarms,
Behold! The vengeful Thunderer in Arms,
Surveys the Field, with Slaughter spread,
And points his **CHURCHILL** at the Tyrants Head.

1707.



* ODE IV.

To **SESTIUS**.

WINTER dissolves before the vernal Gale,
And Ships new-rigg'd prepare to sail:
Nor Stalls the Herd, nor Fires the Clown delight;
No more the Meads, with Frost are white.
Beneath the rising Moon is *Venus* seen,
The decent *Graces*, on the Green
To lead; who, mingling with the Nymphs, advance
With Foot alternate in the Dance;
While *Vulcan*, toiling with the *Cyclops*' Band,
Prepares for *Jove* the flaming Brand. [Flow'rs,
Now with green Myrtle crown your Brows, or
Which loosen'd Earth, spontaneous, pours.
It now becomes us, in the shady Groves
To yield the Victim *Pan* approves.

3 Impartial Death assaults, with equal Pow'r,
 The lowly Cott and regal Tow'r.
 O happy *Sestius*! Life's short fleeting Span
 Allows no long protracted Plan;
 For soon, too soon! cut off from chearful Light,
 We must descend to fullen Night,
 And, in the Realms of fabled Shades below,
 Thy pining Ghost no Joy shall know;
 4 No longer by the Die's successful Cast,
 Shalt thou controul the gay Repast;
 No more the soft and soothing amorous Fire
 Shall there thy shadowy Form inspire!

NOTES.

1 *Choros ducit Venus, &c.*] There cannot be imagined a more agreeable Court than that of *Venus*. The *Nymphs* and *Graces*, *Mercury* the God of *Eloquence*, and *Hebe* the Goddess of *Youth*, are all in her Train. See the 30th Ode of this Book. But a genteel Allegory is likewise couched under this Passage; for by *Venus*, and the *Nymphs* and *Graces*, *Horace* means married *Women* and *Virgins*; and by *Vulcan* and the *Cyclops* plying the Anvil, *Husbands*; who toil and sweat at home, while their *Wives* and *Daughters* divert themselves abroad. DACIER.

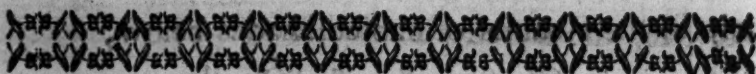
2 *Pan* and *Faunus* are the same. He was the God of *Shepherds*, and the *Inventor* of the *Pipe*.

3 *Pallida mors, &c.*] The Mention of *Death* is introduced here more naturally, than may, perhaps, at first appear to an *English* Reader; for early in the Spring, and immediately after the Feast of *Faunus*, the *Romans* celebrated the *Feralia*, in which

they sacrificed to the Dead. Accordingly Ovid, Libro 2^o *Fastorum*, speaking of the 18th of February, has these Lines,

*Nunc animæ tenues, et corpora functa sepulcris,
Errant; nunc posito pascitur umbra cibo.*

4 *Nec regna vini sortiere talis.*] The Ancients, at their Entertainments, were wont to have a King, or Master of the Feast, who was generally chosen by a Cast of the Dice.



* ODE V.

To PYRRHA.

WHAT slender Boy, with Odors sweet,
Shall in a Grotto's cool Retreat,

Thy too enchanting Form caress,

And on a Couch of Roses press?

For whom in Wreaths dost thou prepare,

So simply neat, thy golden Hair?

How oft, of Gods adjur'd in vain,

And broken Vows, shall he complain?

How oft admire, when Winds arise,

To see black Clouds deform the Skies;

New to the Sex, who tastes thy Charms,

And fondly clasps thee in his Arms;

In

In thee, a Mistress ever kind,
And ever lovely, hopes to find;
And thinks, too credulous, the Breeze
Will last; nor Tempests toss the Seas!
Ah wretched they! whom *Pyrrha's* Smile,
And unsuspected Arts beguile!
For Me, the sacred Tablet shows
That I have hung my dripping Cloaths
At *Neptune's* Shrine: And now on Shore
Secure, I'll tempt the Deep no more.

NOTES.

* *Horace* here alludes to the *Roman* Custom, of Persons, who had escaped from a Shipwreck, causing the Detail of their Misfortunes to be represented in a Picture. Some made use of it, to excite the Compassion of those whom they happened to meet with on the Road, and to implore charitable Contributions for their Relief. *Juvenal* takes notice of this Custom in his 14th Satire,

—cujus votis modo non suffecerat aurum,
Quod Tagus, et rutila volvit Pactolus arena,
Frigida sufficient velantes inguina panni,
Exiguusque cibus, mersa rate naufragus assem
Dum rogat, et picta se tempestate tuetur.

The Man,

Whose sacred Hunger, all the Stores that lie
In yellow *Tagus*, could not satisfy,
Does now, in tatter'd Cloaths, at some Lane's End,
A painted Storm for Charity extend.

Mr. JOHN DRYDEN, jun.

They tied this Picture about their Necks, and sung a lamentable Ballad, to explain the Story.

Men' moveat quippe, et, cantet si naufragis, assen-
Protulerim? Cantas, cum fractâ te in trabe pictum.

Ex humero portes? Pers. Sat. 1.

Say, when a shipwreck'd Sailor sings his Woe,
 Wilt thou be mov'd to Pity, or bestow

An Alms? What's more prepos't'rous than to see

A merry Beggar? Mirth in Misery? DRYDEN,

Others used to dedicate and hang up these Pictures in the
 Temple of the God, whose Succour they had invoked in the
 Time of their Distress, by way of Acknowledgment for their
 Deliverance. And this may serve to explain a Passage in *Tibul-*
lus, B. i. El. 1.

Nunc, Dea, nunc succurre mihi; nam posse mederi

Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis.

Now, Goddess, now, thy needful Aid bestow;

Thy Power to heal, the votive Pictures show.

DACIER.

This Custom still continues among the *Roman Catholics*: All
 the Difference is, they address their Prayers, and dedicate their
 Pictures, to the Virgin *Mary*, *St. Anthony*, and *Ignatius*, &c.
 instead of *Diana*, *Æsculapius* and *Mercury*. D.



The SAME * ODE Imitated.

By Another Hand.

I.

IN the cooling Grotto's Shade,

On the Rose's Bosom laid,

Fair one, say, what slender Boy,

Breathing spicy Odors round,

Now may teaze, and sweetly toy,

And with *Pyrrha's* Smiles be crown'd.

Whom

2.

Whom awaits the golden Snare
(Golden Locks of wreathed Hair !)
Charms in simple Neatness drest ;

How, alas ! shall he repent,
Sigh and silently lament
Griefs too strong to be express !

3.

Gods inconstant ! Gods estrang'd !
All the Face of Nature chang'd !
Broken Faith and broken Vows !
Boisterous Winds and ruffled Seas !
And a stormy Look, that shows
Thee more cruel still than these.

4.

How shall He admire the Change,
(Unexperienc'd in the Sight),
Who, through Love's enchanted Range,
Revelling in gay Delight,
Thinks Thee now and ever his,
Lovely Pledge of future Bliss !

5.

Trusting the soft-breathing Gale,
Now he spreads a flowing Sail ;

But unhappy is the Youth,
Who, confiding in thy Truth,
Launches in the splendid Rays
Of thy fair delusive Face!

6.

I, who lately did arrive,
Safe from Shipwreck, on the Shore,
Sworn to let my Vessel drive
On Love's Ocean never more,
Here this grateful Frame decree
To the God, who rules the Sea!



O D E VI.

To AGRIPPA.

By GEORGE JEFFREYS, Esq. Formerly Fellow of
Trinity College, Cambridge.

I.
A Varius, rais'd on Homer's Wing,
Your Valour and Success demand,
Our gallant Veterans to sing,
Victorious under You by Sea and Land.

Such

2.

Such Deeds, ²*Agrippa*, to relate,
Is far above my slender Vein;
To reach *Achilles'* stubborn Hate,
Or sage *Ulysses'* wand'ring o'er the Main,

3.

The Muse, that tunes the bashful Lyre,
Unequal to heroic Lays,
Forbids Me, void of Wit and Fire,
To sully Yours, and sacred *Cæsar's* Praise.

4.

³ *Merion*, with *Trojan* Dust o'erspread,
Or *Mars* in Arms of Adamant,
Or ⁴*Diomed*, by *Pallas'* Aid,
A Match for Gods in Battle, who can paint?

5.

For Me, untouch'd, or half-subdu'd
By Love, of Feasts, where Virgins fight
With close-par'd Nails their Lovers rude;
With my accustom'd Levity I write.

NOTES.

² *Varius* was an admirable Poet, highly in Favour with *Augustus*. He excelled in *Tragedy* and *Epic Poetry*; but all his Works are lost, except a few Fragments. A *Tragedy* of his, entitled *Thyestes*, was extant at the Time of *Quintillian*.

³ The

2 The great Exploits of *Agrippa*, Son-in-Law of *Augustus*, in *Germany*, *Spain*, and *Thrace*, may be read in *Dion*.

5 *Merion* was the Companion of *Idomeneus*: It is not without Reason that *Horace* places him next *Mars*, since *Homer* makes him equal to that God.

4 *Tydidēs*, or *Diomed*, was the Son of *Tydeus* and *Diphyllē*, the Daughter of *Adraſtus*. He was one of the greatest Warriors among the *Greeks*. He is celebrated by *Homer* in ſeveral Places. But *Virgil* has given him the higheſt Encomium in the following Lines, ſpeaking of *Sinon's* Perfidy and Craft,

—Captivę dolis, lachrimęſque coactis,
Quos neque Tydides, nec Lariffęis Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carina. *En. ii. v. 196.*
What *Diomed*, nor *Thetis's* greater Son,
A thouſand Ships, nor ten Years Siege had done;
Falſe Tears and fawning Words the City won.

DRYDEN.

He was the Favourite of *Pallas*, who aſſiſted him on all Occaſions: She gave him Strength to wound *Mars* and *Venus* in Battle, rendered him immortal, and would have him adored with *Caſtor* and *Pollux*. DACIER.



The SAME ODE,

Imitated, and addreſſed to the Duke of Marlborough,

By Sir RICHARD STEELE.

WHEN *Addiſon's* immortal Verſe,
Great Prince, your Glory does rehearſe,
With *Anna's* Lightning You appear,
And glitter o'er again in War,

Repeat

Repeat the proud *Bavarian's* Fall,
And in the *Danube* plunge the *Gaul*,

'Tis not for Me, your Worth to show,
Or lead *Achilles* to the Foe,

Describe stern *Diomed* in Fight,
And put the wounded Gods to Flight.

I dare not, with unequal Rage,

On such a mighty Theme engage;

Nor sully, in a Verse like mine,

Illustrious *Anna's* Praise, and thine,

Let the laborious *Epic* Strain,

In lofty Numbers sing the Men,

Who bears to distant Realms her Arms,

And strikes thro' *Gallia* dread Alarms;

His Courage and his Conduct tell,

And on his various Virtues dwell,

In trifling Cares my humble Muse

A less ambitious Tract pursues.

Instead of Troops in Battle mixt,

And *Gauls* with *British* Spears transfixt,

She paints the soft Distress and Mien

Of Dames expiring with the Spleen.

From the gay Noise, affected Air,

And little Follies of the Fair,

- A slender Stock of Fame I raise,
And draw from *others* Faults my Praise.
1709.



* O D E VII.

To MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

SOME ¹ Bards extoll in lofty Lays
Fam'd ² *Rhodes*', or ³ *Mitylené*'s Praise;
⁴ *Thebes*, dear to *Bacchus*, some inspires,
And some *Apollo*'s ⁵ *Delpbos* fires,
Or ⁶ *Epbefus*, or ⁷ *Tempe*'s Plain,
Or ⁸ *Corinth* with her double Main.
Others, untir'd, in endless Verse
Minerva's ⁹ Tow'rs alone rehearse;
* And hence the Olive, lov'd by her,
To every other Tree prefer.
While some, in *Juno*'s Praise, proclaim
Her ¹⁰ *Argos*', or ¹¹ *Mycenæ*'s Fame;

* Or, according to *Bentley*'s Reading,

And hence are proud, around their Head,
The verdant Olive-wreath to spread.

Mycenæ's

Mycenæ's Realm, with Plenty crown'd,
 And *Argos' Lawns*, for Steeds renown'd.
 But neither patient ¹² *Sparta's* Fields,
 Nor all the Charms ¹³ *Larissa* yields
 Of Hill and Valley, please me more
 Than hoarse *Albunea's* deaf'ning Roar,
 And ¹⁴ *Anio* rolling in Cascades,
 And *Tibur's* Grove, where thro' the Shades
 The Stream, with flow meandering Waves,
 My *Plancus' Meads* and Garden laves.

As Southern Winds oft clear the Sky,
 Nor still foretell a Tempest nigh,
 Do thou, discreetly, with a Friend
 And generous Wine, thy Brows unbend,
 Whether the Camp thy Fancy warms,
 Or *Tibur* sooths with peaceful Charms.
 When ¹⁵ *Teucer* fled his native Land,
 Driv'n by his Father's harsh Command,
 (As Fame reports) his reeking Brows
 He crown'd with Wreaths of Poplar Boughs,
 And, with an animating Look,
 His drooping Comrades thus bespoke;
 • Wherever Fortune, less severe
 1 Than my stern Sire, our Course shall steer,

• And

- ' And point us out the destin'd Way,
 ' Chearly we'll follow, and obey.
 ' Then let each Fear be laid aside,
 ' Teucer's your Leader and your Guide;
 ' And faithful ¹⁶ *Phœbus* has foretold,
 ' I still my sovereign Pow'r shall hold,
 ' And, on some unknown foreign Land,
 ' Another *Salamis* command.
 ' My brave Companions, (who before
 ' Worse Ills with me undaunted bore)
 ' To-day in Wine drown every Pain,
 ' To-morrow we'll set sail again!

NOTES.

* The Critics would persuade us that the Fragments of two different Odes, which have no Connection with one another, have been here inaccurately united, merely because they happened to be wrote in the same Metre. The first of which ends with the 14th Verse.

Mobilibus pomaria vivis.

It is pretended, that the former Part is only a fond *Encomium* of *Horace* on his own House and Gardens at *Tibur*: And the latter an Address to *Plancus* to comfort him under some Misfortune.

It is allowed, that *Plancus* himself had a House at *Tibur*, and indeed it is evident from this Line,

— *Seu densa tenebit*

Tiburis umbra tui.

How

How much more natural therefore is it, to refer the beautiful Description in the former Part, to the Meadows and Gardens of *Plancus*, than to those of *Horace*? and thus the Sense of the whole will be clear and connected. It was no improper Motive of Consolation for *Plancus*, to remind him of the delightful Retreat he had at *Tibur*.

Let us suppose a modern Poet to have a little House and Garden at *Tring*; and that, in an Ode expressly address'd to Mr. *Gore*, he should applaud the Beauty of *Tring* Garden; should we not think the Critic very perverse, who would contend that the Bard only meant to praise his own little Garden there.

But, says Father *Sanadon*, if we take this to be only a single Ode, there will be some disagreeable Repetitions, as *carmine perpetuo*, and *imbres perpetuos*: And again, *uda pomaria*, and *uda tempora*. This seems a trifling Argument; for there are ten Lines between *perpetuo* and *perpetuos*; and eight between *uda*. Those, who are acquainted with the *Classics*, know full well, that they frequently repeat the same Epithet, when applied to different Subjects, at a much less Distance. Correct Writers among the Moderns are much more scrupulous in this Article than the Ancients were. D.

The *Munatius Plancus*, to whom this Ode is address'd, is the same who wrote that admirable Epistle to *Cicero* still extant. He at first joined with *Mark Antony*, but afterwards went over to *Caesar*, and caused the Name of *Augustus* to be conferr'd upon him: He triumph'd over the *Gauls*, was *Censor*, and *Consul*.

DACIER.

² *Rhodes*, an Island in the *Mediterranean*, near the Coast of *Caria* (now *Narolia*), famous for a *Colossus*, or Statue of the Sun, 70 Cubits high.

³ *Mitylené* was the chief City of *Lesbos*, an Island in the *Ægean* Sea, near the *Hellefont*. The Streets, like those of *Venice*, were divided by Canals; over which were built beautiful Bridges of white Stone. This Isle is now called *Metilin*, from the ancient *Mitylene*.

⁴ *Thebes*.] There were divers Cities of this Name: But the *Thebes* here meant is that in *Boeotia*, built by *Cadmus*; famous for the Birth of *Bacchus*, and the Death of *Oedipus*. DACIER.

It may perhaps be justly said, that as high Renown, at least, is due to *Thebes* for the Birth of *Epaminondas*, as for either of these Events.

5 *Delphos*, a City of *Phocis* in *Greece* (now called *Salona* and *Castri*), situated on Mount *Parnassus*, and famous for the Temple and Oracle of *Apollo*.

6 *Ephesus*, a City of *Asia minor*, in *Ionia*, on the Coast of the *Ægean* Sea, near the Mouth of the River *Cayster*; renowned in ancient Times for the Temple of *Diana*.

7 The Valley of *Tempe* in *Thessaly*, between Mount *Ossa* and Mount *Olympus*, was always accounted the most delightful Part of *Greece*. It is beautifully described by *Ælian* at the Beginning of the third Book of his *Various History*. From hence any agreeable Places went by the Name of *Tempe*.

8 *Corinth* was situated on the Isthmus of *Peloponnesus* (now the *Morea*), between the *Ægean* and *Ionian* Seas; on which Account it is styled *bimaris Corinthus*: It goes now by the Name of *Coranto*.

9 *Palladis arces.*] *Athens*, a celebrated City in *Achaia*, the Mother of Arts, and Seat of Science; on which account it was supposed to be under the Patronage of *Minerva*, the Goddess of Wisdom.

10 The City of *Argos* was situated in the flat Country below *Corinth*, on the Rivers *Phrixus* and *Inachus*. The Plains and Pastures of it were proper to feed Horses. *Mycenæ*, *Argos*, and *Sparta*, were consecrated to *Juno*; and she frequently calls them her Cities in *Homer*.

11 *Mycenæ* was a City of *Peloponnesus*, about six Miles from *Argos*, towards the North. It is distinguished by the History and Fate of *Agamemnon*.

12 *Lacedæmon*, or *Sparta*, a City of *Peloponnesus* on the River *Eurotas*, renowned for the Courage and Magnanimity of its Inhabitants. *Horace* calls it *patiens Lacedæmon*, because they accustomed

customed their Children from their Infancy to suffer all manner of Hardships, to the end that, being thereby inured to Toil and Labour, they might learn to contemn the greatest Dangers.

DACIER.

¹³ *Larissa*, a City in *Thessaly*, the Capital of the Kingdom of *Achilles*: From hence he was frequently styled *Larissæus Achilles*.

¹⁴ *Anio*, now the *Teverone*. Mr. Addison, in his *Remarks on several Parts of Italy*, has delightfully painted the Country, of which *Horace* has here given a short Sketch. It will, I believe, be a Pleasure to the Reader to peruse it. 'I was most pleased,' says he, 'with a beautiful Prospect, not mentioned by any Travellers, which lies at about a Mile Distance from the Town*.' It opens on one Side into the *Roman Campania*, where the Eye loses itself on a wide spacious Plain. On the other Side is a more broken and interrupted Scene, made up of an infinite Variety of Inequalities and Shadowings, that naturally arise from an agreeable Mixture of Hills, Groves, and Vallies. But the most enlivening Part of all is the River *Teverone*, which you see at about a Quarter of a Mile's Distance, throwing itself down a Precipice, and falling by several Cascades from one Rock to another, till it gains the Bottom of the Valley, where the Sight of it would be quite lost, did it not sometimes discover itself through the Breakings and Interstices of the Woods, that grow about it.

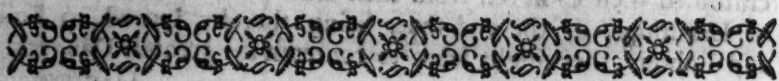
¹⁵ *Teucer* and *Ajax* were the Sons of *Telamon* by different Mothers. They went together to the Siege of *Troy*: And *Ajax* having killed himself, because the Arms of *Achilles* were adjudged to *Ulysses*, *Teucer* returned to *Salamis*; but being driven from thence by *Telamon*, who was enraged to see him come without his Brother, he landed in *Cyprus*, where he built a City, which he called *Salamis*, from the Name of his own Country.

¹⁶ *Certus enim promisit Apollo.*] The Oracles of *Apollo* were esteemed the most certain of any. Thus *Terence*, *Non Apollinis magis verum atque hoc responsum*: The Oracles of *Apollo* are not more true than what I tell you.

* *Tivoli*.

D

O D E



* O D E VIII.

To LYDIA.

By Mr. NEEDLER.

BY Heav'n, I beg you, *Lydia*, say,
 Why you by Love's bewitching Arts betray
 Young *Sybaris*, and would destroy
 His Virtue, by the soft unmanly Joy?

Why does he now the *Circus* shun,
 No longer patient of the Dust and Sun?

Why hates he 'midst the martial Train,
 To curb the *Gallic* Steed with graceful Rein?

Nor dares to brave the *Tyber's* Flood,
 And Wrestler's Oyl fears more than Viper's Blood?
 Why do his Arms no longer wear

Of honourable Blows the livid Scar?

Why for the Quoit beyond the Bound
 With Vigour hurl'd, is he no more renown'd?

Why like *Achilles*, when the Host
 Of *Greece* prepar'd to seek the *Trojan* Coast,
 Skulks he at home, unaw'd by Shame,
 And sinks in Sloth, and Love's inglorious Flame?

NOTES.

NOTES.

¹ *Thetis* the Daughter of *Nereus*, and Mother of *Achilles*, knowing that, if her Son went to the Siege of *Troy*, it was decreed that he should be killed there, she concealed him in the Habit of a Woman, among the Daughters of *Lycomedes*, King of *Scyros*: But *Calchas* the Prophet declaring, that *Troy* could not be taken without him, he was detected by the Address of *Ulysses*.

This little Story is finely represented by an admirable Set of antique Statues, lately in Possession of the Cardinal *De Polignac*. When his Excellency was Ambassador from the King of *France* to the Pope, thinking he had found the Place where the House of *Caius Marius* stood, he purchased the Ground, and employed Workmen to dig it up in different Parts. One Party of them found an entire Room, with the Statues before-mentioned regularly placed in it. The Cardinal caused a Draught to be taken of the Room, &c. And afterwards building one of the same Form at the Hotel (or Palace) *de Mezieres*, in *Varenne-street*, *Paris*, removed the Statues, and placed them there, on a Ground-floor, in the same Order as they were originally found. Since this Collection is esteemed one of the greatest Curiosities, not only at *Paris*, but perhaps in *Europe*, I doubt not but the Reader will be pleased to see here the particular Account, which the illustrious Proprietor himself gave of them to Mr. *Higmore* the Painter.

There are eleven Statues, to represent the Court of *Lycomedes*, King of *Scyros*. Ten of which (placed on Pedestals) are supposed to be present at the Arrival of *Ulysses*, disguised like a Pedlar, in order to discover *Achilles*: He holds under his left Arm a sort of square Box with two Drawers, one of which seems to be open, and contains a great many Jewels: He fixes his Eyes on *Achilles*, dressed like a Girl, and discovers him by his having seized a Shield and Spear, which he prefers to the Ornaments of Women. The Queen of *Scyros* is distinguished by a Diadem in her Hair, and a Sceptre in her Right-hand; with her Left-hand she holds a Purse full of Money, designed for the Purchase of the Toys brought by *Ulysses*. We see the Figure of a *Pallas*, bearing *Pyrrhus* in a Lappet of her military Robe, whose Education had been committed to her. Every one of the Queen's Daughters, in different Attitudes, holds in her Hand either a Looking-glass, or

‘ a Ring, or a Medal, or a Case for Rings, which they have
 ‘ purchased. The most striking Figure of them leans on the
 ‘ Stump of a Tree, is distinguished by a fine and light Drapery,
 ‘ with a Diadem interwoven in her Head-dress, and holds a
 ‘ Bracelet in her Right-hand. This is thought to be *Deïdamia*,
 ‘ that Daughter of *Lycomedes*, on whom *Achilles* doated, and
 ‘ had by her his Son *Pyrrhus*.’



O D E IX.

To THALIARCHUS.

By JOHN DRYDEN, *Esq.*

I.

BEHOLD yon Mountain's hoary Height,
 Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
 Again behold the Winter's Weight
 Oppress the lab'ring Woods below;
 And Streams, with icy Fetters bound,
 Benumb'd and cramp't to solid Ground.

2.

With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,
 And feed the genial Hearth with Fires;
 Produce the Wine that makes us bold,
 And sprightly Wit and Love inspires.

For

For what hereafter shall betide,
Jove, if it's worth his Care, provide.

3.

Let him alone, with what he made,
 To tofs and turn the World below ;
 At his Command the Storms invade,
 The Winds by his Commiffion blow ;
 Till with a Nod he bids them ceafe,
 And then the Calm returns, and all is Peace.

4.

To-morrow and her Works defy,
 Lay hold upon the prefent Hour,
 And fnatch the Pleafures paffing by,
 To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r :
 Nor Love, nor Love's Delights difdain,
 Whate'er thou gett'ft To-day, is Gain.

5.

Secure thofe golden early Joys,
 That Youth, unfour'd with Sorrow, bears,
 E're with'ring Time the Taftc deftroys
 With Sicknefs and unwieldy Years !
 For active Sports, for pleafing Reft,
 This is the Time to be poffeft ;
 The beft is but in Seafon beft.

6.

Th' appointed Hour of promis'd Bliss,
 The pleasing Whisper in the Dark,
 The half unwilling willing Kiss,
 The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,
 When the kind Nymph would Coyness feign,
 And hides but to be found again;
 These, these are Joys, the Gods for Youth ordain.



The SAME * ODE, *Imitated.*

By THOMAS MULSO, *jun. Esq.*

To PHILANDER.

NO more the Jess'min shades our naked Bowers;
 No more the Groves, or Meadows green
 appear;

Behold, my Friend, the Tyrant Winter lours;
 The shivering God descends in fleecy Showers,
 And desolates the Year.

New Hills of Snow upon the Mountains rise,
 A hideous Height
 Of barren White,

That glares amidst the gloomy Skies!

The

The lifeless Floods forget to flow,
 And stiff with Cold and Horror grow,
 Come let us thaw the freezing Blood,
 Pile up the chearful-blazing Wood;
 See that the life-recruiting Board
 With hospitable Plenty's stor'd
 Of racy Wines, and generous Food.
 Preserve a free and cheerful Mind,
 Trust to the Gods for all behind;
 And anxious Fears,
 And eating Cares,
 O give 'em to the restless Wind!
 Winter *will* come, and Storms *will* rage,
 And often vex the troubled Sea;
 But Heav'n their Fury will assuage;
 And many a Tempest-beaten Tree
 Stands to a quiet healthy Age.
 Let us be merry whilst we can;
 To-day is all that's giv'n to Man;
 And why anticipate To-morrow?
 'Twill come too soon, if fraught with Sorrow:
 Oh! rather the dear Hour prolong
 With sprightly Mirth, and Dance, and Song;
 Alas! Youth will not last too long!

Whilst we have vig'rous Limbs, the hunted Field,
 And shining Stage their various Joys will yield;
 Insipid Age will come too soon, and damp
 The lazy Flame of our expiring Lamp.

But Love's the Quintessence of all, my Friend,
 Love, like the western Pine-apple, will blend
 All Tastes delicious, Pleasures without End!

Think that the wish'd for Hour is near,
 When we shall meet the willing Fair,
 And whisper Love-tales in her glowing Ear:
 Think that she hides, yet would not be conceal'd,
 By luring Laughs designedly reveal'd:

A thousand Kisses welcome when we meet,
 A thousand more to punish the Deceit;

Or in Revenge, in am'rous Play,

(Love's mystic Seal)

The Ring from her dear taper Finger steal;
 She struggles hard, but struggles it away.
 Her Smiles belye the Anger of her Words,
 Which wound like Players with their pointless
 Swords.



* O D E X.

To M E R C U R Y.

I.

HERME S polite! from *Atlas* sprung!
 Powerful to tame the savage Hearts
 Of new-born Man, with tuneful Tongue;
 Their Bodies gracing too with manly Arts.

2.

Thy Praise my grateful Muse shall sing,
 Envoy of *Jove* to Earth and Hell;
 The Parent of the Vocal String,
 And fly in Wantonness of Heart to steal.

3.

Unless his Herd he would restore,
 Severely menacing the Child,
 He dearly should the Theft deplore;
 Stript of his Quiver too, *Apollo* smil'd.

4.

By Thee, his *Hector* to regain,
 From *Troy*³, was wealthy *Priam* led,
 Deceiv'd the *Greeks*, and cross'd the Plain, [spread.
 With hostile Tents, and Fires, and Guards o'er-
 Thou

5.

⁵ Thou dost conduct unblemish'd Souls

⁶ To Seats of Bliss: Thy ⁷ golden Rod

The flitting Troop of Ghosts controuls,

Grateful, Above, Below, to every God!

NOTES.

¹ Monsieur *Huet* thinks that what is said of *Mercury's* stealing the Oxen from *Apollo*, is founded on the Account given in Scripture, of *Moses's* leading from the Borders of the *Nile*, *Oves et armenta et animantia diversi generis multa nimis*, Flocks of Sheep, Herds of Oxen, and all sorts of Cattle in very great Numbers. And this Application is the more happy, because *Apollo* was called *Siris* and *Osiris*, which, properly speaking, are the Names of the *Nile*. DACIER.

² *Mercury* was very young, when he made this first Essay of his Skill in petty Larceny.

³ *Dives Priamus.*] The Word *rich*, applied here to *Priam*, makes the chief Beauty of this Passage: This alone unfolds the whole Story, for *Priam* went out of *Troy* in a Chariot loaded with Presents, which were to be the Ransom of *Heſtor's* Body. We see by this Instance, how accurate *Horace* was in the Choice of his Epithets. DACIER.

⁴ *Mercury*, by the Command of *Jupiter*, conducted *Priam* to the Tent of *Achilles*, and laid asleep the *Grecian* Guards and Centinels, that he might not be perceived by them; he performed the same Office for him on his Return. The Story *Horace* here alludes to, may be seen at large, in the 24th *Iliad*.

⁵ *Tu pias.*] As *Moses* was commissioned to lead the People of God into the Land of Promise; in like manner, the Heathens gave *Mercury* the Care of conducting departed Souls into the
infernal

infernal Regions. They also gave him a *Caduceus*, or *Rod*, wreathed with *Serpents*, in Imitation of that *Rod of Moses*, which was changed into a *Serpent*, and which was so famous among them, that they never failed to attribute whatever Events appeared miraculous, to the Efficacy of it, saying that they were wrought, *virgulâ divinâ*, by the *Rod of God*. From the same Rod also arose *Sceptres*, *Staffs*, and *Wands*, as *Ensigns of Power* and *Dignity*. DACIER.

6 *Latis sedibus*.] He means the *Elysian Fields*, where were *Amœna piorum concilia*, *The glad Assemblies of the Just*. Horace called them *Latas sedes*, *the joyful Abodes*. Thus Virgil, *Lata arva*; *Locos latos*. It seems probable, that both of them designed hereby to explain the Meaning of the Word *Elysian*: For, from the Description which the *Phœnicians* made to *Homer* of the Fertility of the *Andalusian*, which they called *terra alizuth* or *elizuth*, *the Land of Joy*, he placed the *Elysian Fields* there. See *Strabo* in his 1st and 3d Books. DACIER.

7 *Coërces aurea virga*.] The *Greeks* stiled *Mercury Chrysorapis*, *graced with a golden Rod*,



* O D E XI.

To LEUCONOE.

I.

ENQUIRE not thou ('twere all in vain)

My dear *Leuconœ*,

What End the righteous Gods ordain,

Or to thyself or me.

Seek

2.

Seek not in Magic or the Stars
To read Events to come ;
Nor by imaginary Fears
Anticipate thy Doom.

3.

Whether *Jove* grant one Winter more,
Or this should prove thy last,
Which whitens all the *Tyrrhene* Shore
With many an angry Blast ;

4.

Be wisely gay ; cut off long Cares
From thy contracted Span,
Nor stretch thy busy Hopes and Fears
Beyond the Life of Man.

5.

Ev'n while we speak, the Stream of Time
Rolls rapidly away ;
Then seize the present, use the Prime,
Nor trust another Day.

ODE



* O D E XII.

To A U G U S T U S.

I.

W H A T : Man, what Hero shall inspire,
 My ² *Clio's* ³ Fife with sprightly Lays ?
 Or will she chuse to strike ⁴ the Lyre
 Devoted to the Gods in Hymns of Praise ?

2.

Whose Name shall sportive Echo sound,
 The ⁵ *Heliconian* Shades along,
 Or hoary ⁶ *Hæmus'* Hills around,
 Where list'ning Oaks attended ⁷ *Orpheus'* Song ;

3.

Taught by *Calliopé* to bind
 The headlong Fury of the Floods,
 To still the rude and boist'rous Wind,
 And from their Roots to draw the crowding
 Woods.

Whom

4.

Whom first, as wont, but Father *Jove*,
 Who shifts the Seasons, shall I sing?
 By Him all Creatures live and move;
 Of Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell, the sovereign
 King.

5.

To *Jove*, none ⁸ like, or second none,
 Now is, can be, or ever was—
 Yet ⁹ *Pallas*, for her Prowess known,
 Possesses next to him the highest Place.

6.

Nor *Bacchus*, nor the * *Virgin* fam'd
 For hunting down, with hostile Art,
 The savage Race, shall pass unnam'd;
 Nor *Phæbus* fear'd for his unerring Dart.

7.

Alcides too, my Muse, resound;
 And *Leda's* Sons: One the fleet Horse,
 And rapid Car, with Conquest crown'd;
 And one in Wrestling prov'd his matchless
 Force.

* *Diana*.

Soon

8.

Soon as their happy Stars appear,

Hush'd is the Storm, the Waves subside,
The Clouds disperse, the Skies are clear,
And without Murmurs sleeps th' obedient Tide.

9.

Shall ¹⁰ *Romulus* succeed, my Lays

To grace; or ¹¹ *Numa's* peaceful State?

Thy *Fasces*, ¹² *Tarquin*, shall I raise?

Or envy dying ¹³ *Cato's* glorious Fate?

10.

The *Scauri*, let my grateful Muse,

And, ¹⁴ *Regulus*, thy Faith proclaim;

And, of his mighty ¹⁵ Soul profuse,

Let ¹⁶ *Paulus* rival his great Victor's Fame.

11.

By Poverty, with hardy Fare,

¹⁷ *Fabricius* and ¹⁸ *Camillus*, train'd;

And ¹⁹ *Curius* with his ²⁰ matted Hair,

Their small hereditary Farms maintain'd.

12.

Thy Fame, ²¹ *Marcellus*! grows with Years,

And, like a Plant ²² unseen aspires;

And bright the ²³ *Julian* Star appears,
As ²⁴ *Cynthia* shines among the smaller Fires!

13.

Father and Guardian of Mankind,
From *Saturn* sprung! to Thee is giv'n
By ²⁵ Fate, to guide great *Cæsar's* Mind,
Supreme on Earth! — Reign thou supreme in
Heav'n!

14.

Whether, in righteous War o'ercome,
Th' encroaching *Parthians* he repell;
The Sons of *Ganges* aw'd by *Rome*,
Or *Seres*, more remote, his Triumph swell:

15.

²⁶ Second to Thee alone, the World,
He justly rules; but Heav'n shall bend
Beneath thy Car; and Thunder hurl'd
By thy Right-hand, polluted Groves shall rend.

NOTES.

¹ *Horace* here imitates the second *Olympic* of *Pindar*, which begins thus;

Ye Harp-inspiring Hymns!
What God, what Hero, or what Man,
Shall we deliver down to Fame?

But

But the Order in which *Horace* places the Words is more beautiful, and more natural :

What Man, what Hero, or what God ?

² *Clio*.] It is the Province of *Clio*, according to the Ancients, to record heroic Actions.

³ *Acri tibia*] Since the *Roman Tibia* had a sharp and sprill Tone (*acris*), it seems to have been more like our *Fife* than *Flute* ; for the latter has a soft and soothing Sound.

⁴ *Lyra*] We are told, that the *Harp* was employed in Hymns to the Honour of the Gods, and the *Fife* for Heroes.

⁵ *Helicon* is a Fountain sacred to the Muses, on the Borders of *Phocis*, at the upper End of the Gulph of *Corinth*, near *Parnassus*.

⁶ *Hæmus*, a Mountain of *Thrace*.

⁷ *Orpheus* was of *Thrace* : He was so skilful in Music and Poësy, that he passed for the Son of the Muse *Calliope* by *Apollo*. His Story is finely told by *Virgil* in his fourth *Georgic*, and as finely translated by Mr. *Dryden*.

⁸ *Jupiter* often says in *Homer*, that there is no God like, or to be compared with him. This is also the Language of Scripture concerning the True God. Nothing can be more just and sublime than this Passage of *Horace*,

Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

⁹ *Pallas*, or *Minerva*, the Goddess of Wisdom, sprung from *Jupiter's* Brain, without a Mother. The high Character she bore may be seen in *Callimachus's* Hymn in Honour of *Pallas*, one of the finest Pieces of Antiquity. Among other Things, he there says, that she bestows the Gift of Prophecy, prolongs Life, and procures Happiness after Death ; all which Properties may be justly ascribed to *Wisdom*. DACIER.

The Reverend Mr. *Dodd* has lately obliged the Public with an elegant Translation of this and the other Hymns of *Callimachus*.

When *Horace* here says, that *Pallas* holds the next Place to *Jupiter*, though at a vast Distance, it must be understood among his own *Children* (for no other are here mentioned), or among the heavenly *Gods* (unless we must except *Juno*); for she was undoubtedly inferior to her Uncles *Pluto* and *Neptune*. *Dr. Bentley* applies *præliis audax* to *Pallas*; which Reading is followed by the Translator.

¹⁰ *Romulus* was the Son of *Mars* by *Ilia*, and the first King of *Rome*.

¹¹ The Reign of *Numa Pompilius*, the second King of *Rome*, was no less peaceful, than that of *Romulus* had been unquiet. He made it his chief Business to strengthen and establish the new Commonwealth (which was founded on Force and Arms), by wholesome Laws, and the Practice of Virtue and Religion. See *Livy*, Book I. Chap. 18 & 21. and *Florus*, Book I. Chap. 11. *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Numa*, relates, that the Temple of *Janus* remained unopened for the Space of forty-three Years. What a Happiness was this both for King and People!

¹² *Tarquini superbos fasces*] *Horace* here speaks of *Tarquinius Priscus*, the fifth King of *Rome*, who conquered *Tuscany*, and from thence introduced at *Rome* the Use of the *Fasces* (or Rods), with Rings, Ivory Chairs, purple Habits, and divers other Things, which heightened the Lustre and Majesty of his growing Empire. *Horace* calls those *Fasces, superbos* (stately), because they were the Ensigns of sovereign Power. *Mr. Cuninghame* and *Father Sanadon* would read here *Junii fasces* (supposing *Junius Brutus* to be intended), instead of *Tarquini fasces*; which might be thought a happy Alteration, if it could be justified by the old Copies.

¹³ *Catonis nobile lethum*] *Cato* of *Utica*. Upon the Approach of *Cæsar*, he embraced his Son and his Friends, and then retired into his Chamber, pretending he was desirous to rest; where, after he had read for two Hours in *Plato's* Book on the Immortality of the Soul, he stabbed himself.

¹⁴ *Regulum*] *Marcus Attilius Regulus* having been taken Prisoner by the *Carthaginians*, had Leave given him to go to *Rome* (on his Promise to return again), in order to persuade the

the Senate to make an Exchange of Prisoners ; but, when he came there, he was the first Man to dissuade them from it. He afterwards went back to *Carthage*, according to his Promise, and was there put to a cruel Death. On this Account *Horace* gives him a noble Encomium in the fifth Ode of his third Book.

¹⁵ *Animaque magnæ prodigum Paulum*] *Horace* calls him prodigal of Life, because he might have retired as well as his Brother Consul : But he scorned to survive the Defeat of his Army. The *Rhetoricians* justly observe, that Metaphors and Epithets borrowed even from Vices are the most noble ; but it is not every one's Talent to apply them happily. *Horace* excelled in this Particular.

¹⁶ *Lucius Æmilius Paulus*, who, being Consul with *Varro*, was defeated by *Hannibal* at *Canna*, where above 40,000 Romans were killed on the Spot. He died in the Field of Battle.

¹⁷ *Fabriciumque*] *Caius Fabricius Lucinus*, who fought against *Pyrrhus*, and discovered to him the Treachery of his own Physician. See *Florus*, Book I. Chapt. 18. Nothing can give a greater Idea of the Virtue of *Fabricius*, and, indeed, of the Roman Virtue at that time, than the Discourse between *Pyrrhus* and him, when *Pyrrhus* invited him to share in his Fortune : Of which the Reader may see a particular Account in *Dionysius Halicarnassæus* in *Legat.* and in Mr. *Hooke's Roman History*, Vol. I. p. 587.

¹⁸ *M. Furius Camillus* was five times Dictator, triumphed twice over the *Gauls*, and, after they had taken *Rome*, recovered it from them in a desperate Battle. Hence he was called *The Father of his Country*, and *the Second Founder of Rome*.

¹⁹ *Curius Dentatus*, who also fought against *Pyrrhus*.

²⁰ The Words of *Horace* are *incomptis capillis*. The first Romans never had their Hair cut, as appears by the ancient Statues : For this Reason *Ovid* calls them *intonfos*. Barbers did not begin to be known at *Rome* till the Time of this same *Curius* : For *Varro* relates, that by an Inscription at *Ardea* it appeared, that a certain Person named *P. Ticinus Menas* brought them from *Sicily* in the Year of *Rome* 454. The Barbers

introduced all the Refinements of their Art : They taught the Romans to trick up their Hair, to perfume, and curl it with hot Irons, which were called *Calamistra*. Horace therefore here opposes the *incomptos capillos* of *Curius* to the frizzled and perfumed Hair of the following Ages, which was looked upon as a Mark of Softness and Effeminacy. From hence *calamistrata coma* is always used by way of Reproach, both by *Cicero* and others ; as is also the Phrase *crines vibrati calido ferro* by *Virgil*.

Horace here elegantly makes a Person of Poverty. *Fabricius*, *Curius*, and *Camillus*, were all very poor ; and yet the first refused the rich Presents with which he was tempted by *Pyrrhus* ; the Second rejected with Scorn the Silver offered him by the *Samnites*, who beheld with Astonishment his Poverty and his Continence ; and *Camillus* dedicated in the Temple of *Jupiter* all the Gold he took from the *Gauls*. DACIER.

²¹ The Commentators suppose, that Horace intended here to celebrate *Marcus Claudius Marcellus*, who was five times Consul, took *Syracuse*, fought against *Hannibal*, &c. Though he had been dead one hundred and eighty Years, his Glory was still increasing. However, it is probable that the Poet had also in his Eye the younger *Marcellus*, the Son of *Octavia*, *Augustus*'s Sister, his adopted Heir and Son-in-law. He died when he was but twenty-four Years old, or, as others say, eighteen. *Virgil* laments his Death in the most beautiful Manner, *Æneid*. 6. v. 861. *et seq.* And *Seneca* gives this Character of him : *Adolescens animo alacer, ingenio potens ; frugalitatis, continentiae, in illis aut annis aut opibus, admirandae ; patiens laboris, voluptatibus alienus. Bene jecerat nulli cessura ponderi fundamenta.* Ad *Marciam*, cap. 2.

²² Horace here imitates a fine Passage of *Pindar*, in his 8th Nemeonic : *As Trees insensibly swell their Germs, when they are watered by the Dew of Heaven ; in like manner Virtue grows, and gathers Strength, when cherished by the Praise of worthy Men.*

²³ *Julium sidus*] Horace here alludes to the blazing Star, or Comet, which appeared soon after the Death of *Julius Caesar*. Notice is taken of it by *Seneca* (*Nat. Quaest. Lib. viii. c. 17.*) ; *Suetonius* (*in Jul. Cesare, c. 88.*) ; *Plutarch* (*in Cesare*) ; and *Pliny*.

Pliny. The latter gives an Account of it in *Augustus's* own Words; and is therefore the most authentic and remarkable. 'On those very Days (says *Augustus*), when I was exhibiting some Games to the People [begun about *Sept.* 26.], a Comet appeared for seven Days, and was seen in the Northern Part of Heaven. It rose about the eleventh Hour of the Day: It was a remarkable one, and visible all over the World. The common People believed that it signified the Reception of the Soul of *Cæsar* into the Number of the immortal Gods. On which Account the Image of this Star was added to the Statue representing *Cæsar's* Head, which we a while after consecrated in the Forum.' *Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. II. c. 24.*

Virgil also speaks of this Star in his ninth *Eclogue* :

Ecce, Dionai processit Cæsaris astrum.

Augustus wore a Star engraved on his Helmet at the Sea-fight of *Actium*; to which *Virgil* also alludes in these Lines :

————— *Geminas cui tempora flammæ
Lætæ vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice sidus.*

Æneid. viii. v. 680.

His beamy Temples shoot their Flames afar,
And o'er his Head is hung the *Julian* Star. DRYDEN.

Astronomers suppose it was this very Comet which appeared in the Year 1680-1. For by the Account of Historians, a Comet with the like *Phænomena* was seen in the 5th Year of the Emperor *Justinian*, in the Year of our Lord 531 or 532. As the Death of *Julius Cæsar* happened 44 Years before Christ, this 44, added to the said 531, gives 575 Years. Again a like Comet appeared in the Reign of our King *Henry I.* in the Year 1106; and lastly in the Year 1681. See the Passages from the Historians quoted at Length in an *Appendix* to Mr. *Whiston's Astronomical Principles of Religion*, 171.

If this was one and the same Comet, its periodical Revolution takes up about 575 Years; and consequently it is not to be expected again till the Year 2256. Mr. *Whiston* is of Opinion, that this Comet was the natural Cause of the Deluge. See the fore-cited Book, and his *Theory of the Earth*.

It seems probable, that by *Julium sidus*, *Horace* meant *Julius Cæsar*, who otherwise is not mentioned in the whole Ode.

²⁴ ————— *Velut inter ignes*

Luna minores.]

This Comparison is also imitated from the Ancients. *Sappho* somewhere says, *that all the Stars hide their diminished Heads, when the Moon shows her beautiful Face, and shines in her full Lustre.*

²⁵ *Fatis data]* *Horace* speaks here according to the Opinion of the Stoics, who made *Jupiter* depend on *Fate* or *Destiny*, as on something prior to him; or rather, according to the more rational Doctrine of some Philosophers of the same Sect, he makes *Jupiter* depend on *Destiny*, as Christians make God depend on the Immutability of his own Decrees. DACIER.

²⁶ *Te minor latum, reget æquus orbem]* *Horace* makes a fine Compliment to *Augustus* in another Place, of the same Tenor with this:

Dīs te minorem quod geris, imperas.

Some Copies read *latum orbem.*



ODE XIII.

By GEORGE JEFFREYS, Esq;

To LYDIA.

I.

WHILE *Telephus's* glowing Charms,
And *Telephus's* ' waxen Arms,
Fond *Lydia*, you commend,
My Colour varies like my Mind;
To Grief and Rage by Turns resign'd;
And Pangs my Vitals rend.

2.

2.

The Moisture, stealing down my Cheeks,
The slowly-wasting Fever speaks,
That dries my languid Veins ;
Nor can my Spleen the Wine-support,
That, spilt by him in drunken Sport,
Your snowy Shoulder stains.

3.

I burn whene'er the biting Kiss
Has mark'd the furious Lover's Bliss :
Can such a Love be true,
Whose savage Raptures could annoy
The Lips which *Venus* bath'd for Joy
In her celestial Dew ?

4.

Thrice happy they, and more than thrice,
Whom Passion, free from Strife or Vice,
To chaste Endearments guides :
Unbroken Union is their Lot ;
And no Resentments tear the Knot,
Which only Death divides.

NOTES.

* The Turn of the Neck and Arms is often commended in the *Latin* Poets among the Beauties of a Man. This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe in the old *Roman* Statues, that these Parts were always bare, and exposed to View, as much as our Hands and Face are at present: And in *Horace* we find both put together in this lively Description of Jealousy.

While *Telephus's* youthful Charms,
His rosy Neck, and winding Arms,
With endless Rapture you recite,
And in the tender Name delight;
My Heart, enrag'd by jealous Heats,
With numberless Resentments beats;
From my pale Cheek the Colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies:
By Fits my swelling Grief appears
In rising Sighs, and falling Tears,
That show too well the warm Desires,
The silent, slow, consuming Fires,
That on my inmost Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away!

ADDISON.



* ODE XIV,

To the COMMONWEALTH, under the Allegory
of a Ship in Distress.

O Ship, shall boisterous Waves again
Bear thee to Sea? What wouldst thou? O
remain

In

In Port. Behold thy naked Side !
 Scarce can thy Keel withstand th' imperious Tide,
 Thy Sail-yards groan, while Southern Blasts
 Around thee roar, and crack thy stubborn Masts.
 Tho' of the *Pontic* Wood the Grace
 And stately Daughter once, thy Name and Race
 Are vain : See flitter'd every Sail,
 And on no God thy Vows can now prevail.
 What Mariner for Succour flies
 To painted Sterns, when foaming Billows rise ?
 O late my Grief, and now my Care,
 Left thou become the Sport of Winds, beware ;
 With Caution steer ; and shun the Seas,
 Whose Surges lash the shining *Cyclades*.

J. D.

I must refer the Reader to Mr. *Francis's* judicious Remarks on this Ode, which are well worth his Perusal.

*****\$*****

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By I. H. B. *Esq.*

O Ship! shall new Waves again bear thee to Sea?
 Where, alas! art thou driving? Keep steady
 to Shore ;

Thy

Thy Sides are left without an Oar,
And thy shaken Mast groans, to rude Tempests a
Prey.

Thy Tackle all torn, can no longer endure
The Assaults of the Surge, that now triumphs and
reigns.

None of thy Sails entire remains,
Nor a God to protect in another sad Hour.

Tho' thy Outside bespeaks thee of noble Descent,
The Forest's chief Pride, yet thy Race and thy Fame,
What are they but an empty Name?

Wise Mariners trust not to Gilding and Paint.

Beware then, lest thou float uncertain, again
The Sport of wild Winds; late my sorrowful Care,
And now my fondest Wish, beware

Of the changeable Shoals where the *Rhine* meets
the Main.

1746.

* O D E

* ODE XV.

*The Prophecy of NEREUS,**By a LADY.*

FROM *Sparta's* hospitable Shore,
 His ² Prize when faithless *Paris* bore,
 While Guilt impatient crowds his Sail,
 Prophetic ³ *Nereus* checks the Gale,
 By Force the flying Robber holds,
 And thus the Wrath of Heaven unfolds:

‘ In vain thy Fleet transports the Dame,
 ‘ Whom injur’d *Greece* shall soon reclaim,
 ‘ Prepar’d to break thy lawless Tye,
 ‘ And *Priam's* ancient Realm destroy.
 ‘ Behold the Troops, the foaming Steed,
 ‘ To Labours doom’d, and doom’d to bleed!
 ‘ See! Victim to thy lewd Desires,
 ‘ Thy Country blaze with funeral Fires!
 ‘ † See! *Pallas* eager to engage,
 ‘ Prepares her ⁵ Car and martial Rage:

‘ She

- ' She waves her ⁶ *Ægis*, nods her Plumes,
 ' And all the Pomp of War assumes!
 ' ' In vain, devoted to thy Side,
 ' Shall *Cytherea* swell thy Pride;
 ' In vain thy graceful Locks express
 ' The studied Elegance of Dress;
 ' Thy languid Harp, with amorous Air,
 ' In vain shall charm the list'ning Fair;
 ' The Palace screen thy conscious Heart
 ' In vain, against the *Cretan* Dart,
 ' And *Ajax*, nimble to pursue.
 ' What tho', conceal'd from public View,
 ' The Chamber guards thy nicer Ear
 ' From all the horrid Din of War;
 ' At length, Adulterer! fall thou must,
 ' And trail those beauteous Locks in Dust!
 ' See! Author of thy Country's Fate,
 ' *Ulysses*, practis'd in Deceit.
 ' Behold the hoary * *Pylian* Sage,
 ' Against her forfeit Towers engage.
 ' *Teucer* and *Sthenelus* unite
 ' With various Skill, in various Fight.

* *Nestor*.

' *Tydides*,

- ' *Tydidēs*, greater than his Sire,
 ' To find thee, burns with martial Fire.
 ' But as a grazing Stag, who spies
 ' The distant Wolf, with Terror flies;
 ' So shalt thou fly, with panting Breath,
 ' And falt'ring Limbs, th' Approach of Death.
 ' Where is thy boasted Courage? Where
 ' Thy Promise plighted to the Fair?
 ' Tho' fierce *Achilles'* sullen Hate
 ' Awhile protracts the City's Fate,
 ' Heav'n shall its righteous Doom require,
 ' And *Troy* in *Grecian* Flames expire!

NOTES.

¹ *Paris*, one of the Sons of *Priam*, was King of *Troy*. He went by the Name of the *Phrygian Swain*, or *Shepherd*, because for some time he tended Sheep on Mount *Ida*, where he decided the famous Controversy between the three Goddesses, *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus*, concerning the Preheminence of Beauty; and adjudged the golden Apple to the latter.

² *Helen*, the Daughter of *Jupiter* by *Leda*, and the most beautiful Woman in the World: She was married to *Mene-laüs*, King of *Lacedæmon*, by whom *Paris* was kindly received and entertained; in Return for which Favours he stole away his Wife.

³ *Nereus*, a Sea-God, the Son of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*. *Horace* makes Choice of *Nereus* to utter this Prediction, because he was celebrated for his Veracity. Thus *Hesiod*, *Oceanus* begot *Nereus*, who abhors Lyes, and loves Truth.

⁴ *Jam*

* *Jam galeam Pallas, &c.*] *Pallas* was the Goddess of War. *Horace* names her here rather than *Mars*, because she favoured the *Grecians*, whereas *Mars* favoured the *Trojans*. This Description is taken from *Iliad V.* where *Homer* paints the *Helmet*, the *Ægis*, and the *Chariot* of *Pallas*.

5 A Description of this *Chariot* may be seen in the *Iliad*, B. V. ver. 722.

6 The *Ægis* was an ample Shield, on which was the Figure of the *Gorgon's Head*. It was all around (says *Homer*) encompassed with TERROR: DISCORD, FORTITUDE, and baleful TUMULT hung upon it. And in the Middle of it was the Head of that DIRE MONSTER, the GORGON, ghastly, full of Horror, the Prodigy of *Ægis-bearing Jupiter*. See *Homer's Iliad*, B. V. ver. 739, & seq.

7 . . *Nequicquam, Veneris prasidio ferox,
Pec̃tes casariam : grataque feminis
Imbelli citharà carmina divides.*]

This is an Imitation of two Lines in the *third Iliad*: Οὐκ ἄν τοι, &c. ver. 54 & 55. Which are thus beautifully translated by *Mr. Pope*,

Thy graceful Form, instilling soft Desire,
Thy curling Tresses, and thy silver Lyre,
Beauty and Youth, in vain to these you trust,
When Youth and Beauty shall be laid in Dust.

According to *Sanaden*, this Ode was writ in the Year of *Rome* 722, about the End of it. He takes it to be an Allegory, like the foregoing Ode, in which the Poet advises *Mark Antony*, by the Example of *Paris*, to break loose from *Cleopatra*, and avoid a Civil-War. He defends this Interpretation by the Authority of *Torrentius*, who relates that the best and oldest Manuscript he ever saw (*optimus ac vetustissimus*), gives the following Title to this Ode; *Ad Alexandrum Paridem, sub cujus personâ exponit imminētia bella*. What before seemed only the Amusement of an idle Hour, in this Light contains a noble Moral. The Parallel will indeed hold in several Instances: *Antony* carried *Cleopatra* to *Rome*, as *Paris* did *Helen* to *Troy*: The Court of *Cleopatra* was the Seat of Luxury and Pleasure, where

where *Antony* indulged himself in the most infamous Debaucheries. By the *Grecian* Chiefs, says *Sanadon*, we are to understand *Octavius Caesar*, and the Captains of his Army, *Agrippa*, *Mecenas*, &c. All this is plausible and ingenious, but too fanciful and unsupported to have any great Stress laid upon it.

If the rest of the Odes had been translated as elegantly as this, we could have no Reason to doubt their being well received by the Public. However, the Editor cannot but think himself happy in the Friendship with which he is honoured by the ingenious Translator.

D.



The SAME ODE Imitated.

WHEN *Gallia's* Fleet young *Stuart* bore,
To *Scotland's* hospitable Shore,
As thro' *Biscaya's* stormy Bay,
Th' impatient Warrior urg'd his Way,
Stern *Neptune*, *Britain's* Guardian God,
Swift-rising from the troubled Flood,
Bad the hoarse Winds their Tumult cease,
And hush'd the angry Waves to Peace,
Whilst thus, with harsh prophetic Truth,
He warn'd the bold advent'rous Youth.

‘ With adverse Winds thou brav’st in vain
‘ These Seas, a fancy’d Crown to gain,
‘ Perfidious

- ‘ Perfidious is the Wind and Sea,
- ‘ But greater *Gallia’s* Perfidy.
- ‘ Ev’n tho’, to fix thee on the Throne,
- ‘ Her Troops and Navy were thy own,
- ‘ Ere, by that Navy wafted o’er,
- ‘ Those Troops could gain the *British* Shore,
- ‘ What Ships, what Legions would be lost,
- ‘ For watchful *Vernon* guards the Coast ?
- ‘ Ev’n now the dreaded *Lion* rears
- ‘ Her hostile Flag, and *Brett* appears,
- ‘ Crown’d with a Wreath, bestow’d by Me
- ‘ In spicy *India’s* Southern Sea.
- ‘ Undaunted by superior Force,
- ‘ He strait shall stop thy Convoy’s Course,
- ‘ And soon those Thunders (felt by *Spain*),
- ‘ With *Gallic* Blood shall dye the Main ;
- ‘ Till back to *Brest* the baffled Crew,
- ‘ With splinter’d Masts their Course pursue,
- ‘ And leave thee to assert thy Throne,
- ‘ Unarm’d, unguarded, and alone.
- ‘ True, when thou gain’st a Northern Port,
- ‘ The neighb’ring Clans shall all resort,
- ‘ With Fifes their bonny *Charles* to greet,
- ‘ And lay their Targets at thy Feet.

‘ Yet

Yet tho', with wide-unfolded Gates,
 Edina thy Arrival waits,
 No Bribes shall win, no Threats shall wrest
 The Citadel from hoary Guest:
 And soon from Sloth shall *England* wake,
 And her luxurious Fetters break.
 When mitred *York* dissolves the Charm,
 See! all the Nation takes th' Alarm,
 And Prelates preach, and Nobles arm.
 In vain, to please the *Scottish* Fair,
 Plad Ribbons braid thy beauteous Hair;
 In vain, with *Caledonian* Grace,
 An azure Bonnet shades thy Face;
 With Target arm'd, and Breadth of Sword,
 In vain thou foremost tempt'st the Ford,
 And dar'st each Night in Tents defy
 The Rigours of a freezing Sky.
 Tho' *Conquest* point to *Preston's* Mead,
 Tho' *Cope* shall fly, and *Gardner* bleed,
 Yet hardy Troops and Chiefs remain,
 To Battle train'd on *Flandria's* Plain:
 See *Crawford*, *Loudon*, *Huske*, and *Bland*,
 Surrounded by a veteran Band,

}

F

And

- ‘ And *Blakeney*, with Experience fraught,
- ‘ At *Carthagena* dearly bought.
- ‘ What tho’ the Hope of Plunder draws
- ‘ Some needy Nobles to thy Cause ;
- ‘ Tho’ to thy Camp, with Vengeance vow’d,
- ‘ The Slaves of wily *Lovat* crowd ;
- ‘ And in thy Host, with downcast Mien,
- ‘ *Kilmarnock*’s graceful Form is seen ;
- ‘ No Tyes of Blood from *Brunswick*’s Side
- ‘ Young *Boyde* and *Ancram* can divide ;
- ‘ The Lowlands still thy Course oppose,
- ‘ And half the Nation are thy Foes.

- ‘ But now, to quench Rebellion’s Flame,
- ‘ And emulate his Father’s Fame,
- ‘ To barren Heaths and wintry Skies,
- ‘ From polish’d Courts, see ! *William* flies ;
- ‘ On snow-clad Hills his Standard rears ;
- ‘ And soon *Culloden*’s Plain appears.

- ‘ O ! with what Grief shalt thou survey
- ‘ The Ruin of that dreadful Day,
- ‘ When Slaughter uncontroll’d shall reign,
- ‘ And proudly stride o’er thousands slain ;
- ‘ When, sav’d for a severer Death,
- ‘ Thy Peers on Scaffolds yield their Breath,

‘ And

† And *Desolation's* Talons seize
 † Their Fields and forfeit Villages.
 † Mean while, o'er many a craggy Height,
 † Thou, hapless Youth ! shalt speed thy Flight ;
 † For Safety forc'd to lay aside
 † Thy martial Garb and manly Pride,
 † And o'er the Friths and Mountains pass,
 † In Semblance of an Highland Lass.
 † At length, when all thy Dangers o'er,
 † Thou safely gain'st that peaceful Shore,
 † Where rapid *Rhone*, with boisterous Waves,
 † The Vines of mild *Avignon* laves,
 † There shalt thou court monastic Ease,
 † And tempt no more the faithless Seas ;
 † By Foes repuls'd, by Friends betray'd,
 † Of *Britain* much, of *Gallia* more afraid.'

I. D.





* ODE XVI.

To TYNDARIS,

Whom he had insulted in Iambic Verse.

NYMPH! of a beauteous Mother born,
 Whom still superior Charms adorn,
 My slanderous Versës, as you please,
 Destroy; by Flames, or in the Seas.
 Nor ¹ *Phæbus* could his Prophets fire,
 Nor *Bacchus* to Extremes so dire,
 Nor ² *Corybantian* Cymbals wound
 The Ear with such a clattering Sound,
 As baleful *Rage*, which neither Flame,
 Nor Steel, nor Tempest, can reclaim;
 And *Jove*, its Madness to restrain,
 Would hurl his triple Bolt in vain.

³ 'Tis said, when * *Japhet's* Son began
 To mould the Clay, and fashion Man,

* *Prometheus.*

He stole from every Beast a Part,
 And fix'd the Lion in his Heart.
 From *Rage* the tragic Ills arose,
 That crush'd *Thyestes*; hence the Woes
 Of Cities with the Ground laid ev'n,
 And *Plough-shares* o'er their Ruins driv'n.
 Then curb your Anger : Heat of Youth
 (I now with Shame confess the Truth)
 Prompted alone my guilty Muse
 In *6* rapid Numbers to abuse
 Your blameless Name—Forgiv'n by You,
 I will a softer Theme pursue.

NOTES.

f *Pythius*] *Apollo*. *Virgil* gives a lively Description of the
Sibyl's Agitations, when she was possessed by *Apollo* :

Non vultus, non color unus,
 Non compta mansere comæ : sed pectus anhelum,
 Et rabie fera corda tument ; majorque videri,
 Nec mortale sonans : afflata est numine quando
 Jam propiore Dei. ————— *Æneid*, L. vi. v. 47.

Her Colour chang'd, her Face was not the same,
 And hollow Groans from her deep Spirit came.
 Her Hair stood up ; convulsive Rage possess'd
 Her trembling Limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring Breast.
 Greater than human Kind she seem'd to look ;
 And with an Accent more than mortal spoke,
 Her staring Eyes with sparkling Fury roll ;
 When all the God came rushing on her Soul. DRYDEN.

² *Dindymene*] *Cybelé*. The Priests of *Cybelé* were also her Minstrels and Drummers. They followed her, beating their Cymbals.

³ *Fertur Prometheus*.] *Horace* seems here to have imitated *Simonides*, who says, that after God had finished Man, and made the Animals, having nothing left to bestow on Women, he borrowed for them Qualities from every Animal. To some he gave the Filthiness of *Swine*; to others the Craft of *Foxes*: To this he gave the Heaviness of an *Ass*; to that the Vigilance of the *Weazel*, or the Wantonness of the *Mare*. He made some like *Monkeys*, and gave the Qualities of the *Bee* to those whom he most favoured. DACIER.

⁴ *Ira Thyesten*] *Thyestes* having committed Adultery with the Wife of *Atreus*; *Atreus*, in Revenge, afterwards caused his Son to be slain, and to be served up for him at a Banquet: In Horror of which impious Deed, the Sun is said to have gone back twelve Hours.

⁵ *Imprimeretque muris*] The Romans used to plough up the Ground, on which the Walls of the Cities stood that they had plundered.

⁶ *Celeres Iambos*] He calls Iambics *swift*, because they have the first Syllable short, with a rapid jumping Motion, as in this Line:

Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.

The Iambic Verse was chiefly used for Satire and Lampoon; on which Account *ἰαμβικόν* signifies to revile or calumniate.





* O D E XVII.

To the SAME.

I.

SWIFT-footed *Faunus* often deigns
To quit *Arcadia's* fruitful Plains;
And for my ¹ *Sabine* Bow'rs
His own ² *Lycaum* he neglects,
And here my tender Kids protects
From Heat and stormy Show'rs.

2.

For secret Shrubs and thymy Food,
The Dams securely search the Wood,
Nor fear the Viper's Sting:
No prowling Wolves alarm the Flocks,
While with *his* Pipe the sloping Rocks
And vocal Valleys ring.

3.

The Gods still guard me; they approve
My blameless Piety, and love

F 4

My

My Muse's grateful Strain :
 Here *Plenty's* liberal Horn shall pour
 For *Tyndaris* a various Show'r
 Of Fruits, with every Grain.

4.

Here, while a Valley's cool Retreat
 From the fierce Dog-star's raging Heat
 Thy beauteous Form shall screen,
 Thou to the *Tēian* Lyre shalt sing
 ' *Ulysses*, of dire Griefs the Spring
 To *Circé*, and his Queen.

5.

Here, where the flaunting Boughs entwine,
 Regale on harmless + *Lesbian* Wine ;
 Nor *Mars* shall e'er intrude
 To spoil our Mirth with frantic Noise,
 And chase mild *Bacchus'* temperate Joys
 With Brawls and Quarrels rude.

6.

Free from Alarms, thou need'st not fear
 To fire with jealous Fury here
 Impatient *Cyrus'* Breast :

Nor

Nor shall the Savage from thy Hair
The flowery Chaplet snatch, or tear
Thy unoffending Vest.

J. D.

NOTES.

Horace having in the former Ode made his Peace with *Tyndaris*, he gives her, in this, an Invitation to his Country-House; where he assures her of a cordial Entertainment, and that she will be safe from the jealous Rage and rude Insults of *Cyrus*.

¹ *Lucretilis* was a Mountain of the *Sabines*, at the Foot of which stood *Horace's* Villa and little Farm. He speaks of it more largely at the Beginning of his 16th Epistle, Book I.

² *Lycaum*, a Mountain of *Arcadia*, sacred to *Pan*.

³ *Ulysses*, the Husband of *Penelopé*, beloved also by *Circé*. He had a Son by her called *Télégonus*.

⁴ The *Lesbian* was a light and racy Wine: On which Account *Callimachus* calls it the *Nectar* of *Lesbos*.

* ODE⁷ XVIII.

To VARUS.

NO Plant, like the Vine, will on *Tibur's* mild Soil
Repay my dear *Varus*, and crown all his Toil.
How lifeless the Dry and the Sober appear!
'Tis Wine, Wine alone, that can drown every Care.
Chear'd

Chear'd by Wine, who at Want or at Warfare in-
veighs?

Who is silent in *Venus*' or *Bacchus*'s Praise?

But let Prudence restrain you; and timely be
taught

By the Feasts of the *Centaurs* and *Lapithæ*, fraught
With Fury and Slaughter, ne'er rashly to slide
O'er the Limits, which Mirth from Intemperance
divide.

Blind Passion reigns ever, such Revels among;
Lust, the Arbiter only of Right and of Wrong.

Unbidden I venture not, white-vested God,

To brandish profanely thy Ivy-crown'd Rod;

Nor unfaithfully e'er to the Day-light reveal

The mystical Rights, which thy Branches conceal,

Restrain thy Horn, Timbrels, and *Bacchanal* Crew,

Whom *Self-love* and *Vanity* ever pursue,

With Crests high-exalted; and, clearer than Glafs,

Leaky *Faith*, like a Sieve, letting every thing pass.

J. D.



O D E



O D E XIX.

Paraphrased by WILLIAM CONGREVE, Esq.

An Invocation to VENUS. }

I.

THE Tyrant Queen of soft Desires,
With the resistless Aid of sprightly Wine
And wanton Ease, conspires

To make my Heart its Peace resign,
And re-admit Love's long-rejected Fires.

For beauteous *Glycera* I burn;
The Flames so long repell'd, with double Force
return:

Matchless her Face appears, and shines more bright
Than polish'd Marble, when reflecting Light.

Her very Coyness warms;
And with a grateful Sullenness she charms:

Each Look darts forth a thousand Rays,
Whose Lustre an unwary Sight betrays:

My Eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I
gaze. }

2.

She comes! she comes! She rushes in my Veins!
 At once all *Venus* enters, and at large she reigns!
Cyprus no more with her Abode is blest;
 I am her Palace, and her Throne my Breast.
 Of savage *Scythian* Arms no more I write,
 Or *Parthian* Archers, who in flying fight,
 And make rough War their Sport.

Such idle Themes no more shall move,
 Nor any thing but what's of high Import;
 And what's of high Import but Love?
 Vervain, and Gums, and the green Turf prepare:
 With Wine of two Years old your Cups be fill'd;
 After our Sacrifice and Pray'r,
 The Goddess may incline her Heart to yield.



* O D E XX.

To MÆCENAS,

1.

MÆCENAS! still content to shine
 Among the 'Knights, expect not at my Board
 A copious Bowl, or better Wine
 Than what my native ² *Sabine* Hills afford.

2.

2.

Seal'd by myself, my Cask began

To mellow, when the Pit so loudly crown'd
Your Merit, that Mount ⁵ *Vatican*,

And *Tyber's* sportful Echo caught the Sound.

3.

In your rich Jars the racy Juice

Of every costly Grape refines :

My Cups no Tribute can produce

Or from the *Formian* or *Falernian* Vines.

NOTES.

¹ No Compliment could be more agreeable to *Mecenas*, than to accost him, simply, by the Title of Knight; because he had always contented himself with that Dignity, to which he had added a very great Lustre. It seems probable, that he was satisfied with that Rank, and did not aspire to greater Honours, to make his Court to *Augustus*, whose Ancestors, even to his Father *Octavius*, were but of the Order of Knights. *At Caius, ejusque posteris, seu fortunâ, seu voluntate, in equestri ordine constituere, usque ad Augusti patrem.* Suetonius, Cap. xi. And *Augustus* himself had writ, as *Suetonius* relates, that he was descended only from an Equestrian Family, tho' ancient and rich, in which his Father was the first Senator. *Ipse Augustus nihil amplius quàm equestri familiâ ortum se scribit, vetere ac locuplete, et in quâ primus Senator pater suus fuerit.* Therefore this Modesty of *Mecenas* could not but please that Prince.

DACIER.

Mr. Creech, in his Translation of this, and other Odes addressed to *Mecenas*, makes *Horace* give him, very improperly, the Title of *My Lord*.

D.

² The

2 The *Sabine* Wine was very much despised. *Horace* himself somewhere says, that his Lands were fitter to produce Pepper and Incense than Vines.

3 The Ancients sealed up their Vessels with Wax or Pitch, which they called *linere dolia*; and to unseal them, *relinere*. Thus *Terence*: *Relevi omnia dolia*.

4 In the Theatre of *Pompey*.

5 The chief Design of *Horace* in this Ode, is to commemorate the loud and general Acclamations of Joy, wherewith *Mæcenas* was received by the People, on his first Entrance into the Theatre after his Recovery from a Fit of Sicknefs.

6 The Words of the Original are, *Paterni fluminis ripa*, the Banks of your paternal River; because the Source of the *Tyber* was in *Tuscany*, of which *Mæcenas* was a Native. The *Tyber* flowed between *Pompey's* Theatre and the *Vatican*; so that there could be no loud Noise in the Theatre, but it was immediately echoed from the Banks of the *Tyber*, and from Mount *Vatican*.

7 *Cæcubum, et prælo domitam Caleno*
Tu bibes uvam.]

We must understand here, says *Dacier*, *apud te, at home*; q. d. 'You must drink these costly Wines at your own House; my Pocket will not afford them.' *Sanadon* is no less positive, that we are to understand *apud me, at my House*: *You shall quaff 'em with me*. A genteel Hint, says he, that he might not forget to send the Bard a Present of these Wines. The Translator has followed the Construction of *Dacier*.





* O D E XXI.

*An HYMN to APOLLO and DIANA.**Choir of Youths.*

YE blooming Virgins! sing *Diana's* Praise.

Choir of Virgins.

Your Voice, ye Boys! to graceful *Phæbus* raise.

The Two Choirs.

Let fair *Latona* be our Theme,
The darling Choice of *Jove* supreme.

Choir of Youths.

Ye Maids! chaste *Cynthia* sing, in silver Floods
Who loves to bathe, and haunts the shady Woods;
The Woods, that ²*Algidus* and ³*Cragus* crown,
And ⁴*Erymanthus*' lofty Head imbrown!

Choir of Virgins.

Ye noble Youths! extoll, in equal Strains,
Delicious ⁵*Tempe's* ever-verdant Plains:
Fair ⁶*Delos* sing, whence great *Apollo* sprung,
The Harp and Quiver on his Shoulder hung.

DUET-

DUETTO.

Virgins.

He, by your Pray'rs,

Boys.

And She by yours, o'ercome,

Both.

On Britons and on Parthians, Foes of Rome,
 Shall turn from Cæsar and his People far,
 The Scourge of FAMINE, PESTILENCE, and WAR.

NOTES.

Mr. Dacier thinks that this Ode was addressed to the Choir of Boys and Girls who were appointed to sing the *Secular Ode*, briefly instructing them what Parts they were chiefly to regard. But Dr. Bentley * has proved from *Suetonius*, that *Horace's First Book* of Odes was writ long before that Poem; and therefore he supposes, that this Piece refers to the Festivals of *Apollo* and *Diana*, which were celebrated every Year (the former in *July*, the latter in *August*), and has no Connection with that Ode.

¹ *Intonsum Cynthium*] The Ancients always painted *Apollo* with long Hair, and without a Beard.

² *Algidus*, a small Mountain covered with Wood, about 12 Miles from *Rome*, upon the *Appian Way*. There is a Place at the Top of it, which is called *Rocca del Papa*.

³ *Cragus*, a Mountain in *Lycia*.

* See the Preface to his Edition of *Horace*.

4 *Erymanthus*. There were in *Arcadia* a City, a Mountain, and a River, that went by this Name.

5 *Horace* joins *Tempe* with *Delos*, because *Apollo* was purified in this Valley, after he had slain the Monster *Python*. It was here likewise that he crowned himself with Laurel, and erected an Altar; to which, even in the Time of *Horace*, the People of *Delphi* sent Sacrifices every ninth Year to be offered to him. The Conquerors at the *Pythean Games* were always crowned with Branches of Laurel brought from hence. DACIER.

6 *Natalemque, Mares, Delon Apollinis,*
Insignemque pharetrâ,
Fraternâque humerum lyrâ.]

Ye Youths, extoll *Delos*, the Birth-place of *Apollo*, and his Shoulder, graced with the Quiver, and with his Brother's Harp. The Ancients not only carried their Quiver upon their Shoulders, as we see in *Homer*; but also the Harp, and every thing that was looked upon as an Ensign of Power and Dignity. This will explain to us that Passage of *Callimachus*, where he says of *Ceres*, *αἰωμασίαν ἔχε πλεῖστα*, she had a Key upon her Shoulder: And likewise that Passage of *Isaiâh*, Ch. xxii. Ver. 22. And the Key of the House of David will I lay upon his Shoulder: so he shall open, and none shall shut, and he shall shut, and none shall open. *Job* also says, Chapt. xxxi. Ver. 35, 36. Behold my Desire is — that mine Adversary had written a Book. Surely I would take it upon my Shoulder, and bind it as a Crown to me. DACIER.





* ODE XXII.

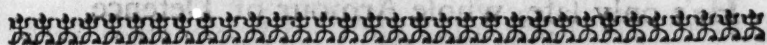
To ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

By S. J.

THE Man, my Friend, whose conscious Heart
 With Virtue's sacred Ardour glows,
 Nor taints with Death th' envenom'd Dart,
 Nor needs the Guard of *Moorish* Bows.
 O'er icy *Caucasus* he treads,
 Or torrid *Afric's* faithless Sands,
 Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* spreads
 His liquid Wealth thro' barbarous Lands.
 For while in *Sabine* Forests, charm'd
 By *Lalagé*, too far I stray'd,
 Me fing'ring, careless and unarm'd,
 A furious Wolf approach'd, and fled.
 No Beast more dreadful ever stain'd
Apulia's spacious Wilds with Gore;
 No Beast more fierce *Numidia's* Land,
 The Lion's thirsty Parent, bore.

Place

Place me where no soft Summer Gale
 Among the quivering Branches sighs,
 Where Clouds, condens'd, for ever veil
 With horrid Gloom the frowning Skies :
 Place me beneath the burning Zone,
 A Clime deny'd to human Race ;
 My Flame for *Lalagé* I'll own ;
 Her Voice and Smiles my Song shall grace.



The SAME ODE Paraphrased.

By JOHN HUGHES, *Esq;*

HENCE, slavish Fear! thy *Stygian* Wings display:
 Thou ugly Fiend of Hell, away !
 Wrapp'd in thick Clouds, and Shades of Night,
 To conscious Souls direct thy Flight ;
 There brood on Guilt ; fix there a loath'd Embrace,
 And propagate vain Terrors, Frights,
 Dreams, Goblins, and imagin'd Sprights,
 Thy visionary Tribe, thy black and monstrous Race!
 Go, haunt the Slave that stains his Hands in Gore,
 Possess the perjur'd Mind, and rack the Usurer more
 Than his Oppression did the Poor before.

2.

Vainly, ye feeble Wretches, you prepare
 The glittering Forgery of War ;
 The poison'd Shaft, the *Parthian* Bow, and Spear,
 Like that the warlike *Moor* is wont to wield,
 Which, pois'd and guided from his Ear,
 He hurls impetuous thro' the Field ; [Shield;
 In vain you lace the Helm, and heave in vain the
 He's only safe, whose Armour of Defence
 Is adamantine Innocence.

3.

If o'er the steepy *Alps* he go,
 Vast Mountains of eternal Snow,
 Or where fam'd *Ganges* and *Hydaspes* flow ;
 If o'er parch'd *Lybia's* desert Land,
 Where, threatening from afar,
 Th' affrighted Traveller
 Encounters moving Hills of Sand :
 No Sense of Danger can disturb his Rest,
 He fears no human Face, nor savage Beast ;
 Impenetrable Courage steels his manly Breast.

4.

Thus, late within the *Sabine* Grove,
 While, free from Care, and full of Love,

I raise my tuneful Voice, and stray,
 Regardless of myself and Way,
 A grizly Wolf, with glaring Eye,
 View'd me unarm'd, yet pass'd unhurtful by.
 A fiercer Monster ne'er, in Quest of Food,
Apulian Forests did molest;
Numidia never saw a more prodigious Beast;
Numidia, Mother of the tawny Brood,
 Where the stern Lion shakes his knotted Mane,
 And roars aloud for Prey, and scours the spacious
 Plain,

5.

Place me where no soft Breeze of Summer
 Wind
 Did e'er the stiffen'd Soil unbind,
 Where no refreshing Warmth e'er durst invade,
 But Winter holds his unmolested Seat,
 In all his hoary Robes array'd,
 And rattling Storms of Hail, and noisy Tempests
 beat.

Place me beneath the scorching Blaze
 Of the fierce Sun's immediate Rays,
 Where House or Cottage ne'er were seen,
 Nor rooted Plant, nor Tree, nor springing Green,

Yet, lovely *Lalagé*, my generous Flame
 Shall ne'er expire ; I'll boldly sing of thee,
 Charm'd with the Music of thy Name,
 And guarded by the Gods of Love and Poetry.



* O D E XXIII.

To CLOE.

By J. C.

1.

THOU fly'st me, like the tripping Hind
 Her fearful Dam pursuing
 O'er devious Hills : The Woods, the Wind,
 The quivering Bushes threaten Ruin.

2.

If vernal Gales but gently breathe
 Amid the thorny Brake ;
 Or if green Lizzards, underneath,
 Among the Boughs a Rustling make,

3.

Strait pit-a-pat's its little Heart ;
 Its trembling Limbs keep Measure :
 But, *Cloë*, why this frantic Start,
 For Injury mistaking Pleasure ?

4.

No Tyger, nor a Lion, I;

Then cease thy Mother's Steps to trace,

Nor coyly from thy *Horace* fly,

Now ripe the Bridal Bed to grace.

NOTES.

¹ *Nam seu mobilibus VERIS inhorruit*
ADVENTUS foliis.]

Thus all the common Editions give this Passage: But *Salma-*
sus and *Bentley* are of Opinion it ought to run thus:

Nam seu mobilibus VEPRIIS inhorruit
AD VENTUM foliis,

Here is but a very little Alteration of the Words; and it must be owned, that this Emendation renders the grammatical Construction much clearer: However, *Dacier* adheres religiously to the common Reading, which he says (tho' without attempting to answer *Bentley's* Objections) is incomparably *finis*.



* ODE XXIV.

To VIRGIL.

On the Death of QUINTILIUS VARUS.

WHAT Shame, what Bounds can Sorrow [know,
While Tears for such a Friend so justly flow!

Melpomené! my Song inspire,

Who shar'st from *Jove* the melting Voice and Lyre.

G 4

Lies

Lies then *Quintilius* wrapt in Night ;
And have eternal Slumbers clos'd his Sight ?

O ! when shall *Truth* and *Modesty*,
And each domestic Grace, his Equal see ?

Lamented by his Friends he died ;
But *Virgil's* Grief supplies the fullest Tide.

Could You inspire the magic Song
Like *Orpheus*, who drew list'ning Oaks along ;

Or sing more sweetly o'er his Urn,
Yet would not to his Ashes Life return !

When *Mercury*, with dreaded Wand,
Has driv'n the Shade to join the fable Band,

To move the God our Pray'rs are vain ;
For ever lock'd the Gates of Death remain.

Tho' hard ; her Balm let *Patience* pour,
To mollify the Wound she cannot cure.

N O T E S.

Horace and *Virgil* had been dead many Years before *Quintilius Varus* the General slew himself, after the Defeat of the three Legions he commanded in *Germany* ; a Circumstance, to which *Monf. Gassendi*, and others, should have attended. It is therefore impossible that this Ode could have been addressed to *Virgil* on his Death.

Sanadon is of Opinion, that this is the same *Quintilius*, whose Character *Horace* blazons, in his *Art of Pœtry*, as a good Friend and an excellent Critic ;

Quintilio si quid recitares, &c.

De Arte Poëtica, v. 438, & seq.

* O D E



* O D E XXV.

To LYDIA.

I.

NOW the gay Tribe of wanton Youths
 Less frequently thy Windows tap,
 Nor break thy Rest; and thy still Door
 Cleaves to the Threshold;

2.

Which once was wont with Ease to move
 The Hinge. Now less and less is heard;
 'While *Lydia* sleeps the live-long Night,
 'Wakeful I languish.'

3.

Now in thy Turn, grown old, thou mourn'st
 Thy Lovers lost; loosely array'd
 Ply'st in dark Allies, whilst the North
 Whistles around thee;

4.

And burning Love, and loathsome Lust,
 Such as the madding Fillies fires,

Still

Still in thy canker'd ³ Liver rage ;
Vainly repining,

5.

That vigorous Youth, with Ivy green
Delighted, and with Myrtle Wreaths,
The wither'd Herbs to *Hebrus* doom,
Friend of the Winter.

N O T E S.

This Ode is entirely satyrical. *Dacier* is of Opinion, that it was writ long after the 8th and 13th Odes of this Book, and the 9th Ode of the 3d Book, which are all addressed to the same Person.

¹ This is the Beginning of a Song, which *Horace* supposes *Lydia's* Lovers to sing under her Window at Night. We have a perfect Model of this Sort of Songs in *Theocritus*, *Idyllium* iii, and xxii. and in our Author, Ode x. Book iii. *DACIER*.

² *Scilicet ante omnes furor est insignis equarum.*

Virgil. Georg. iii. v. 266.

³ *Saviet circa jecur ulcerosum.*] The Ancients placed Love in the Liver. Thus *Anacreon*, speaking of *Cupid*,

Τανύει, καὶ με τυπλεῖ
Μισόν ἥπαρ.

He draws his Bow, and strikes me thro' the Liver,





* O D E XXVI.

To the MUSE.

LOV'D by the Muses, to the Wind
Be all my Griefs and Fears resign'd,
To drown them in the *Cretan* Main;
Quite carelefs I, what Tyrants reign;
Or what beneath the Northern Sphere
Excites the *Parthian* Monarch's Fear.

Rejoicing in th' untasted Spring,
Hither thy sunny Garlands bring,
O Muse! and choicest Fragrance shed
Around my much-lov'd *Lamia's* Head,
No Honour can my Strains impart,
Unless thy Breathings warm my Heart.
Thee it becomes, and all the Choir,
For Him to string the *Lesbian* Lyre;
And to immortalize, in Lays
Divinely new, his worthy Praise!

NOTES.

NOTES.

Horace frequently takes Notice, that he was the first who attempted *Lyric Poetry* in the *Latin Tongue*.

x ——— *O quæ fontibus integris*
Gaudes, apricos neëte flores,
Neëte meo Lamia coronam,
Pimplei dulcis. ———]

Upon this Passage *Dacier* makes the following curious Remark :

Monsieur Muret very well observes, that the Poets often call their Works, *Crowns*, which they place on the Heads of those whom they commend : But I know not whether this can entirely defend *Horace* from the Reproach of an Impropriety in saying, *O Muse, who dost rejoice in untasted Fountains, weave a Garland of Flowers for my LAMIA*. The Images seem too remote. To make myself better understood, I say there would have been a closer Connexion, both in Thought and Expression, if he had said, *Ye Muses, who delight in untrod Meadows, gather a Garland of Flowers for my Lamia*.

Thus *Hippolytus*, in *Euripides*, says to *Diana*, when he offers her a Hymn, Σὺ τὸν δὲ πλέκτῳ, &c. *O Goddess! I offer to thee this Garland, which I have twined with Flowers, gathered in a Meadow that never felt the Scythe*.

I farther add, that as *Horace* is here deficient in Propriety, he has also ill imitated his Original ; for no doubt he had in View this beautiful Passage in *Lucretius* :

————— *Juvat integros accedere fontes,*
Atque haurire. Juvatque novos decerpere flores ;
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam.

But *Lucretius* makes use of two Metaphors, and ascribes to each of them what is agreeable to it. After having spoken of Fountains, he adds *haurire* ; and, when he passes to the other Image, he repeats the Word *juvat*, which separates them entirely. DACIER.

² It seems probable, that the *Lamia* here mentioned was *Lucius Aelius Lamia*, a Roman Knight, whom *Cicero* recommends with so much Warmth to *Brutus*, when he solicited the *Pratorship*, the same Year that *Cæsar* was slain. *Horace* had contracted

contracted a very close Friendship with him ; and, in the Civil Wars, they had embraced the same Party. He was a Man of high Birth ; for *Horace* says he was descended from *Lamus*, King of the *Lestrigons*, mentioned by *Homer*. *Cicero* (to whom he had shown himself a zealous Friend) gives him this Character : *Vir summo splendore, summâ gratiâ, magnificentissimo munere Ædilitatis, &c.* And he adds in another Place, that there was no Man, with whose Conversation he was more delighted : *Ut nullo prorsus plus homine delector.* *Lucius Ælius Lamia*, who was Consul in the Year of *Rome* 755 (ten Years after the Death of *Horace*), was his Son. DACIER.

3 ————— *Hunc fidibus novis,*

Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro,

Teque tuasque decet sorores.]

By *Lesbio plectro*, the *Lesbian Bow*, *Horace* means Verses like those of *Alceus*, who was a Native of *Lesbos*.

The SAME * ODE Imitated.

Inscribed to the Rev^d. Mr. DYER.

LET Fortune and the Muse be kind,
And smile upon my Strain,
I give my Sorrows to the Wind,
Or bid old *Medway* bear them to the Main.
Let Armies march, or Squadrons sail,
No *Gallic* Threats I fear,
Let me but range this flowery Vale,
And catch the Lowing of that distant Steer.

Or

Or thro' yon Meadow let me stray,
 With new-shorn Fleeces white,
 And meditate the rural Lay
 Of him, who sung on ¹*Grongar's* woodland Height.
 Round him *Rome's* Genius, rous'd from Sleep,
 Has bid that Ivy bloom,
 Which decks some Temple's mouldring Heap,
 Or clings with clasping Arms to *Virgil's* Tomb.
 Those Honours which to *Greece's* Bard
 Were once by ²*Plato* shown,
 Shall *Britain* give; and soon reward,
 Her ³Poet's Labours with a woollen Crown.

1756.

J. D.

NOTES.

¹ Mr. Dyer is the Author of *Grongar Hill*, and *The Ruins of Rome*, two Poems printed in *Dodsley's* Miscellanies, Vol. I.

² Tho' *Plato* denied *Homer* a Place in his Commonwealth, yet, says he, ere you banish him to some other City, crown him (for the Excellence of his Poetry) with a woollen Wreath. *De Rep. Libro 3.*

³ He is now writing a *Georgic* on Wool, the Staple Commodity of *Great Britain*.



* O D E XXVII.

To his COMPANIONS.

1.

WITH Glasses form'd for jovial Joy,
Let rough untutor'd *Thracians* fight;
Far hence remove that barbarous Rite;
Nor modest *Bacchus* with your Brawls annoy.

2.

My Friends, your impious Clamours cease;
Rage, and the glittering *Persian* Sword,
But ill with Lamps and Wine accord —
Let every Man resume his former Place.

3.

Expect you that the Glass go round?
Then let *Megilla's* Brother tell,
By what enchanting Maid he fell,
And from whose Eyes receiv'd his happy Wound.

4.

4.

Do you this easy Task decline?

Whatever Nymph your Bosom tames,

You glow with no ignoble Flames —

I swear then I'll not taste this heady Wine.

5.

Whoe'er she be, to my safe Ear

The Secret trust.— Ah wretched Youth!

How wide I wander'd from the Truth,

Thoughtless the Name of such a Jilt to hear.

6.

What Sorcerers with *Thessalian* Charms,

What magic Art, or heavenly Pow'r,

Can thy lost Liberty restore,

And free thee from this Monster's fatal Arms?



* O D E



* O D E XXVIII.

A DIALOGUE *between the Ghost of* ¹ARCHYTAS *and a* MARINER.

MARINER.

THO' ²skill'd to measure Sea and Land,
And to compute th' unnumber'd Grains of
Sand;

Now scanty Dust is scatter'd o'er
Thy Limbs, *Archytas*, on *Apulia's* Shore;
Nor could, to travel thro' the Sky,
And grasp the Pole, avail thee, doom'd to die !

ARCHYTAS.

E'en *Pelops'* ³mighty Father died,
Who feasted Gods, and was to Gods ally'd :
⁴*Titbonus* died, *Aurora's* Care ;
Tho' borne by her thro' pathless Tracks, of Air :
And the same Fate did ⁵*Minos* prove,
Who shar'd the Counsels of immortal *Jove* :

The Realms below again restrain
⁶*Pythagoras*, tho' vent'rous to maintain,

H

By

By the known Shield *Euphorbus* bore
 At *Ilium's* Siege, that he had liv'd before,
 And yielded to the Grave alone
 His Skin and Nerves ; a Sage, whom You will own
⁷ In Truth and Nature deeply read.
⁸ But All the gloomy Paths of Death must tread ;
 Life's little Day in endless Night
 Must close. The Furies savage *Mars* delight
 With the dire Show of Soldiers slain ;
 While Sailors perish in the ⁹ greedy Main.
 Of Old and Young, see ! Thousands die ;
 No Head from cruel ¹⁰ *Proserpine* can fly.
 Me, too, black *Auster's* stormy Breath,
Orion setting, 'whelm'd with watry Death.
 But on my ¹¹ Bones and naked Head,
 O ! fail not thou, some floating Sand to spread ;
 So may the Tempest spare the Floods,
 And waste its Fury on *Apulian* Woods !
 And righteous *Jove*, and ¹² Ocean's Power,
 Who watchful guards *Tarentum's* sacred Tower,
 Securely from each foreign Shore,
 With large Increase convey thy costly Store.
 Perhaps thou wilt not dread a Crime,
 For which thy Sons shall smart in future Time :

But

But may the ¹³ Gods retort on Thee,
By the same Pains, thy proud Contempt of Me !
My Curse will reach the heavenly Throne ;
This flagrant Crime no Victims shall atone,
Tho' *Commerce* beckons thee away,
(This pious Care will cause no long Delay),
Three times the Dust around me throw,
And Winds propitious on thy Sails shall blow !

J. D.

NOTES.

¹ *Archytas* was a Native of *Tarentum*, a Town on the Coast of *Calabria* ; a celebrated Geometrician and Astronomer, and Author of several ingenious mechanic Inventions. He lived in the Reign of *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, and lost his Life in a Shipwreck.

² *Mensorem cohibent*] These Lines are here translated as commonly understood. But some Commentators take them for an *Ellipsis*, and think they ought to be thus construed ; *Parva munera pulveris exigui cohibent te* ; (scilicet, *tibi deficientia, tibi negata*) i. e. *retinent tuam umbram ab Elysiis campis*. Thus, says *Dacier*, the *Septuagint* have translated a Passage in the 109th Psalm, ver. 24. *My Flesh is changed for the Oyl* ; meaning, that for want of being perfumed with Essences during his long Fasts, his Face was quite altered. And the same Phrase, says he, is common with us : An Officer, in Excuse for his not setting out sooner for the Army, may properly say, *his Baggage detained him* ; to signify the *Want of it*, or *its not being ready*. *Palinurus*, *Aeneas's* Pilot, who was also drowned and unburied, thus addresses him on the Banks of the River *Styx* :

Eripe me his, invicte, malis ; aut tu mihi terram
Injice.

Æneid. vi. 2. 365.

Unconquer'd Hero! snatch me from these Woes;
Or in the quiet Grave my Limbs compose.

For, by the ancient Mythology, the Souls of all, deprived of Funeral Rites, were obliged to wander a hundred Years on the Banks of the River *Styx*, before they could be ferried over, and gain the *Elysian* Fields. This Doctrine is thus explained by *Virgil*;

Nec ripas datur horrendas, &c. Æneid. vi. v. 327.

No Mortals pass the hoarse-resounding Wave,
But those who slumber in the peaceful Grave:
Thus, till a hundred Years have roll'd away,
Around these Shores the plaintive Spectres stray;
That Term expir'd, their weary Wanderings past,
They reach the long-expected Shore at last. PITT.

Sanadon prefers this Sense of *Horace*, and has thus translated the Passage in dispute; *Vous êtes arêté aujourd'hui sur le rivage de Matine, faute d'un peu de poussière.*

Supposing this to be the true Sense, the Lines may be thus paraphrased in *English*:

Thy Spirit from *Elysian* Plains,
Th' ungranted Rite of funeral Dust detains;
Which now, alas! forbid to soar,
Haunts its dear Clay, or wanders near the Shore!

3 *Occidit et Pelopis genitor*] *Tantalus*, King of *Phrygia*, the Grandfather of *Agamemnon* and *Menelaüs*, whose History is well known. He had the Honour to give an Entertainment to the Gods, and to sit down at Table with them. *Dacier* has mistaken one *Tantalus* for the other. He, who was treated by the Gods, was King of *Corinth*, and not the Father of *Pelops*.

SANADON.

4 *Tithonusque, remotus in auras*] *Tithonus*, the Son of *Laomedon*, King of *Troy*, was beloved by *Aurora*. It is said, that this Goddess took him up into her Chariot, and conveyed him to *Ethiopia*, where she had a Son by him called *Memnon*. *Dacier* has thus translated this Passage; *Tithonus is dead, being changed by old Age into Air*. But this is wide of *Horace's* Sense. Let us consider the Context: *Tantalus*, says the Poet, had the Honour to feast the Gods, and yet he died; *Minos* was Privy-Counsellor to *Jupiter*, and yet submitted to the same Fate.

Now

Now if poor *Tithonus* had nothing to distinguish him from the common Class of Mortals, there seems to be no Reason why he should be introduced as an Instance that no Advantages can be a Security against the general Doom. Besides, by the ancient Mythology, *Tithonus* did not evaporate into Air, but was turned into a Grasshopper.

The Poet undoubtedly here refers to his being carried thro' the Air by *Aurora*, which might be deemed a Pledge of his Immortality. BENTLEY.

Sanadon subscribes to this Interpretation of the Words.

5 *Minos*] *Minos* was King of *Crete*, now *Candia*, and gave Laws to the Inhabitants of that Island. *Plato* says, that he was conveyed by *Jupiter* into Heaven, and there instructed by him. For his Discernment and Integrity, he was, after his Decease, constituted one of the three Judges in Hell.

6 *Panthöiden*] The Son of *Panthöüs*. *Pythagoras* was a Native of an Island near the *Tuscan* Shore: But some have called him a *Samian*, because his Father dwelt a great while at *Samos*. He lived under the Reign of *Servius Tullius*, or rather of the last *Tarquin*, and retired to *Crotona*, where he made a great Number of Disciples. He died at the Age of 90, as some say; or, according to others, at 105. He used to vouch his own Example for the Truth of the Doctrine he taught about the Transmigration of Souls: For having seen, in the Temple of *Juno* at *Argos*, a Shield which *Meneläus* had hung up there, at his Return from the *Trojan* War, he took it down, saying, that it had belonged to him in those Times, when he bore the Name of *Euphorbus*, the Son of *Panthöüs*. For this Reason *Horace* * elsewhere calls him *renatus*, born a second time. *Pythagoras* was not the Inventor of the Transmigration, since it was spread in *Greece* long before he was born: But he was one of the most zealous Advocates of this Doctrine, which subsists even to our Days, and is believed as a religious Principle among, almost, all the People of the *East*. SANADON.

Pythagoras is introduced by *Ovid*, giving this Account of himself and his Doctrine;

Ev'n I, who these mysterious Truths declare,
Was once *Euphorbus* in the *Trojan* War;

* In his fifteenth Epode, beginning, *Nox erat, & caelo fulgebat Luna sereno.*

My Name and Lineage I remember well,
 And how in Fight by *Sparta's* King I fell;
 In *Argive* *Juno's* Fane I late beheld,
 And knew, as there it hung, my former Shield.

Then Death, so call'd, is but old Matter, dress'd
 In some new Figure, and a varied Vest:
 For all things are but alter'd; nothing dies;
 And here and there th' unbodied Spirit flies:
 From Tenement to Tenement is toft;
 The Soul is still the same, the Figure only lost:
 And as the soften'd Wax new Seals receives,
 This Face assumes, and that Impression leaves;
 Now call'd by one, now by another Name;
 The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is still the same:
 So varying Death can but the Form deface,
 Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty Space,
 To seek her Fortune in some other Place.

Ovid's Met. B. xv. by Dryden.

7 ——— *Non sordidus auctor*
Natura Verique.]

By Nature and Truth we are here to understand natural Philosophy and Morals.

8 *Dant alios Furia torvo spectacula Marti.]* *Dacier* and *Sanadon* justly extoll this and the three following Lines. *Dacier* says, that historical Verses in an Ode may be compared to the Baggage, which precedes the triumphant Entry of some Prince or General: Each of them ought to be followed by something grand and pompous, to fix the Eyes and raise the Attention. It appears by these Lines, says he, that *Horace* understood this Art perfectly well. *Sanadon* has translated them into French, in poetical Prose, with great Spirit. I will present them to the Reader, as a Specimen of his Manner: *Les Furies donnent les uns en spectacle à l'impitoyable Mars. Les Marchands en voguant les mers voguent sur les abîmes, toujours prêts à les engloutir. Des milliers d'hommes de tout âge fondent tous les jours dans le tombeau. Jusqu'ici personne n'a échappé à la cruelle Proserpine.* But *jusqu'ici* seems to weaken the Sentiment contained in this Line,

— nullum
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit;

which

which is thus translated by *Dacier*; *Il n'est point de tête, qui échape à la cruelle Proserpine.*

According to the Poets, the chief of the Furies were *Alecto*, *Megara*, and *Tisiphoné*, all of them the Daughters of *Erebus* and *Night*, and the Instruments of Providence to execute divine Vengeance on guilty Mortals. D.

9 *Exitio est avidum mare nautis*] It would have been contrary to all the Rules of Decency and Decorum, if *Archytas* had reproached Mariners in general as *greedy* or *avaricious*, when he was just going to beg a Favour from one of them. Those Manuscripts and Copies are therefore to be preferred, which read *avidum mare*, the *greedy Sea*. Besides, the Poets frequently apply that Epithet to the Sea in other Places. BENTLEY.

10 *Proserpine* was the Daughter of *Ceres*, the Wife of *Pluto*, and the Queen of Hell. The Ancients believed that no-body could die, till she in Person, or by the Hand of *Atropos*, had cut off a Lock of Hair, which was looked upon as a Sort of First-Fruits to *Pluto*. DACIER.

Thus, in *Virgil*, the Soul of *Dido* is represented as unable to quit its languishing Tenement, after she had given herself the mortal Wound, because the Goddesses had not yet performed this Ceremony:

*Nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem
Abstulerat, Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco.*

Not yet had *Proserpine* her upper Lock
Cut off; and to the Shades condemn'd her Head.

Juno therefore, pitying the exquisite Pain she suffered, sent *Iris* down from Heaven to execute that friendly Office. D.

Æneid. iv. at the Conclusion.

11 *Offibus et capiti inhumato*] *Julius Scaliger* cavils at *Horace* as contradicting himself in this Ode. Here, says he, *Archytas* appears to be unburied; but, at the Beginning of the Ode, we are told that he was buried, or covered with Dust, which is the same thing; for as three Handfuls were sufficient for the Rite of Sepulture, no Passenger, if he gave any, would have bestowed less than that.

But if the Construction of the second Line already mentioned (*See Note 2.*) be just (and it seems very easy and natural)

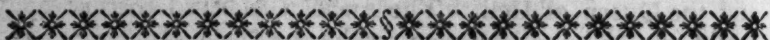
this Objection will be entirely removed. It does not appear, says *Sanadon*, that any Dust had been thrown upon the Body.

¹² *Neptunoque, sacri custode Tarenti*] *Neptune* was the Patron of *Tarentum*, from whose Son *Taras* it was so called. Others derive it from a River of that Name, at the Mouth of which it stood.

¹³ *Debita jura, vicesque superba*
Te maneat ipsum.]

It is no less the Voice of Nature and Reason than of Revelation, that with what *Measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again*, Matth. vii. 2.

Sanadon is inclined to believe, that this Ode was writ about the Year of *Rome* 732, when Pestilence and Famine made great Havock in *Italy*. *Horace* was then about 43 or 44 Years old.



The SAME ODE Imitated.

By MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

Inscribed to the Memory of the Hon. Colonel GEORGE VILLIERS, drowned in the River Piava, in the Country of Friuli.

SAY, dearest *Villiers*, poor departed Friend,
Since fleeting Life thus suddenly must end;
Say, what did all thy busy Hopes avail,
That anxious thou from Pole to Pole didst fail;
Ere on thy Chin the springing Beard began
To spread a doubtful Down, and promise Man?
What profited thy Thoughts, and Toils, and Cares,
In Vigour more confirm'd, and riper Years?

To

To wake ere Morning-dawn to loud Alarms ;
 And march till Close of Night in heavy Arms ?
 To scorn the Summer Suns and Winter Snows ;
 And search thro' every Clime thy Country's Foes ?
 That thou might'st Fortune to thy Side engage ;
 That gentle Peace might quell *Bellona's* Rage,
 And *Anna's* Bounty crown her Soldier's hoary Age ?

In vain we think that free-will'd Man has Power,
 To hasten or protract th' appointed Hour.

Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed ;
 Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
 Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor misled by Chance,
 Imperious *Death* directs his Ebon Lance,
 Peoples great *Henry's* Tombs, and leads up *Hol-*
bein's Dance.

Alike must every State and every Age
 Sustain the universal Tyrant's Rage :
 For neither *William's* Power, nor *Mary's* Charms,
 Could or repell, or pacify his Arms.

Young *Churchill* fell, as Life began to bloom ;
 And *Bradford's* trembling Age expects the Tomb.
 Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
 One Moment's Respite for the learned Head.
 Judges of Writings and of Men have died ;
Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde ;

And

And in their various Turns the Sons must tread
Those gloomy Journeys, which their Sires have led.

The ancient Sage, who did so long maintain,
That Bodies die, but Souls return again,
With all the Births and Deaths he had in Store,
Went out *Pythagoras*, and came no more.

And modern ² *Asgill*, whose capricious Thought
Is yet with Stores of wilder Notions fraught ;
Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting Breath,
Which play'd so idly with the Darts of Death.

Some from the stranded Vessel force their Way ;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea :

Some, who escape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and sink into a Grave.

In Journeys, or at home ; in War or Peace ;
By Hardships Many, Many fall by Ease.

Each changing Season does its Poison bring ;
Rheums chill the Winter, Agues blast the Spring ;

Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
All act subservient to the Tyrant's Power ;

And, when obedient Nature knows his Will,
A Fly, a Grape-stone, or a Hair can kill,

For restless *Proserpine* for ever treads,
In Paths unseen, o'er our devoted Heads ;

And, on the spacious Land, and liquid Main,
 spreads slow Disease, or darts afflictive Pain;
 Variety of Deaths confirms her endless Reign.

On curs'd *Piava's* Banks the Goddess stood;
 Show'd her dire Warrant to the rising Flood;
 When, whom I long must love, and long must
 mourn,

With fatal Speed was urging his Return;
 In his dear Country to disperse his Care,
 And arm himself by Rest for future War;
 To chide his anxious Friends' officious Fears,
 And promise to their Joys his elder Years.

O destin'd Head, and O severe Decree!
 Nor native Country thou, nor Friend shalt see;
 Nor War hast thou to wage, nor Year to come;
 Impending Death is thine, and instant Doom.

Hark! the imperious Goddess is obey'd;
 Winds murmur, Snows descend, and Waters spread;
 O Kinsman, Friend!--O! vain are all the Cries
 Of human Voice, strong *Destiny* replies;
 Weep you on Earth; for he shall sleep below:
 Thence none return; and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom Choice or Business leads
 To this sad River, or the neighbouring Meads;

If

If thou may'st happen on the dreary Shores
 To find the Object which this Verse deplores ;
 Cleanse the pale Corps, with a religious Hand,
 From the polluting Weed and common Sand ;
 Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave,
 The only Honour he can now receive ;
 And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw,
 And plant the Warrior Laurel o'er his Brow :
 Light lie the Earth, and flourish green the Bough !

So may just Heaven secure thy future Life
 From foreign Dangers, and domestic Strife :
 And when th' infernal Judge's dismal Power
 From the dark Urn shall throw Thy destin'd Hour ;
 When yielding to the Sentence, breathless Thou
 And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now ;
 May some kind Friend the piteous Object see,
 And equal Rites perform to that, which once was
 Thee !

1703.

NOTES.

¹ The Dance of *Death* was a capital Picture by *Hans Holbein*, an eminent Painter, who flourished in the fifteenth Century. It was hung up in the Town-Hall of *Basil*, of which Country he was a Native. See *Graham's short Account of the most eminent Painters*, p. 304.

² Mr.

² Mr. *Asgill* published a Book, in or about the Year 1700, attempting to prove from the Scriptures, that if Men had but Faith, they might pass into Heaven without dying. A Complaint being preferred against it in the House of Commons (of which he was a Member), he was censured and expelled. He lived to a great Age. Being asked by a Friend, a little before he died, whether he still thought he should be translated, he replied, with a Smile, He believed he should not; for he found his Faith began to stagger.



* O D E XXIX.

To *Iccius*, a Philosopher.

DOES then my *Iccius*' craving Breast
Envy the Wealth of ¹ *Araby* the ² blest;

And will he boldly take the Field
Against *Sabæa*'s King, untaught to yield;
With fix'd Resolve the dreadful *Mede*,
His Slave, in Chains triumphantly to lead.

What Virgin shall Your Will obey,
Her Lover slain, and own Your sovereign Sway?

What courtly ³ Boy, with scented Hair,
Shall at Your Board the brimming Goblet bear,
Skilful, from his paternal Bow,
With *Indian* Arrow to transfix the Foe?

Now Rivers, fure, may backward bend,
 And *Tyber* to his Fountain-head ascend;
 Since *You* an Equipage prepare,
 (Who promis'd better Things) and seek the War;
 Your ⁴ *Plato* and ⁵ *Panætius* yield,
 (So dearly bought) to grasp ⁶ th' *Iberian* Shield.

NOTES.

¹ *Horace* speaks here of the Expedition of *Ælius Largus*, who led an Army against the *Arabians*, in the tenth Consulship of *Augustus*, and the Year of *Rome* 729.

² *Beatis Arabum gazis*] *Dacier* is of Opinion, that *Horace* makes use of the Epithet *beatis* here, because he is speaking of *Arabia Felix*. Perhaps he may apply it ironically, in Allusion to the covetous Temper of *Iccius*, and the Notion which he entertained of Riches. See more of his Character in the 12th Epistle of the first Book.

³ *Capillis unctis*] *Horace* alludes here to the Custom of the Eastern Kings, who used to be attended at Table by Boys of exquisite Beauty, with long flowing Hair, adorned in an elegant Manner. See *Daniel*, Chapt. i.

⁴ *Plato*, a noble Philosopher, the Scholar of *Socrates*.

⁵ *Panætius*, born at *Rhodes*, was one of the chief *Stoic* Philosophers. He was Tutor to *Scipio* and *Lælius*.

⁶ The best-tempered Shields were imported from *Iberia*, or *Spain*.



The SAME * ODE Imitated.

To the Hon. W. H.

AND has my Friend, uncheck'd by Fear,
With *Braddock* fail'd, a Volunteer,
And cross'd th' *Atlantic* Ocean;
Resolv'd to chase th' encroaching *Gaul*,
And on the *Ohio's* Banks to fall,
Or rise to quick Promotion!

What plume-crown'd *Sachem*, great in Arms,
What Nymph, renown'd for fable Charms,
Is Prisoner in your Tent?
How oft War's Kettle have you boil'd?
What rich Plantations have you spoil'd?
What Scalps to *England* sent?

What captive Youth behind your Chair
At Dinner waits, or trims your Hair;
Taught from his earliest Years
To speed the Arrow from the Bow;
Or, at the Bear, or *British* Foe,
To launch unerring Spears?

Sure

Sure now *Ontario's* boisterous Lake
His ancient Channel may forsake ;

Or *Niagara's* Fall
Stop short ; or solemn Leagues may bind
(Much stranger still !) th' ambitious Mind
Of Treaty-breaking *Gaul* ;

Since You, my Friend, have thus elop'd,
And, tho' some rich Cathedral hop'd
To call you soon her Own,
Have chang'd the College for the Field,
To *Bland* made *Clarke* and *Barrow* yield,
And to the Sword the Gown.

J. D.

1755.



* O D E



* O D E XXX.

To VENUS.

I.

O *Venus* ! whose propitious Care
 Thy *Cnidus* and thy *Paphos* share,
 Forsake thy favour'd *Cyprian* Plain,
 To visit now the decent Fane
 Of *Glycera* ; whose Frankincense invites,
 High-pil'd, thy Presence at her humble Rites.

2.

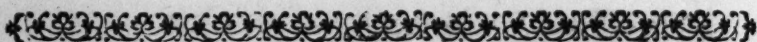
¹ Each *Grace* attending on her Queen,
 Array'd in flowing Robes, be seen ;
 And let the *Nymphs* approach with thee,
 Thy glowing Boy and ² *Mercury*,
 With *Youth's blithe Goddess*, ever wont to prove
 Joyless and rude, if unrefin'd by Love.

NOTES.

¹ It is not strange, that *Horace* summons in this Ode the whole Court of *Venus* ; for the *Roman* Ladies celebrated these Domestic Sacrifices with a great deal of Pomp and Magnificence ;

cence; and those Days were dedicated to Pleasure. We have a remarkable Instance of this Kind in the 7th Chapter of the *Proverbs*, where a Harlot thus accosts her Gallant: *I have Peace-Offerings with me; this Day have I paid my Vows. I have decked my Bed with Coverings of Tapestry, with carved Works, with fine Linnen of Egypt. I have perfumed my Bed with Myrrh, Aloes, and Cinnamon. Come, let us take our Fill of Love untill the Morning; let us solace ourselves with Love, &c.*

² *Mercury*, the God of Eloquence, is very properly introduced as an Attendant on the Court of *Venus*.



*The SAME ODE Imitated
In the Person of General CH-----LL.*

By Dr. BROXHOLM.

I.

O *Venus!* Joy of Men and Gods,
Forfake, for once, thy blest Abodes,
And deign to visit my Land;
Quit *Paphos* and the *Cyprian* Isle,
On thy fond Votary kindly smile,
And come to my *Duck Island*.

2.

Thee, Goddess, Thee, my Prayers invoke;
To Thee alone my Altars smoke;

O treat me not with Rigour :

Thy wanton Son bring with thee too,

My dying Embers to renew,

And give me back my Vigour.

3.

Bring, too, the *Graces* to my Arms,

Girls that are prodigal of Charms,

Of every Favour lavish :

Yielding and melting let them be ;

Consider I am *sixty-three*,

And that's no Age to ravish.

4.

Let jocund *Health* attend thy Train;

Much wanted by thy crazy Swain ;

And, gentle *Venus*, pr'ythee,

To crown thy Gifts, and ease my Pain,

(Since *Ward* has labour'd long in vain)

Let MERCURY come with thee.





* ODE XXXI.

To APOLLO.

WHAT Boon, at *Phæbus*' hallow'd Shrine,
 Requires his Bard, while this Year's Wine
 He pours from Chargers? Not the Grain,
 Enriching fair ¹ *Sardinia*'s Plain;
 Nor asks he for the Herds that feed
 In hot ² *Calabria*'s fertile Mead;
 For Gold and *Indian* Ivory;
 Nor for the grateful Fields that lie
 Where ³ *Liris*, with his silent Waves,
 (Slow-gliding Stream!) the Border laves.
 Let others prune *Calenian* Vines,
 And the rich Merchant drink his Wines
 In golden Cups; for ⁴ *Syrian* Ware
 Purchas'd: For he, *three* times a Year,
 Or *four*, sails o'er th' ⁵ *Atlantic* Flood,
 Unhurt and dear to every God!
⁶ Mallows I taste, and *Succhory*;
 And Olives are a Feast to Me! —

Offsp
 Than
 With
 Dece

Au
 his Pa
 in his
 that C
 this C
 Life
 great
 this i

1
 large
 a flat
 and 1

2
 the V
 they
 the R

3
 Sora
 divid
 liano

4
 Med
 find
 Pur

5
 whi
 ever

Offspring of *Jove* ! I ask no more
 Than to enjoy my present Store ;
 With Body sound, and Mind entire,
 Decent in Age to wake the Lyre !

NOTES.

Augustus having finished and dedicated a Chapel to *Apollo*, in his Palace on Mount *Palatine*, in the Year of *Rome* 725, and in his sixth *Consulship*, the cotemporary Poets writ Verses on that Occasion. *Horace* was then 38 Years old. His Design in this Ode is to teach, that Health of Body and Mind, and a Life passed in the innocent Pleasures of Poësy and Music, are greater Blessings than all the Riches in the World ; and that this is what a wise Man should beg of Heaven. DACIER.

¹ *Sardinia*, an Island in the *Mediterranean* Sea, almost as large as *Sicily*. That Part of it which looks towards *Africa* is a flat and fruitful Country ; but that towards *Corfica* is barren and mountainous.

² *Calabria* was so warm, that Cattle were driven thither in the Winter, to be secured from the Cold ; on the contrary, they were sent into *Lucania* in the Summer, to be sheltered from the Heat.

³ The *Liris* is a very slow River. The Source of it is near *Sora* ; and it falls into the Sea thro' the Town of *Minturnæ*, dividing *Latium* from *Campania*. It is now called the *Gargigliano*.

⁴ *Syria* lies at the Head of *Arabia*, between *Affyria* and the *Mediterranean* Sea. The *Syrians* were great Traders : We find in *Ezekiel*, Chapt. xxvii. v. 16, that they imported to *Tyrus* Purple, Emeralds, brodered Work, fine Linnen, Coral, and Agate. DACIER.

⁵ By the *Atlantic* Sea *Horace* means that Part of the Ocean, which flows along the Coasts of *Mauritania* and lower *Libya*, even to the Line ; for *Augustus* sent large Squadrons so far, and the

the *Romans* traded in all those Countries. It was called the *Atlantic Sea* from Mount *Atlas*, which borders upon it; and gave also its Name to the great Island *Atlantis*, so famous among the Ancients.

* *Levesque malva*, Loosening Mallows, as Mr. *Greech* has truly translated it. But this sounds too low in *English*.

Mr. *Oldham*'s Imitation of this Ode is written with great Spirit; but his Verse is too harsh to please the delicate Ears of the present Age.



* O D E XXXII.

To his HARP.

I.

IF the soft Verse, and warbling Strain,
Which I with Thee have careless play'd,
O HARP! beneath the chequer'd Shade,
May this whole Year, and many more remain;

2.

To *Latian* Song adapt thy Sound,
First by the tuneful * *Lesbian* taught,
In Battle, tho' he fearless fought,
Or moor'd the storm-toss'd Vessel to the Ground:

* *Alcaus*.

3. To

3.

To *Bacchus* and the *Muses'* Choir;
To *Venus*, and the Boy that flies
Close by her Side, and *Lycus'* Eyes
Black as his Hair, he tun'd the various Lyre.

4.

O Grace of *Phæbus*! Ease of Care!
Sweet Shell! at the celestial Feast
Of *Jove* himself a welcome Guest,
Whene'er I call, attend thy Poet's Prayer!

J. D.



* O D E XXXIII.

To 'ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

I.

INDULGE not thus thy endless Grief
In *Elegiac* Strain;
No more, that ² *Glycera* to thine
Prefers a younger Lover's Arms, complain.

I 4

2. For

2.

For ³ *Cyrus*, see! *Lycoris*, grac'd
 With slender Forehead, burns;
 For ⁴ *Pholoë* he; but Goats shall join
 With savage Wolves, ere she his Love returns.

3.

So *Venus* wills; who oft, beneath
 Her brazen Yoke, unites
 Unequal Forms, unequal Minds,
 And in their Torture cruelly delights.

4.

I, tho' a Maid of noble Birth
 Address'd me, yet adore
 Fair low-born *Myrtalé*, more fierce
 Than Waves that dash the rough *Calabrian* Shore.

J. D.

 NOTES.

¹ This was *Albius Tibullus* the Poet, by whom there are still extant *four* Books of Elegies, written in an exquisite Taste. He died the same Year with *Virgil*. DACIER.

Some of his Elegies have been imitated by Mr. *Hammond* with great Simplicity and Elegance.

² This was probably the same *Glycera*, whom *Horace* afterwards loved.

It seems probable from this Passage, that many Pieces written by *Tibullus* are lost; since, in what remains, there is no Mention

Mention made of *Glycera*, nor of the close Friendship between Him and *Horace*, who also addresses to him the 4th Epistle of his 1st Book, where he styles him the *candid Judge of his Writings* ;

Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide judex.

3 This is the same *Cyrus*, of whom he speaks in the 17th Ode.

4 *Pholoë*] We learn by an Elegy, which *Tibullus* addressed to her, that she was not of a very complying Temper to her Gallants ; for, speaking to her for one of his Friends, whom her Rigour at last killed, he says,

*Oderunt, Pholoë, moneo, fastidia Divi,
Nec prodest sanctis thura dedisse focis.*

And, at the End of the same Elegy,

At te poena manet, nisi destinis esse superba.



* O D E XXXIV.

MISLED before by ¹Wisdom vain,
I rarely visited the Fane,
Devious from Truth !—But now, by Force,
Must shift my Sails, and steer another Course.
²Since *Jove* himself, the Sire of Day,
Who darts, by Nature's Law, his Ray
From opening *Clouds*, his Steeds has driven,
And rolling Car, thro' Tracts of *azure Heaven*.
Hence the brute Earth, and all her Floods,
Th' astonish'd *Manes*' dread Abodes,

And

- And mighty *Atlas*' utmost Bound,
 Trembled!—The God is able to confound
 The purple Pride of regal Might,
 And lift the Low to Honour's Height :
 3 *Fortune* with loud-clapp'd Wings tore down
 • From *thence* ; and *here* delights to place the Crown !

NOTES.

* *Insanientis sapientiæ*] Professing themselves to be wise, they became Fools, Rom. i. 22.

3 The *Latin*, in the common Editions, runs thus :

————— *Namque Diespiter,*
Igni corusco nubila dividens.
Plerumque per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucremque currum.

On account of which Words, *Tanaquil Faber* (in the 52d Epist. of his 2d Book) charges *Horace* with being guilty of a ridiculous and boyish Rashness, in asserting that it thunders, *plerumque*, for the most part, without Clouds ; since this very rarely happens, even according to the Opinion of the Vulgar, or of those Historians who comply with vulgar Prejudices, and never, according to the Opinion of natural Philosophers. His worthy Son-in-law, *Dacier*, invents another Interpretation to solve the Difficulty, and fancies that *Horace* speaks jocularly here ; that the whole is an Irony ; and that he enhances the Miracle only to ridicule more sharply the *Stoics*, who were the Patrons of Providence.

These Comments have arose merely from the misplacing a Comma. I point it thus :

————— *Namque Diespiter,*
Igni corusco nubila dividens
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucremque currum.

That

That is, I, who was before an *Epicuræan*, am now obliged to confess there are Gods; because it is certain that it has lately thundered in a *serene Sky*, which commonly happens by means of the Clouds, and from natural Causes.

This was esteemed, formerly, a very strong Argument against Atheists. There is therefore here nothing rash or boyish, nothing ironical or opprobrious; but the whole is grave and serious. I do not deny, that the Argument is adapted to the Taste of the Vulgar, and the Genius of the established Religion. Thus *Virgil*, who was himself no less an *Epicuræan* than *Horace*,

*Non aliàs cœlo ceciderunt plura sereno
Fulgura.* Georg. i. 486.

And *Ovid*,

*Ter tonuit sine nube Deus, tria fulgura misit:
Credite dicenti: mira, sed ætæ loquor.* Fast. iii. 379.

BENTLEY.

3 ——— *Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna, &c.]*

I see nothing of Ridicule in this Passage. *Fortune*, as here introduced, is to be considered as the Hand-maid of *Jupiter*, or *Providence*. *Sanadon* and *Dacier* have refined too much on this Ode. *Horace*, in many more Places besides this, assumes the Character of a *Stoic*. What more common than for the best Writers to argue seriously from established Principles, tho' disbelieved by themselves? How could the World be governed, were the Arguments *ad hominem* to be discarded? It was, indeed, scarce possible, in that Age, to compose a solemn and noble Ode but on the Principles of the *Stoics*. *Horace* was sensible of this Truth, and has given several illustrious Examples of it. D.





* ODE XXXV,

To FORTUNE,

O Goddess! whose propitious Sway
 Thy ¹ *Antium's* favourite Sons obey;
 Whose Voice from Depth of Woe recalls
 The Wretch; and Triumphs turns to Funerals;

From Thee, rich Crops the needy Swain
 Implores: Thee, Sovereign of the Main,
 The Mariner invokes, who braves,
 In a *Bitbynian* Bark, the *Cretan* Waves:

Thee, *Scythians*, wandering far and near,
 And unrelenting *Dacians*, fear:
 The warlike Sons of *Italy*;
 Cities, and Realms, and Empires, worship Thee,

Mothers of barbarous Monarchs dread,
 And purple Tyrants, lest thou tread
 With spurning Foot, and scatter round
 The sculptur'd Column on th'encumber'd Ground;
 And

And lest the 3 fickle Crowd should break
 Their Bonds ; and with loud Clamours wake
 The Peaceful, to assert their Right
 By Force of Arms, and quell usurping Might.

+ Ruthless *Necessity* prepares
 The Way for Thee ; and ever bears
 Huge Nails, in her strong Hands of Brass,
 The Wedge, the Hook, and Lead's hot molten Mass.

Thee *Hope*, and white-rob'd *Faith*, adore,
 So rarely found ! --- 3 She, when no more
 Thou smil'st, attends the fallen Great,
 Stript of his gay Attire and stately Seat.

But venal Crowds and Harlots fly :
 And, if the 6 flowing Casks are dry,
 When to the Dregs the Wine they drink,
 From Friendship's Yoke the false Associates shrink.

Thy Aid for *Cæsar Rome* implores ;
 Conduct him safe to *Britain's* Shores,
 The Limits of the World ; and lead
 Our new-rai'd Bands against the trembling *Mede* !

Alas ! we mourn our Crimes, our Scars,
 And Brethren slain in Civil Wars :

How

How oft have *Roman* Youth embrau'd
Their savage Hands in Streams of social Blood !

What has this Iron Age not dar'd ?
What Gods rever'd ? what Altars spar'd ?
O ! point again the blunted Steel,
And let the ⁷ *Massagète* our Vengeance feel !

J. D.

NOTES.

¹ *Antium* was a City of the *Volsci*, on the Sea-shore ; a Day's Journey from *Rome*, near the Place where *Nettunio* now stands.

Antium was formerly famous for the Temple of *Fortune* that stood in it. All agree there were two *Fortunes* worshipped here, which *Suetonius* calls the *Fortunæ Antiates*, and *Martial* the *Sorores Antii*. Some are of Opinion, that by these two Goddesses were meant the two *Nemeses*, one of which rewarded good Men, as the other punished the Wicked: *Fabretti* and others are apt to believe, that by the two *Fortunes* were only meant in general the Goddesses that sent Prosperity, or she that sent Afflictions, to Mankind ; and produce, in their behalf, an ancient Monument found in this very Place, and superscribed *Fortunæ Felici* ; which indeed may favour one Opinion as well as the other, and shows, at least, they are not mistaken in the general Sense of their Division. I don't know whether any body has taken Notice, that this double Function of the Goddesses gives a considerable Light and Beauty to the Ode that *Horace* has addressed to her. The whole Poem is a Prayer to *Fortune*, that she would prosper *Cæsar's* Arms, and confound his Enemies ; so that each of the Goddesses has her Task assigned her in the Poet's Prayer : And we may observe the Invocation is divided between the two Deities, the first Line relating indifferently to either. That which I have marked speaks to the Goddess of *Prosperity*, or, if you please, to the *Nemesis*

Nemesis of the Good, and the other to the Goddess of *Adversity*, or to the *Nemesis* of the Wicked.

O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium,

Præfens vel imo tollere de gradu

Mortale corpus, vel superbos

Vertere funeribus triumphos, &c.

ADDISON, in his *Remarks on several Parts of Italy*, 8vo Edit. 1705. p. 291.

Notwithstanding what this ingenious Author here observes, it seems plain to me, from the whole Tenor of the Ode, that *Horace* addresses himself to *Fortune*, not as two distinct Persons, but as one and the same Power, sometimes distributing Blessings, and sometimes Curses. He speaks of her in like manner, in the 29th Ode of the 3d Book :

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, &c.

D.

² *Quicumque Bithynâ laceffit*

Carpathium Pelagus carinâ.]

Horace here makes use of a Particular for a General, viz. a *Bithynian Vessel*, for any Vessel, and the *Carpathian Sea*, for any Sea ; a common Practice with the Poets.

³ ———— *Neu populus frequens*

Ad arma cessantes, ad arma

Concitet, imperiumque frangat.]

Bentley proposes Two Emendations here, viz. *fremens* for *frequens*, and *curfantes* for *cessantes*, without any Necessity, or the Authority of a single Manuscript, only because those Phrases have been used by approved Authors. But whatever Reading we prefer, he thinks the whole Passage liable to Objection : ‘ For, says he, whom can the People excite to Arms but the ‘ People itself ? Or does he mean the Nobles and Ministers of ‘ State ? This indeed I understand ; but there is nothing in ‘ the Author’s Words to countenance such an Interpretation.’

But all this seems to be only, according to the Proverb, *quæ-
rere nodum in scirpo* ; for where is the Difficulty in supposing, that great Numbers of the Populace (which Sense is implied in the very Phrase *frequens*) may stir up to Sedition those of their own Rank who are more indolent (*cessantes*), more quiet and peaceable, than their Neighbours. D.

4 T

4 *Te semper anteit sava Neceſſitas.*] This is a Deſcription of the Picture of *Fortune*, which was at *Antium*; or, perhaps, it is a Picture drawn by *Horace's* own Hand, and, I believe, there was ſcarce any better Painter in his Time. In this Picture we ſee *Neceſſity* marching before *Fortune* (as the *Licſors* and *Serjeants* preceded the *Conſuls*), and holding in her Hands beamy Nails, Wedges, Hooks, and molten Lead, which *Fortune* uſes in the Punishment of Criminals, as the *Conſuls* employed the Bundles of Rods, that were carried before them, to execute their Orders. In like manner *Fortune* employs *Neceſſity*; for all her Decrees are irrevocable, and nothing can divert her Blows. *Fidelity* and *Hope* follow and attend her every-where, even when ſhe changes her magnificent Attire for mourning Robes. DACIER.

5 — *Nec comitem abnegat, &c.*] *Horace* here, under the Name of *Fortune*, underſtands one and the ſame Power both proſperous and adverſe, only attired in different Robes: From whence he juſtly ſays, that *Hope*, *Fidelity*, and true Friends, are the Companions and Worſhippers of *Fortune*, even when changed; but that *Harlots* and *Paraſites* fly from, and deſert her. He would have ſucceeded very well with this Image, if he had not added a Word, which, as it ſeems to me, perplexes, and quite corrupts the whole Sentence:

———— *Nec comitem abnegat,
Utrumque mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis.*

For, if *Fortune* forſakes afflicted Houſes, and at the ſame time *Hope* and *Fidelity* attend her, then indeed all fly away, faithful Friends as well as unfaithful; than which nothing can be imagined more abſurd. Truly, if I have any Judgment, he ought to have uſed the following Word, or one of the like Import,

*Utrumque mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimica vertis:*

That is, *concutis, affligis*. ‘*Hope*, ſays he, and *Fidelity*, always ‘worſhip thee, O *Fortune*; nor do they forſake thee, but keep ‘thee Company even in an afflicted Houſe, when thou haſt ‘changed thy Attire: But the perſidious Vulgar immediately ‘fly away.’ *Seneca*, *Epist. ix.* *Florentes amicorum turba circumſedet: circa everſos ingens ſollicitudo eſt: et inde amici fugiunt,*
unde

unde probantur. To say all in a Word: Unless *Horace* supposes *Fortune*, even when adverse, to remain in the same House she was in before, I do not see how we can get out of this Labyrinth, nor how the Image can be consistent with itself.

BENTLEY.

Instead of attempting to answer this Objection, I can only say, in the Words of the learned Doctor, *Per me quidem alit Horatium hic excusent, qui velint, aut possint.*

6 ———— *Diffugiunt cadis*
Cum face siccatis amici,
Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.

The first of these Images is taken from Flies (but it is too low for the Dignity of this Ode), the latter from Oxen who labour together. But I cannot help thinking *Horace* guilty of a Fault here, in thus blending two Images that cannot possibly have any Connection with one another. The Idea of Lees and Casks joined in the same Phrase with Yokes of Oxen may well disgust the Reader. If he had separated them, and made two distinct *Similes*, he would have been excusable, *intra veniam tutus*; for Poets are allowed to let their Imagination range thro' all Nature, and to collect Images that have no Dependence on each other. DACIER.

7 *Massagetæ*] A People of *Scythia*, to the East of the *Hircanian* Sea.



* O D E XXXVI.

On the Return of NUMIDA from Spain.

I.

'TIS just, 'tis joyful, now ' to pay
To each auspicious guardian God
Of *Numida*, the Heifer's votive Blood;
With Frankincense, and many a tuneful Lay.

K

2. He

2.

He, from *Iberia's* farthest Shore

Return'd, of all his lov'd Compeers

Clasps ² *Lamia* most, with whom his youthful
Years

He spent, and first the Gown of Manhood wore.

3.

Then mark this happy Day with White !

And Casks of generous Liquor bring ;

Advancing, ceaseless, in a jovial Ring,

Beat quick the Ground, and form the ³ *Salian* Rite.

4.

Bassus shall *Damalis* o'ercome,

And drain the Goblet at a Draught :

To cheer the Feast be long-liv'd Parsley brought,

Join'd with the Rose and Lilly's transient Bloom.

5.

Now all the Youths, inflam'd with Wine,

With ⁴ gloating Eyes your Mistress view ;

But *Damalis*, to her new Lover true,

Hangs on *his* Neck, as Ivy clasps the Vine.

J. D.

NOTES.

NOTES.

* *Placare*] Since the Gods had brought back *Numida* in Safety, it may be thought strange, that *Horace* should make use of the Word *placare*, to atone, as if they were angry. But since he had made a Vow to offer up a Victim, he could not look upon the Gods as reconciled till that was fulfilled. Or rather, he uses this Word, because the Ancients were persuaded, that it is very difficult not to forget ourselves, and not to neglect the Gods, in a State of Prosperity: For which Reason, at the Time of any great Felicity, they offered up Sacrifices, to render the Gods propitious to them, acknowledging thereby, that they were indebted to their Goodness for every thing they received. This was the constant Practice of *Job*. *Job* i. 5. DACIER.

² This is the same *L. Ælius Lamiæ* mentioned in the 26th Ode of this Book.

³ The *Salians* were the Priests of *Mars*, who used to go in Procession with frantic Dances and mock Fights.

⁴ *Putres oculi*, humid Eyes. *Anacreon* directs a Painter to draw his Mistress with humid Eyes, like those of *Venus*, because such are esteemed the most amorous.



* O D E XXXVII.

*Occasioned by the Sea-fight near Actium,
In which ANTONY and CLEOPATRA were defeated
by AUGUSTUS.*

NOW ¹ is the Time the Bowl to drain;
The Time to dance upon the Plain;

² The Statues of the Gods to place
On Pallets, and with holy Banquets grace!

132 ODES of HORACE.

For impious had it been before,
 To broach our rich *Cæcubian* Store,
 3 While the mad Queen, with Pride elate,
 Menac'd the *Capitol* and *Roman* State :

Attended by th' enervate Band
 Of hapless Youths, by Steel unmann'd,
 Unbounded Empire was her Scope,
 Grasping at all with visionary Hope ;

4 Drunk with Prosperity ! --- But soon
 Her Rage subsides with Fortune's Frown ;
 When scarce a Ship from Flames was sav'd,
 No longer then the *Roman* Power she brav'd.

Reduc'd to Sense, a real Fright
 She felt ; and shunn'd by timely Flight
 The near Approach of *Cæsar's* Oars,
 To reach her last Retreat, th' *Ægyptian* Shores.

As the staunch Hound the Hare pursues
 O'er snow-clad *Hæmon's* tainted Dews,
 Or by the Hawk the Dove is chas'd ;
 So *Cæsar* flies behind with rapid Haste,
 In Chains to drag th' enchanting Pest :
 But, 5 with no female Fears possess'd,

She dreaded nothing but Disgrace,
Resolv'd to perish worthy of her Race !

And, rather than be led along,
(Derided by the shouting Throng)
A *Royal Slave* ; she chose to go
A *glorious Victim* to the Shades below !

A Woman of no common Mold !
For see ! deliberately bold,
‘ With Face serene ’ she dares to grasp
And stimulate to Rage the dreadful Asp ;

That his black Poison he may drain,
With greater Speed, thro’ every Vein :
Scorning to grace the Triumph’s Pride,
A Queen she liv’d, and like a Queen she died !

NOTES.

Cleopatra did not die till ten or eleven Months after the Battle of *Actium* ; consequently this Ode must have been written about the Year of *Rome* 723, under the sixth Consulship of *Octavius*. *Horace* was then 36 Years old : He had already celebrated the Victory at *Actium* in his 9th Epode.

‘ *Nunc est bibendum*] This is the Beginning of an Ode which *Alcaeus* made after the Death of *Myrsilus*. The finest Writers among the *Romans* made no Scruple to borrow from, and imitate the *Greeks* : But some modern Critics are apt to condemn every Imitation of the Ancients now as Plagiarism.

² *Ornare pulvinar Dearum*] When the Romans had taken Cities, gained Battles, or succeeded in any important Enterprize, public Thanksgivings were appointed in all the Temples; and they invited the Gods to magnificent Feasts: For this Purpose, their Images were placed on little Beds or Cushions, which they called *Pulvinaria*. Those Feasts were distinguished by the Word *Dapes*. DACIER.

3 ——— *Dum Capitolio*

Regina, &c.]

Horace mentions only Queen *Cleopatra*, because she was the sole Cause of this War, and had demanded the Roman Empire of *Antony* as the Reward of her Favours. *Hæc mulier Ægyptia ab ebrio Imperatore pretium libidinum Romanum Imperium petit*. Florus, Lib. iv. Cap. 11.

This Passage of *Florus* is an Imitation of *Propertius*, and may serve to correct the Place from whence it was taken. *Propertius*, speaking of *Cleopatra*, Lib. iii. Eleg. ix, says,

*Conjugis obscæni pretium Romana poposcit
Mœnia, & additos in sua regna patres.*

This cannot be understood: But they who will compare this Original with the Copy above, will easily perceive it should be read *Conjugii obscæni*. Indeed, *pretium libidinum* is the same thing as *pretium conjugii obscæni*: For *conjugium* is a common Word, denoting as well an unlawful as a lawful Commerce in Love. DACIER.

4 ——— *Fortunæque dulci*

Ebria.]

Demosthenes, in like manner, said of *Philip*, that he was intoxicated by his great Actions. This Inebriation so far transported *Cleopatra*, as to make her call herself the *Moon* and *Isis*, and oblige *Antony* to assume the Names of *Osiris* and *Bacchus*.

DACIER.

5 ——— *Nec muliebriter*

Expavit ensem.]

When *Cleopatra* was surprized in the Monument, where she had retired, she attempted to stab herself with a Dagger, which she had concealed for that Purpose; but was prevented by the Vigilance of *Proculeius*, whom *Octavius* had sent to preserve her. PLUTARCH.

⁶ *Vultu*

6 *Vultu sereno fortis*] She wore a serene Countenance, to avoid being too narrowly watched, and to get an Opportunity of executing her Design: As *Virgil* says of *Dido*,

Spem fronte serenat.

Her Looks

Conceal'd her Purpose: Hope there sat serene.

STRAHAN.

7 *Traclare asperas serpentes*] It is uncertain by what means *Cleopatra* died. When she had bathed, she supped in a magnificent Manner; and then sent a Letter to *Octavius*, earnestly intreating to be buried with *Antony*. When this was done, she turned every body out of the Monument but her two Women, and fastened the Gates. A Basket had been sent to her from the Country after Supper, which was stopped by the Guards: But taking off the Leaves, and finding it was filled with Figs, they let it pass. Some think an Asp was there concealed; and it is said, she had two Marks on her Arm, supposed to be occasioned by the Sting of that Animal. *Octavius* seems to have given Credit to this Report; for her Statue was carried in Triumph with an Asp fixed to the Arm. Painters may learn from hence, not to draw *Cleopatra* with an Asp at her Breast. On breaking open the Gates of the Monument, she was found dead, lying on a Bed of Gold, and cloathed in her Royal Attire. *Iras*, one of her Women, had expired at her Feet: *Charmion*, (the other,) just ready to fall, and scarce able to hold up her own Head, was adjusting the Diadem about her Mistress's; and somebody saying, in a Passion, 'Was this well done, *Charmion*?' she replied, 'Extremely well done, and becoming a Queen descended from so many Royal Ancestors.' As she spoke these Words, she herself fell down dead at the Side of the Bed. PLUTARCH.





* ODE XXXVIII.

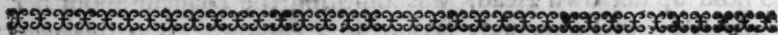
To his Boy.

I.

I Hate the Pride of *Persia's* Taste,
 And Wreaths, with Rind of Linden grac'd;
 Boy, ask not where the tardy Rose,
 Secure from blighting Winter, blows.

2.

Plain Myrtle Wreaths alone provide,
 Nor studious search for aught beside;
 Myrtle will suit thy Brow and mine,
 Drinking beneath th' embowering Vine.



The SAME ODE.

By a LADY.

I.

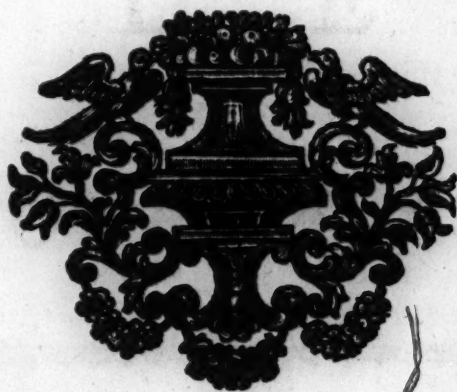
I Hate, my Boy, the *Persian* Pride;
 Eternal Greens in Garlands tied:
 And for the Rose thy Search forbear,
 To crop the latest of the Year.

2. To

2.

To simple Myrtle stand confin'd ;
'Tis fit the Servant's Brows to bind ;
'Tis fit the Master's Brows to twine,
Who drinks beneath the shady Vine.

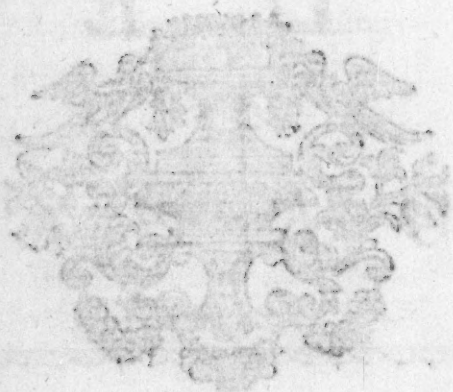
The END of the FIRST BOOK.



THE

To think Myrtle had said
 It is the servant's duty to do
 It is the Master's duty to love
 Who thinks beneath the lady's name

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK



q

THE

✓

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
ODES
OF
HORACE.

THE

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

O D E S

OF

H O R A C E

THE

T O
Isaac Hawkins Browne, *Esq;*

THIS SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ODES of HORACE

Is Inscribed

BY

His affectionate and obliged

Humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

Ilmo Hawkins Brown, Esq.

The Second Book

OF THE

ODES OF HORACE

Is included

BY

His affectionate and obliged

Humble Son,

The Editor.



THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
ODES of *HORACE*.

* ODE I.

To CAIUS ASINIUS 'POLLIO.

POLLIO! the Senate's Guide confess'd,
And Friend of Innocence distress'd,
For whom *Dalmatia's* Conquest won,
To deck your Brows, a fadeless Laurel Crown,
The growing Seeds of Civil War,
Commencing in * *Metellus'* Year;
Fortune by Turns severe and kind;
And *Roman* Chiefs in cruel Leagues combin'd;
Our

Our Arms, yet reeking with the Stains
 Of Blood, that unatton'd remains ;
 A dangerous Task ! You trace ; and tread
 On Fire, beneath deceitful Ashes spread !
 Let then your Tragic Muse defer
 To rouze th' applauding Theatre,
 Till this great Work, with ripen'd Thought,
 At length to just Perfection you have brought :
 Then in ³ *Cecropian* Buskins stand,
 And sweep the Lyre with daring Hand —
 Now with the Fife you pierce my Ear ;
 And now the Trumpet's sprightly Notes I hear !
 The glittering Arms dismay the Horse,
 Nor can the Rider guide his Course.
 To *Fancy's* Eye each Chief appears,
 While no inglorious Dust his Face besmears :
 To *Cæsar* all the World resign'd
 I see, but *Cato's* stubborn Mind !
 Or *Juno*, or some friendly Power
 To *Afric*, (who from thence had fled before),
 Thither allur'd the Victor's Race,
 (O lasting Shame ! O dire Disgrace !)
 To slay them on the *Libyan* Coast,
 As Victims to *Jugurtha's* angry Ghost !

What

What distant Sea, or distant Flood,
 But has been stain'd with *Roman* Blood?
 In every Clime, on every Plain,
 What Monuments of impious Wars remain?
Parthia rejoic'd to hear the Sound
 Of *Rome's* dire Ruin echo'd round.
 Such the Decrees of righteous Fate!
 And such the sad Effects of *Civil* Hate!
 But lest, fond Muse, the *Céan* Lyre
 Thou should'st attempt, with Me retire
 To *Venus' Grott*, and sooth thy Vein
 With Subjects suited to thy lighter Strain!

NOTES.

¹ *Caius Asinius Pollio*, after having held a considerable Post under *Cæsar*, was one of the chief Persons in the Court of *Augustus*. He commanded Armies, conquered *Dalmatia*, was Consul, and triumphed. But he was no less distinguished by his Wit and Works, than by his Conduct and Valour. He wrote against *Cicero* and *Sallust*; and was the first who took Notice of the *Patavinity* in the Style of *Livy*. His chief Works were some Tragedies, and the History of the *Civil Wars*. *Virgil* alludes to his Tragedies in this Line;

Pollio et ipse facit nova carmina.

And *Horace* :

————— *Pollio regum*
Facta canit pede ter percusso.

Pollio sings,
 In bold Iambic Strains, the Deeds of Kings.

His History of the *Civil Wars* is particularly marked in this Ode; and it is from the same that *Suetonius* borrowed the following Words of *Cæsar*, who, on viewing the Bodies of the *Romans* slain at *Pharsalia*, said, *Hoc voluerunt. Tantis rebus gestis, C. Cæsar condemnatus essem, nisi ab exercitu auxilium petissem.* 'This they would have. After so many great Actions, I *Caius Cæsar* had been condemned, if I had not appealed to my Army.'

² *Horace* seems here to intend *Metellus Celer*, who was Consul, together with *Lucius Afranius*, in the Year of *Rome* 693. Then it was that *Cæsar*, *Crassus*, and *Pompey*, joined in that *Triumvirate*, which was so fatal to the *Roman People*. *Lucius Florus*, as well as *Pollio*, dates the Beginning of the *Civil Wars* from the same Year.

³ *Cecropian*, i. e. *Athenian*, from *Cecrops*, King of *Athens*. *Sophocles*, the celebrated Tragedian, who was of that Country, is said to have invented the *Buskin*.

⁴ By *Cea Nenia*, the *Cæan* Funeral Song, *Horace* means the Elegies of *Simonides*, who was a Native of *Céos*, an Island in the *Ægæan Sea*.

Sanadon rightly observes, that the Design of *Horace*, in this Ode, is to exhort *Pollio* to quit the Theatre for some time, in order to finish his History of the *Civil Wars*: This Sense is also confirmed by an ancient Manuscript, which bears this Title; *Ad Asinium Pollionem, virum consularem, ut, intermissis tragediis, belli civilis describat historiam.*

Dacier has mistaken the Drift of it. The learned Reader may see him confuted by *Bentley* and *Sanadon*.





* O D E II.

To CAIUS SALLUST CRISPUS.

MY ¹ *Sallust's* generous Thoughts disdain
The sordid Miser's hoarded Gain ;
Since Silver with no Lustre glows,
But what a moderate Use bestows.

Good ² *Proculéius'* honour'd Name
Shall mount upon the Wings of Fame ;
Who, with a Father's tender Heart,
Did to his Brothers Aid impart.

Subdue but Avarice, you'll find
More wide this Empire of the Mind,
Than could You *Libya* join to *Spain*,
And o'er ³ each *Carthage* Monarch reign.

Indulg'd, the Dropsy swells within ;
The watry Humour puffs the Skin ;
Nor can th' impatient Thirst be quell'd,
Unless the Cause is first expell'd.

Virtue, dissenting, will not own

⁴ *Pbraätes*, on the *Parthian* Throne,

Completely blest : ⁵ *Her* Voice disclaims

The popular Abuse of Names :

To those alone, who Wealth contemn,

She gives the Wreath, and Diadem ;

To those alone, who Heaps of Gold,

With undesiring Eyes behold.

NOTES.

¹ The *Sallust*, to whom this Ode was addressed, was Great Nephew to the celebrated Historian of the same Name. *Tacitus* speaks of him in the *first* and in the *third* Book of his *Annals*. He says, he was descended from an *Equestrian* Family ; that he was adopted by his Great Uncle *Sallust*, whose Name he took ; that he contented himself with the Title of Knight, tho' the Gate of Honour was open to him ; that, during the Life of *Mæcenas*, he held the second Place in the Favour of *Augustus*, and the first after the Death of that great Minister ; and that he was afterwards the Favourite of *Tiberius*.

² *Proculeius* was a Roman Knight, and highly in the Favour of *Augustus*. *Mæcenas* married his Sister. His Brothers (as *Plutarch* relates) having joined with *Pompey*, they were condemned, and their Estates confiscated ; but *Proculeius*, by his Interest with *Augustus*, procured their Pardon, and divided his own Patrimony with them. Such was the Virtue of the Romans ! For this Instance of paternal Generosity to his Brothers, *Horace* justly says,

*Illum aget pennâ metuente solvi
Fama superstes.*

Sanadon is not satisfied with the Reasons and Examples produced by *Daciër*, in his Notes, to justify the uncommon Sense
in

in which *metuente* is here taken. He thinks we ought to read *renuente solvi*. This, it must be owned, is clearer.

3 *Uterque Pœnus*, i. e. The *Carthage* of *Africa*, and that of *Spain*.

4 This *Phraätes* killed his Father *Orodes*, his eldest Son, and thirty Brothers, and was, for his Cruelty, expelled by his Subjects; but was replaced on the Throne by the Aid of the *Scythians*, in the Year of *Rome* 728. About which Time it is probable that *Horace* writ this Ode.

5 *Virtus dissidens plebi*, *Virtue dissenting from the Populace*.] This (says *Dacier*) is a very fine Expression. The Language of *Virtue* is very different from that of the *People*: The *People* think a *Phraätes* happy, a wicked Wretch, who is successful, and loaded with Riches: But *Virtue* knows *wicked* and *happy* to be incompatible Terms, which can never subsist in the same Subject. *Horace* here alludes to the fore-cited History of *Phraätes*, and intimates, that since Avarice and Ambition had polluted his Hands in the Blood of his Father, of his Brothers, and of his Son, *Virtue* takes from him the Sceptre and Diadem, to bestow them on that Man, who is Master of his Passions, and who makes the sovereign Good to consist in the Enjoyment of himself.



* O D E III.

To DELLIVS.

IF Fortune smile, or prove unkind,
Learn to preserve a steady Mind,
Lest Pride and Pleasure swell too high;
Remember, *Dellivs*, You were born to die;

L 3

Whether

Whether your Life You waste away
In Grief ; or, on a festal Day,
Reclin'd in yon sequester'd Vale,
With rich *Falernian* Wine your Taste regale,

Where the tall Poplar, and the Pine,
Their hospitable Branches twine ;
And the clear Stream, with gurgling Train,
Obliquely labours thro' the smiling Plain.

Here Wine, and Oyl, and ³ Roses, bring,
Too short-liv'd Daughters of the Spring !
While Fortune, Health, and Youth, allow,
Ere with the Weight of feeble Age You bow,

From your Town-house, your purchas'd Grove,
And rural Seat, you must remove,
Which *Tyber* laves : Your joyful Heir
Shall your large Pile of hoarded Treasure share,

If wealthy, and of ancient Race ;
Or poor ; so meanly born and base,
To find no Covering but the Sky,
It nought avails ; for All alike must die !

To the same Port we all are bound ;
 In the same Urn are rolling round
 Our Lots ; which drawn, or soon or late,
 Convey us all to our eternal State !

NOTES.

¹ This was *Dellius* the Historian, of whom *Dion*, *Plutarch*, and *Seneca* speak. *Horace*, no doubt, was acquainted with him in the Army of *Brutus* and *Cassius* ; for *Dellius* was in the Troops of the latter, whom he soon forsook to follow *Antony*, and became his Favourite and Confidant. It seems not improbable, that he had some Share in the Favours which he pretended to negotiate for his Master ; and that *Cleopatra* obliged him as well as *Antony* : For *Seneca* speaks of some very free Letters which he wrote to that Princess. A little before the Battle of *Actium* he quitted the Party of *Antony*, and went over to *Augustus*. After which Circumstance it is supposed *Horace* wrote this Ode.

² ——— *Et nimium breves
 Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ.*]

There is a very pretty *Latin* Epigram on the short Life of the Rose.

*Quàm longa una dies, atas tam longa rosarum,
 Quas pubescentes juncta senectâ premit.
 Quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit Eois,
 Hanc veniens sero vespere vidit anum.*

See¹ in the Morning blooms the Rose ;
 But soon her transient Glories close :
 She opens with the rising Day ;
 But with the setting fades away !



* O D E IV.

To XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

BLUSH not, my Friend, to own the Fire,
Which your fair Handmaid's Eyes inspire ;
Briseïs' Charms of old could move
Achilles' haughty Soul to Love ;

His beauteous Slave, *Tecmessa*, won
The Heart of *Ajax Telamon*.
With Love, renown'd *Atrides* glow'd,
While Tears from sad *Cassandra* flow'd,

O'er ruin'd *Troy* ; when now the Plain
Was heap'd with Troops of *Phrygians* slain,
And *Hector*, snatch'd by Fate away,
Had made it fall an easier Prey.

Believe me, to an ancient Line,
A Bride, like her, your Blood may join ;
And thence her generous Sorrows flow,
So high her Birth, her Fall so low.

She,

She, who still faithful can remain,
And unsubdu'd by fordid Gain,
Must from no vulgar Race descend,
But such as will Your Choice commend,

Her taper Legs, her Face and Arms,
For Me untouch'd, have now no Charms;
For think remov'd, by *forty* Years,
Both all *my* Flames, and all *your* Fears,



* O D E V.

YOUR Heifer, Friend, is yet unbroke,
Nor can her Neck sustain the Yoke.

She now delights in Meads to stray,
And with the frisking Steerlings play;
To shun, in Shades, the piercing Beams,
And lave her in the cooling Streams.

Her yet unripen'd Beauties spare;
A while the tasteless Grape forbear;
And She, in Autumn's purple Grace
Matur'd, shall give her Lover Chace,

For

For Age whirls round, and every Year
 It takes from You, will add to Her :
 Your *Lalagé* shall then proclaim,
 Without a Blush, her rival Flame ;
 And kindle one more fierce, than You
 For *Pholoë* or *Chloris* knew :
 Behold her ¹ Shoulder's radiant White ;
 Not *Cynthia*, in a cloudless Night,
 Adorns the Sea with purer Rays ;
 And *Gyges* but divides our Praise,
 Who, in the Virgin Choir, defies
 The curious Stranger's prying Eyes,
 So smooth his doubtful Cheeks appear,
 So loose, so girlish, flows his Hair !

 NOTES.

¹ *Albo sic humero nitens*] The Ladies of Pleasure at *Rome* used to dress themselves in such a Manner, that their Shoulders were left naked. DACIER.

Such a Dress was lately so much the Fashion, that it will be easily understood by every *English* Reader.





* O D E VI.

To ¹SEPTIMIUS.

*S*eptimius ! who with Me to *Spain*
 Would'ft fail, ² unpractis'd to sustain
 Our Yoke ; or *Libya's* faithless Shore,
 Where ³ Sands and Whirlpools guard the *Moor* :

May ⁴ *Tibur's* Walls, th' *Argéan* Seat,
 Afford my Age a calm Retreat !
 There, worn with Journeys, Wars, and Seas,
 May I enjoy unenvy'd Ease !

But, ⁵ cross'd by Fate in this Desire,
 Let Me contentedly retire
 To where ⁶ *Galefus* glides away,
 And Flocks with ⁶ borrow'd Clothing play,

No Fields, like this, my Fancy please ;
 Their choicest Sweets here cull the Bees ;
 The Berry of ⁷ *Venafran* Soil
 Swells not with richer Floods of Oyl.

Long

156 ODES of HORACE.

Long is the Spring, the Winter warm,
Nor blighting Frosts the Meads deform :
Here ⁸ *Aulon*, friendly to the Vine,
Repines not at ⁹ *Falernus* Wine.

That rural Scene, those blissful Towers,
Seem to invite our latest Hours :
Your Bard's warm Ashes there from You
Shall drink the Tear to Friendship due !

NOTES.

¹ *Dacier* is of Opinion, that this is the same *Septimius*, whom *Horace* recommends to *Tiberius* in the 9th Epistle of his first Book : Whose Loves with *Acme* are also described by *Catullus*, in his 41st Ode ; for it appears, says he, that he was then very young. But *Sanadon* differs from him in both these Particulars. He says, they were of different Families ; and that it is improbable this should be the same *Septimius*, of whom *Catullus* sung almost thirty Years before.

² *Cantabrum, indotum juga ferre nostra*] The *Cantabrians* were the last People of *Spain*, who were conquered by the *Romans*. *Augustus* did not wage War against them till the Year of *Rome* 726, and it lasted five Years. For which Reason *Horace* says, in the 8th Ode of the 3d Book,

Cantaber, serâ domitus catenâ ;

And in the 14th Ode of the 4th Book,

— *Cantaber non ante domabilis.*

They dwelt in the upper Part of *Spain*, near the Bay of *Biscay*. As to the Date of this Ode, it appears only from hence, that it was writ before they were conquered.

³ *Barbaras Syrtes*] The *Syrtes* are two Gulphs at the Extremity of *Africa*, between *Libya* and *Numidia* : They are full
of

of moving Beds of Sand, in some Places very deep, and in others scarce covered with Water. By their different Currents they suck in the Vessels, which are immediately either swallowed up, or run a-ground.

4 *Tibur, Argeo positum colono*] *Tibur* was built by a Greek named *Tibur*, who, with his two Brothers *Catillus* and *Coras*, settled a Colony there. Thus *Virgil*, in the 7th *Æneid*;

*Tum gemini fratres Tiburnia mœnia linquant,
Fratris Tiburti dictam de nomine gentem,
Catillusque, acerque Coras, Argiva juventus.*

Then two Twin-Brothers from fair *Tibur* came,
(Which from their Brother *Tibur* took its Name),
Catillus, and fierce *Coras*, Grecian Youths. DRYDEN.

For this Reason *Horace* also calls *Tibur*, in the 18th Ode of the first Book, *mœnia Catili*, or *Catilli*, the Walls of *Catillus*. He had a little House there, which was still standing in the Time of *Suëtonius*, as he himself declares in the Life of *Horace*: *Domus Horatii ostenditur circa Tiburni luculum*, 'Horace's House is shown near the little Grove of *Tibur*.'

5 *Ovibus Galefi*] *Galefus* is a River of *Calabria*, five Miles from the City of *Tarentum*: It flows into the Gulph of that Name. The Course of it is very slow; and it is beautified with thick Shades and Pasture-Grounds. Hence *Propertius*, Book ii. Elegy 34. v. 67.

Tu canis umbrosi subter pineta Galefi;

And *Virgil*, *Georgic* iv. v. 126.

Quo niger humectat flauentia culta Galefus.

6 *Pellitis*] At *Tarentum*, as well as in *Attica*, the Wool was so exceeding fine and beautiful, that, in order to preserve it clean and fair, they used to cover all their Sheep with Skins, and from thence they were called *oves pellita*. DACIER.

7 *Venafrum* was a City of *Campania*, distinguished by the Excellence of its Oyl.

8 *Aulon* was a little Hill in the Territory of *Tarentum*. The Original here runs thus:

— Et

Et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho

But Bentley reads, without the Authority of any Manuscript,

Et apricus Aulon,
Fertilis Baccho

On which Occasion Dacier cries out, *L'audace de M. Bentley est étonnante; il a corrigé, et mis dans son texte,*

Et apricus Aulon, &c.

⁹ *Falernus* was a Hill in *Campania*, famous for its excellent Grapes.



The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. MARRIOTT, Fellow of Trinity-Hall,
Cambridge.

I.

BEville! who with your Friend would roam
Far from your *England's* happier Home,
Should e'er the Fates that Friend detain
In gayer *France*, or graver *Spain*:

2.

Know, all my Wish is to retreat,
When Age shall quench my youthful Heat,
In *Kentish* Shades sweet Peace to find,
And leave the Sons of Care behind.

3. But

3.

But should this pleasing Hope be vain,
May I fair *Windsor's* Seat attain,
Where *Loddon's* gentle Waters glide,
And Flocks adorn its flowery Side!

4.

Sweet Groves! I love your silent Shades,
Your russet Lawns, and opening Glades.
With fam'd *Italia's* Plains may vye
Your fertile Fields, and healthful Sky.

5.

Here, let our Eve of Life be spent;
Here, Friend shall live with Friend content:
Here, in cold Earth, my Limbs be laid;
And here, your generous Tear be paid.



* O D E VII.

To ¹ POMPEIUS VARUS.

Pompey! with Me to utmost Dangers driven,
When we in *Brutus' Army* fought,

² My first of Friends! what Power has brought
Thee to thy Country's Gods and native Heaven?

8

2. With

2.

With whom, in Mirth and Wine, the tardy Day
 (While Oyl of *Syria*, round my Head,
 Its grateful, precious Fragrance spread),
 So oft has glided unperceiv'd away.

3.

3 With whom (unmindful of my little Shield)
 I fled from dire *Philippi's* Plain,
 When Valour fail'd ; when Threats were vain ;
 And our bold Chiefs lay bleeding on the Field.

4.

With Terror wing'd, I fled thro' hostile Arms,
 Hid in a Cloud, which *Hermes* gave ;
 * But Thee the furious reflux Wave
 Again drove back to all the War's Alarms.

5.

Pay then to *Jove* the promis'd Feast, nor spare
 The hoarded Casks, for Thee design'd ;
 And, in my Laurel's Shade reclin'd,
 Repose thy Limbs, fatigu'd by Length of War.

6. Fill

6.

Fill up the polish'd Bowl with generous Wine ;
 From copious Shells rich Odors shed :
 Who now, to crown the glowing Head,
 Will Wreaths of Parsley or of Myrtle twine ?

7.

Who, nam'd by *Venus*, at the jovial Board
 The Laws of drinking shall prescribe ?
 I, madder than the *Thracian* Tribe,
 Rejoice to revell for a Friend restor'd.

J. D.

NOTES.

¹ As there seems to be no great Authority for the Sirname *Varus*, *Sanadon* is of Opinion, that this is the same *Pompeius Grofphus*, to whom the 16th Ode of this Book is address'd; *Otium Divos*, &c. He is also recommended by *Horace* to *Iccius* in the 12th Epistle of his first Book.

² *Meorum prime sodalium*] By this, says *Dacier*, we are not to understand his dearest Friend, for that would be to the Prejudice of all the rest, but only his first or oldest Companion; for they set out together from *Athens* to serve under *Brutus*.

³ *Horace* and this *Pompey* were in the Number of those young *Romans*, whom *Brutus* took along with him as he pass'd thro' *Athens*, eight or nine Months after the Death of *Cæsar*; so that they were, in all, near two Years with *Brutus*: During which Time several Engagements happen'd, where no doubt they were present. The Reader may see what *Horace* says himself of this Expedition from *Athens*, Book ii. Epistle ii. v. 46. *Dura sed amovere loco me tempora grato*, &c.

M

4 Te

4. *Te rursus in bellum*] After the Battle of *Philippi*, the greatest Part of the Troops of *Brutus* and *Cassius* accepted the Pardon offered them. The rest embarked on board the Fleet of *Domitius* or *Murcus*; and the last of these repaired to young *Pompey* in *Sicily*, who still maintained the War against *Octavius* and *Antony*: Among these, it is probable, was this Friend of *Horace*; and that, in Allusion to this Circumstance, the Poet says,

*Te, rursus in bellum resorbens,
Unda fretis tulit aestuosus.*

SANADON.

He and Mr. *Masson* fix the Date of this Ode at the Beginning of the Year of *Rome* 715. Then it was that, by the Treaty of Peace concluded at *Messina* between *Sextus Pompeius* and the *Triumvirate*, a general Pardon was granted to all those who had followed the Party of *Pompey*. This was a favourable Opportunity for *Varus* to lay down his Arms, and return to *Rome*. Nothing like this happened after the Defeat of *Sextus Pompeius* (the Time when *Dacier* believes this Ode was writ), which was followed by his Flight and Death. All the Senators and Knights, who had espoused his Cause, were put to Death, a very small Number excepted; and it can scarce be thought, that *Horace's* Friend would have met with better Quarter.



* O D E VIII.

To BARINÉ.

I.

IF 'e'er from Heav'n the slightest Harm :
The false *Bariné* should alarm ;
If for her Fault a Tooth or Nail
Were black, her Arts might still prevail.

2. But

2.

But she no sooner gives her Hand,
Than strait she snaps the brittle Band;
Yet shines more eminently fair;
Of all our Youths the public Care!

3.

No Pain she suffers, tho' forsworn
E'en by her Mother's sacred Urn;
By all the Stars that deck the Sky,
And by the Gods who Death defy.

4.

Venus herself beholds with Smiles,
And *Cupid* laughs at all her Wiles;
Still on his Whetstone sharp'ning Darts,
Warm with the Blood of wounded Hearts.

5.

Add that the Boys, who just attain
To ripen'd Manhood, court her Chain;
And former Lovers haunt her Door,
Who oft to quit the False-one swore.

6.

Thee, for her Son the Mother fears;
Thee, thrifty Dotards for their Heirs;

M 2

And

And Brides, lest thy more powerful Charms
Should tempt their Consorts from their Arms.

NOTE.

¹ *Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pœna.*]

This Passage, says *Dacier*, cannot well be understood without explaining a superstitious Notion of the Ancients. They believed that a Lye was always immediately followed by some Punishment, as by the Loss of a Tooth, a Nail marked, a Blister on the Tip of the Tongue, a Pimple on the Nose; or by a splay Foot, the Shape distorted, &c. The Sense therefore of *Horace* here is, that if she had received the least Blemish in her Person, on Account of her former Perfidy, he would trust to her Promises for the future; because it might be expected she would be then faithful, in order to preserve her Beauty.



* ODE IX.

To VALGIUS.

On the Death of his Son.

I.

THE Clouds not always pour forth Rain;
Nor always Storms deface the Plain,
And heave the Billows of the * *Caspian* Flood;
Nor is the cold ³ *Armenian* Coast
Bound up each Month by lazy Frost,
Nor Tempests always rock th' *Apulian* Wood.

2. But

2.

But, *Valgius*, You your worthy Son,
Your blooming *Myfles*, still bemoan ;
And ever fix'd your tender Grief remains :
When *Hesper* decks the purpling Skies,
And when before the Sun he flies,
You sooth your Woe with melancholy Strains.

3.

Sage *Nestor*, for his Length of Years
Renown'd, not thus, with fruitless Tears,
Bedew'd his lov'd *Antilochus's* Urn ;
Nor did ' his Parents, and the Train
Of *Phrygian* Sisters so complain,
And *Troilus* with ceaseless Sorrow mourn.

4.

Tune then no more the plaintive String,
But *Cæsar's* Conquests let us sing :
Euphrates, rolling with a narrower Stream ;
The ⁶ *Tigris*, to our Empire join'd,
And the *Gelonian* Horse, confin'd
To Bounds prescrib'd, be now the glorious Theme !

NOTES.

¹ This was *Titus Valgius* the Poet, of whom *Horace* speaks in the 10th Satire of his first Book, v. 81: And *Tibullus* says, no one came nearer *Homer* than him:

Valgius, aeterno propior non alter Homero.

² The *Caspian* Sea above *Persia*. He mentions this in particular, because it is remarkably stormy and dangerous.

³ He refers here to *Armenia*, rather than any other Country, because it had been newly yielded to *Augustus* by the *Parthians*. It lies on both Sides the River *Euphrates*.

⁴ *Antilochus*, the Son of *Nestor*, was slain in defending his Father.

⁵ *Priam* and *Hecuba*.

⁶ ——— *Et rigidum Niphaten,
Medumque flumen gentibus additum
Victis, minores volvere vortices.*]

Sanadon has shown that *Horace* probably meant the River *Tigris* by the Word *Niphates*. As the *Tigris* has its Source from the Mountain *Niphates*, it might take the same Name, before it enters into *Mesopotamia*. *Dacier* was certainly mistaken in thinking there was no River so called, since both *Lucan* and *Juvenal* expressly mention the River *Niphates*; and the former speaks of it as a River in *Armenia*:

Armeniusque tenens volventem saxa Niphaten.

By the River *Medus* he seems to design the *Euphrates*, which divided the two Empires of the *Parthians* and the *Romans*: And this was its ancient Name, as we are informed by *Plutarch*, in his little Treatise on Rivers; *Euphrates dictus est primum Medus*.

Virgil has celebrated this Expedition of *Augustus* more than once:

*Addam urbes Asiae domitas, pulsumque Niphaten,
Fidentemque fugâ Parthum, versisque sagittis,
Et duo rapta manu diverso ex hoste trophæa.*

Georgic iii. v. 30.

Next

Next * him, *Niphates*, with inverted Urn,
 And dropping Sedge, shall his *Armenia* mourn,
 And *Asian* Cities in our Triumph borne.
 With backward Bows the *Parthians* shall be there,
 And, spurring from the Fight, confess their Fear.
 A double Wreath shall crown our *Cesar's* Brows,
 Two differing Trophies, from two different Foes.

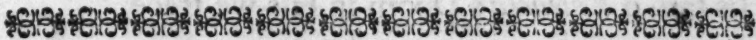
The Reader sees, that *Dryden* took the *Niphates* in *Virgil* to be a River, tho' it is certain that it may be understood there, at least as well, of a Mountain; whereas the Construction of these Lines in *Horace* necessarily determines it to signify a River.

Virgil again, in the 8th *Æneid*, where he describes the Figures engraved on *Æneas's* Shield;

*Hic Nomadum genus, & discinctos Mulciber Afros,
 Hic Lelegas, Carasque, sagittiferosque Gelonos
 Finxerat. Euphrates ibat jam mollior undis.* v. 724.

Here, *Mulciber* assigns the proper Place
 For *Carians*, and th' ungirt *Numidian* Race;
 Then ranks the *Thracians* in the second Row;
 With *Scythians*, expert with the Dart and Bow;
 And here the tam'd *Euphrates* humbly glides. DRYDEN.

* The Nile, mentioned just before.



The SAME ODE Imitated.

By GEORGE JEFFREYS, *Esq*;

To Clemené.

1.

THO' Tempests long may toss the Sea,
 And *Norway*, chill'd by Winter, mourn;
 Yet *Norway's* Snow will melt away,
 When *Zephyr's* genial Gales return:

M 4

When

168 ODES of HORACE.

When Birds and Flowers the fullen Year restore,
It sighs in Winds, and weeps in Rain no more.

2.

But You, eternal Mourner, You,
Amyntor, gone, where all must go,
With ever-streaming Eyes pursue,
Dwell on his Grave, and doat on Woe ;
Amyntor is by Day the darling Theme,
And dear *Amyntor* still the nightly Dream.

3.

Yet * *Mordaunt*'s Eyes are dry'd at last,
Tho' in one fleeting Year he mourn'd
His Angel Consort, bright and chaste,
With two brave Sons, to Dust return'd :
His fam'd *Valencia*'s Doom in His we trace,
So signal was the Shock, so short the Space !

4.

Of matchless *Blandford*'s early Fate,
The Parents now no more complain ;
The Sisters, sunk beneath the Weight
Of pious Sorrow, rise again,
Bright as the Moon, reflected by the Tide,
On You, *Clemeñé*, ere your Brother died.

* Earl of *Peterborough*.

5. Then

5.

Then mourn no longer, heavenly Maid,
Amyntor snatch'd in Nature's Prime :
 Must Beauty too, by Grief decay'd,
 Be lost, like Him, before the Time ?
 Think on those Eyes, and then their Tears refrain ;
 Or must *Philander* always sue in vain ?



* O D E X.

To LICINIUS.

BE wife, ' *Licinius*, and avoid
 To sail too near the Shore ;
 Nor tempt too far the faithless Deep,
 Where Tempests loudly roar.

Who loves the golden Mean, shall live
 From sordid Want secure ;
 Nor feel the Tortures, which the Great
 From Envy's Darts endure.

Huge

Huge Pines with Winds are oft'nest rock'd :

The higher they ascend,

Towers heavier fall ; *Jove's* vengeful Bolts

Aspiring Mountains rend.

A Mind well-disciplin'd is still

Prepar'd for either State ;

In adverse hopes, in prosperous fears

Another Turn of Fate.

Jove spreads the Heavens with dusky Clouds ;

The Clouds he chides away ;

To-morrow's Sun may shine serene,

Tho' Fortune lours to-day.

Sometimes *Apollo* tunes his Lyre,

And wakes the Muse to sing ;

Nor deals perpetual Death around

With his unerring String.

Bravely to bear Afflictions, raise

And fortify your Mind ;

But wisely furl your Sails, that swell

With too indulgent Wind.

J. D.

NOTES.

NOTES.

The best Manuscripts have the following Title prefixed to this Ode;

AD LICINIUM MURÉNAM.

OPTIMUM ESSE MEDIUM VITÆ STATUM.

It appears from hence, that this was *Licinius Varro Murēna*, the Brother of *Proculēius*, and of *Terentia*, the Wife of *Mæcenas*, and the same who conspired against *Augustus* with *Fannius Cæpio*, in the Year of *Rome* 731.

It seems probable, that it was writ before he engaged in that Conspiracy; that is to say, after his Goods were confiscated for having borne Arms against *Augustus*. *Horace*, who knew his ambitious and impatient Temper, endeavoured, in this Ode, to make him shun the Misfortunes, into which he afterwards fell by neglecting his Counsel. *Horace* was then about 44 Years old. DACIER.

¹ *Licinius*, (as has been observed) had just lost his Estate, which was confiscated. His Brother *Proculēius*, to render the Loss of it supportable, divided his whole Fortune with him. If therefore he could have contented himself with this Competence, he would not have been unhappy.

Horace labours to inspire these Sentiments, and to cure him of Ambition and Despair, the two Rocks on which he was afterwards lost.

By those, who are always for launching out into the wide Ocean, he represents the Ambitious, who never think themselves high enough in the World; and by those, who, upon the least Appearance of a Storm, being seized with Terror, creep along the Shore, and are lost by too much Caution, he describes those, who, upon the least Disgrace, lose their Judgment, and, in Despair, take very dangerous Resolutions.

DACIER.



* ODE



* ODE XI.

To ¹QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

I.

[dare,

WHAT the fierce ²*Scythians* and ³*Cantabrians*
Make thou no Object of thy Care :

While *Adria* far from us divides
Their Arms by interposing Tides.

2.

No anxious Thought for Life thy Heart should
touch ;

Life lasts not long, nor asks for much.
Behold our Years ! how fast they fly ;
Youth vanishes, and Beauty fades ;
⁴ Age drops her Snow upon our Heads,
And drives sweet Slumbers from our Eye !

I.

Not always vernal Flowers their Pride retain,
And full-orb'd Moons are sure to wane :
⁵ Why tire we then the narrow Mind,
For Cares eternal too confin'd ?

2. Ra-

2.

Rather beneath yon Plantane's spreading Shade,
Or this fair Pine, all carelefs laid,
Let us, carousing while we may,
 ⁶ Our silver'd Locks with Odors spread ;
 With Wreaths of Roses crown our Head,
And drink each gloomy Thought away.

I.

Th' enlivening God will sordid Care refine :
But, Boy ! this hot *Falernian* Wine
Requires Allay ; then quickly bring
Some Water from yon gurgling Spring.

2.

Who will fair *Lyde* from her House allure,
No vulgar Prostitute impure ?
Bid the dear Girl make haste away ;
And (like a ⁷ *Spartan* Maid) with Hair
Tied in a Knot behind, prepare
Her Ivory Harp, with us to sing and play.

N O T E S.

¹ This is the same *Quintius*, to whom *Horace* addresses the 16th Epistle of his first Book. There are no Particulars in History relating to him.

² The Ancients called all the People of the North, *Scythians* : And it is plain from this Passage, that *Horace* gave that Name
to

to the People whom the *Adriatic* Sea divides from *Italy*; that is to say, by *Scythians* he understood the People of *Illyria*, *Dalmatia*, *Pannonia*, the *Dacians*, &c. all which *Suëtonius* comprises under the Name of *Illyria*. DACIER.

3 *Cantaber*] See the Notes on the 6th Ode of this Book.

4 ——— *Aridâ*
Pellente lascivos Amores
Canitie, facilemque Somnum.]

The Poet, as *Sanadon* observes, has here drawn a very natural and lively Picture. *Age*, in the Form of a withered Hag, is busy in chasing away the *Loves*, *Youth* and *Sleep*.

5 ——— *Quid æternis minorem*
Consiliis animum fatigas ?]

As if he had said; ' Since Youth is so fleeting, and nothing in Nature long continues in the same Situation, why do you not, since you are so far advanced in Life, relax your Mind? Why should you load it with Cares and infinite Designs? '

6 ——— *Et rosâ*
Canos odorati capillos.]

It appears from hence, and from the 7th Verse, that *Horace* was now growing old. *Dacier* computes, from the Circumstances here referred to, that he might be 51 or 52.

There is a Passage in the *Wisdom of Solomon*, Chapt. ii. very like this: *Let us fill ourselves with costly Wines and Ointments; and let no Flower of the Spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with Rose-buds, before they be withered.*

7 *Virgil* has drawn a lovely Picture of *Venus*, appearing to *Æneas* in the Habit of a *Spartan* Maid:

Virginis os habitumque gerens, & virginis arma
Spartanæ : ———

Namque humeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum
Venatrix; dederatque comam diffundere ventis.

Æneid. i. v. 319.

In Show an Huntress she appear'd; array'd,
 In Arms and Habit, like a *Spartan* Maid;
 Close in a Knot her flowing Robes she drew;
 Loose to the Winds her wanton Tresses flew. PITT.



* ODE XII.

To MÆCENAS.

By Sir JEFFREY GILBERT, *Knt.**Late Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.*

I.

DIRE ¹ *Hannibal*, the Roman Dread,
² *Numantian Wars*, which rag'd so long,
 And ³ *Seas* with *Punic Slaughter* red,
 Suit not the softer *Lyric Song*.

2.

Nor ⁴ *savage Centaurs*, mad with Wine,
 Nor ⁵ *Earth's enormous Rebel Brood*,
 Who shook with Fear the Powers Divine,
 'Till by *Alcides' Arms* subdu'd.

3.

Better, *Mæcenas*, thou in Prose
 Shalt *Cæsar's* glorious Battles tell ;
 With what bold Heat the Victor glows,
 What ⁶ *captive Kings* his Triumphs swell.

4. Thy

4.

Thy Mistress all my Muse employs ;
 1 *Licinia's* Voice, her sprightly Turns,
 2 The Fire that sparkles in her Eyes,
 And in her faithful Bosom burns.

5.

When she adorns 3 *Diana's* Day,
 And all the beauteous Choirs advance,
 With sweetest Airs, divinely gay,
 She shines, distinguish'd in the Dance !

6.

Not all *Arabia's* spicy Fields
 Can with *Licinia's* Breath compare ;
 Nor *India's* self a Treasure yields,
 To purchase one bright flowing Hair :

7.

When she with bending Neck complies
 To meet the Lover's eager Kifs,
 With gentle Cruelty denies,
 Or snatches first the fragrant Bliss.

NOTES.

1 *Nec dirum Hannibalem*] *Hannibal* waged War against the *Romans* for seventeen Years. *Horace* justly calls him *dirum*, since he was the Scourge of *Rome*. He defeated old *Scipio*, the Father

ther of *Africanus*, near *Ticinum*, now *Pavia*; *Sempronius Longus*, near *Placentia*; *Flaminius*, near the Lake *Thrasymene*; and, lastly, *Paulus Æmilius* and *Varro*, at *Cannæ* in *Apulia*, in which Battle the *Romans* lost 50,000 Men: And he afterwards led his victorious Army within three Miles of *Rome*. This Battle was fought in the Year of *Rome* 538.

² *Numantia* was a City of *Spain*, which for fourteen Years, with 4000 Men, withstood an Army of 40,000 *Romans*. It was taken by *Scipio Africanus*, after a Siege of fifteen Months, and destroyed, in the Year of *Rome* 609.

3 ————— *Nec Siculum mare*

Pæno purpureum sanguine ———]

He alludes to the Naval Fights between the *Romans* and *Carthaginians* on the *Sicilian Seas*, in the first *Punic War*.

⁴ This refers to the bloody Fray between the *Centaurs* and the *Lapithæ*, a People of *Thessaly*, near Mount *Olympus*, at the Marriage-Feast of *Pirithoüs*, Prince of the *Lapithæ*, where almost all the *Centaurs* were slain. See the 18th Ode of the first Book of *Horace*, and *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Book xii.

⁵ The *Giants* were said to be the Sons of Earth and Heaven. See the 19th Ode of this Book, and the 4th Ode of the third Book.

The Battle of the Gods and *Titans* is described in the *Theogony* of *Hesiod*, and finely translated by Dr. *Broome*. See *Broome's Poems*, printed for *Bernard Lintott*, 1727, p. 222.

⁶ *Augustus* triumphed for three Days successively in the Year of *Rome* 724. This Ode must therefore be writ after that Time, *Horace* being then about 40 Years old.

⁷ *Dacier* supposes, that *Licina* is the same as *Terentia* (to whom *Mæcenæ* was afterwards married), the Sister of *Proculæius*, and of *Licinius Murena*, to whom the 10th Ode of this Book is addressed. *Terentia* (says he) was the proper Name of the Family, and *Licina* an adopted Name, because *Terentius Varro* was adopted into the Family of *Murena*, who were called *Licinii*.

Bentley says, the best Manuscripts read *Licymnia*, which however he allows to be a fictitious Name, and that *Terentia* was probably the real Person intended.

¶ She was even more beautiful than *Livia*, the Wife of *Augustus*. He himself, at the Age 42, fell passionately in Love with her; and (as *Dion* relates) took a Journey the same Year to *Gaul*, chiefly on her Account.

9 This Circumstance shews she was then unmarried; because none but Virgins were admitted to dance at the Festival of *Diana*.

As far as I can judge, neither *Dacier* nor *Sanadon* have entered into the true Drift of *Horace* in this Ode: But our judicious Translator has given the genuine Sense of it, with the Spirit and Delicacy of the Original. D.



* O D E XIII.

*On a Tree, by whose Fall he had like to
have been killed.*

Inscribed to JOHN HUGHES, Esq;

W^Hoe'er, with sacrilegious Hand,
First planted Thee on my ill-fated Land,
(Of the whole Village the Disgrace,
Portending Ruin to his guiltless Race)
Must sure have dealt in all the Stores
Of poisonous Drugs, that 'Colchian Art explores;
And

And slain his sleeping Guest, or dy'd
His impious Hands in horrid Parricide.

² Ingrate ! to threaten thus the Head
Of Him, whose Soil has Thee so kindly fed !

None knows, of what he should beware ;
Impending Fate eludes our wretched Care !

The Sailor dreads the raging Wave ;
But dreams not on the Land to find a Grave.

The *Roman* fears the *Parthian's* Flight ;
The *Parthian*, *Roman* Chains and *Roman* Might.

But to the Force of sudden Death [Breath !
Whole Nations yield, and still shall yield, their
It little fail'd, but I had seen

The dreary Realms of *Pluto's* dusky ³ Queen,

And ⁴ *Æacus's* dread Abode,
And the distinguish'd Mansions of the Good,

Where ⁵ *Sappho*, in ⁶ *Æolian* Strains,
Of her fair Rival's treacherous Arts complains :

⁷ *Alcæus* too, with martial Fire,
To nobler Subjects tunes his ⁸ golden Lyre ;

And sings the Perils, which he bore
By Sea and Land, to gain a ⁹ foreign Shore ;

His Toils in War.— The *Manes* throng,
And greedily devour the rapturous Song !

180 ODES of HORACE.

The Vulgar most, to hear him tell,
 What Battles he had won; what Tyrants fell!
 Nor strange: His hundred fable Ears
 The ¹⁰ Dog of Hell hangs down, and gaping hears!
 The Snakes, twin'd round the ¹¹ Furies Hair,
 Sooth'd by their Verse, a Face less horrid wear.
¹² Prometheus, ¹³ Tantalus, their Pains,
 List'ning, forget, and feel th'enchanting Strains!
 And fierce ¹⁴ Orion quits the Chace
 Of Lions, and the Lynx's spotted Race.

1718.

NOTES.

¹ Colchis and Iberia were very fertile in Poisons. See the 5th and the 17th Epodes.

² Horace only makes use of this Incident, because it gave him Occasion to launch out in Praise of Sappho and Alcaus.

It is plain, says Sanadon, from these Lines,

Miles sagittam & celerem fugam

Parthi: Catenas Parthus, & Italum

Robur — scilicet, timet;

that this Ode was writ before Augustus had granted Peace to Phraates, King of Parthia; which he did in the Summer of the Year of Rome 734, upon his sending back to him the Roman Eagles: And it appears from the 8th Ode of the third Book, that its precise Date was the Beginning of March in the same Year; Horace being then about 46.

³ Pluto stole Proserpine away, as she was sporting with the Nymphs her Companions in the Plains of Enna in Sicily. The

Reader

Reader may see this Rape described by *Ovid*, in the 5th Book of the *Metamorphoses*, and more largely by *Claudian*; who, in his second Book, *De Raptu Proserpina*, gives a beautiful Description of those Gardens. To this *Milton* seems to allude, in the following Lines:

Not that fair Field
Of *Enna*, where *Proserpine* gathering Flowers,
Herself a fairer Flower, by gloomy *Dis*
Was gather'd,—— might with this Paradise
Of *Eden* strive. Par. Lost, Book iv.

4 *Æacus* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Ægina*, and the Father of *Peleus* and *Telamon*. After his Death, he was appointed one of the Judges of the Infernal Bench, with *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*. The Sovereignty of the two latter extended over all *Asia*, and that of *Æacus* over all *Europe*: For the World was then divided only into two Parts. *Plato*, in his *Gorgias*, writes, 'that *Æacus* and *Rhadamanthus* gave Judgment in a Meadow, where two Roads ended, one of which led to *Tartarus*, and the other to the *Elysian* Fields; that *Rhadamanthus* judged the People of *Asia*, and *Æacus* the *Europeans*; and that whenever any Difficulty arose, which they could not decide, *Minos*, holding a golden Sceptre in his Hand, was appealed to as sovereign Judge and Umpire.' *Horace* therefore, as an *European*, here only mentions *Æacus*.

5 *Sappho* was born in the Isle of *Lesbos*, and lived, according to *Calvisius*, in the Year of the World 3341, about 607 Years before *Christ*. She was the Inventress of that kind of Verse, which (from her Name) is called the *Sapphic*. Mr. *Addison* gives the following Character of her Writings:

'Among the mutilated Poets of Antiquity, there is none whose Fragments are so beautiful as those of *Sappho*. They give us a Taste of her Way of Writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary Character we find of her, in the Remarks of those great Critics, who were conversant with her Works when they were entire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed Nature in all her Thoughts, without descending to those little Points, Conceits, and Turns of Wit, with which many of our modern Lyrics are so miserably infected. Her Soul seems to have been made up of

* Love and Poetry : She felt the Passion in all its Warmth, and described it in all its Symptoms. She is called by ancient Authors the tenth Muse ; and by *Plutarch* is compared to *Cacus* the Son of *Vulcan*, who breathed out nothing but Flame.' *Spectator*, Vol. iii. N^o. 223.

She writ Epigrams, Elegies, Iambics, Monodies, and nine Books of Lyric Verses : Of all which, only two short Odes are come down to us. Both these have been very beautifully translated into *English* by Mr. *Philips*. See the *Spectator*, Vol. iii. N^o. 223 and 229.

⁶ *Æolis fidibus*] The *Æolians* were a People of *Greece*. A little after the *Trojan War*, they sent a Colony into *Mysia*, which seized all the Shore of the *Ægean Sea* from *Cyzicus* to *Phocæa*, or even to *Smyrna*, which *Herodotus* adds to the eleven Cities possessed by the *Æolians* on the Continent. The *Æolians* had also five or six Cities in the Island *Lesbos*, and, in particular, *Mitylenè*, its Capital, the Birth-place of *Sappho*. For which Reason *Horace* says, *fidibus Æolis*, *Æolian Strings*, to signify *Lesbian* ; and *Ovid*, *Æolia Lyra*, for *Lesbia*, *Æolian Harp*, for *Lesbian*. *Strabo* remarks, that the *Æolic Dialect* was the same as the *Doric* ; and this appears clearly by the Fragments of *Sappho*, which being writ in pure *Doric*, That, without Doubt, was the ancient *Æolian Language*. DACIER.

⁷ See the 32d Ode of the first Book. *Horace* here joins *Alcæus* with *Sappho*, because they were both Lyric Poets, and lived at the same Time, and in the same Country. He makes him strike the Harp more boldly, *sonantem plenius*, because his Style was noble and strong, and his Subjects more sublime than those of *Sappho*, who says of him, in *Ovid*,

*Nec plus Alcæus, confors patriæque lyraque,
Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonat.*

Tho' great *Alcæus* more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder Rage the sounding Strings,
No less Renown attends the moving Lyre,
Which *Venus* tunes, and all her Loves inspire. POPE.

⁸ *Horace* here gives *Alcæus* the golden *Plectrum*, because he alludes to those Poems, in which he described the Civil Wars of *Mitylenè*, and the different Factions of the Tyrants *Pittacus*, *Myrsilus*,

Myrsilus, Megalagyrus, and some others. This Interpretation is confirmed by the following Passage of *Quintilian*, Book x. c. 1. *Alcæus in parte operis aureo plestro merito donatur, quâ Tyrannos insectatur*, &c. 'The golden Bow (*viz.* to strike the Harp) is deservedly given to *Alcæus*, for that Part of his Works, in which he inveighs against Tyrants. He is very useful for the Manners; his Style is concise, magnificent, and correct: He is generally like *Homer*; and, tho' he sometimes amused himself with Sports and Love, his Genius was fitter for the Sublime.'

⁹ *Alcæus*, with many others, was banished from *Lesbos*; but, at length, he put himself at the Head of the Exiles, and waged War with the Tyrants.

¹⁰ *Cerberus*, the Guardian Dog of Hell; who, properly speaking, had no more than three Heads: But, as his Back was bristled with numberless Snakes of all Kinds and Colours, *Horace* calls him *centiceps*, hundred-headed.

¹¹ There were three Furies, *Alecto*, *Tisiphone*, and *Megara*.

¹² See the Notes on the 3d Ode of the first Book.

¹³ *Tantalus* killed his own Son *Pelops*, and ordered him to be served up in Disguise to the Gods, whom he entertained at a Banquet, in order to prove their Divinity.

Lucretius, in his third Book, moralizes on the Punishment said to be inflicted on *Tantalus* in Hell.

*Atque ea nimirum, quæcunque Acheronte profundo
Proditæ sunt esse, in vitâ sunt omnia nobis.
Nec miser impendens magnum timet aëre saxum
Tantalus, ut fama' est, cassâ formidine torpens:
Sed magis in vitâ Divûm metus urget inanis
Mortales; casûmque timent, quemcunque ferat fors.*

For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,
Are verif'd on Earth, and not in Hell.
No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful Eye,
Or dreads th' impending Rock, to crush him from on high:
But Fear of Chance on Earth disturbs our easy Hours;
Or vain imagin'd Wrath of vain imagin'd Powers.

DRYDEN.

¹⁴ Orion was a great Hunter. The Ancients were of Opinion, that the Shades below had still the same Inclinations and Employments, as amused them in this Life. Thus *Virgil*;

*Quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos; eadem sequitur tellure repostos.* Æn. 6.

The Love of Horses, which they had, alive,
And Care of Chariots, after Death survive. DRYDEN.

A late ingenious Writer judges this to be the best Ode in *Horace*; which, he thinks, is owing to its being founded on a real Incident. *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, Vol. i. p. 254.*



* O D E XIV.

To POSTHUMUS.

I.

HOURS, Months, and Years, with gliding Pace,
O *Posthumus*! fly swift away;
Nor can, alas! your Piety
Th' Approach of wrinkled Age delay.

2.

For *Age* and unrelenting *Death*,
Advancing, close behind us steal;
Nor would three Hecatombs, each Day,
Appease the ruthless God of Hell.

3. For

3.

For all that breathe must pass the Flood,
By which ¹ *Geryon* is confin'd
With triple Form, and ² *Tityus* bold;
No less the King than lowly Hind.

4.

In vain we shun the foaming Rage
Of Seas, and *Mars's* crimson Plain;
In vain escape contagious Blasts,
Which gorge the Tomb in *Autumn's* Reign;

5.

³ *Cocytus'* Stream, with torpid Wave
Mæandring, we must all behold;
The Virgins doom'd to fruitless Toil,
The Stone by *Sisyphus* uproll'd.

6.

From Lands, and House, and pleasing Wife,
Cut off, your brittle Life shall end:
Of all your Trees, their fleeting Lord
None but the ⁴ *Cypress* shall attend!

7. Your

7.

Your worthier Heir shall burst the Vaults,
 And the fair Marble Pavement stain
 With richer Wine, than what regales,
⁵ At their proud Feasts, the *Salian* Train.

NOTES.

¹ *Geryon* was the Son of *Chrysaör* and of *Callirrhöe*. From the Waist upwards he had three Bodies of a Man joined together: For which Reason *Horace* calls him *ter anphum*, and *Virgil* *tergemihum*. What gave Rise to this Fiction, is, that *Geryon* was King of three Islands in the *Mediterranean* Sea bordering on *Catalonia*, viz. the two *Baleares* and *Ebusus*, now called *Majorca*, *Minorca*, and *Ivica*.

² *Tityus* was the Son of *Jupiter*. He was slain by *Apollo*, for attempting to ravish *Latona*. Vulturs feed on his Liver in Hell. His Punishment is described by *Virgil* in the 6th *Æneid*, v. 595. See also the 4th Ode of the third Book of *Horace*.

³ *Vifendus ater flumine languido*
Cocytus errans, et Danaï genus
*Infame, damnatusque * longi*
Sisyphus Æolides laboris.]

The literal Translation of this Passage runs thus: *We must view black Cocytus, wandering with his languid Stream, and the infamous Race of Danaüs, and Sisyphus the Son of Æolus, condemned to lasting Pains!*

Danaüs and *Ægyptus* were both the Sons of *Belus*, King of *Egypt*. *Danaüs* had fifty Daughters, and *Ægyptus* fifty Sons. The latter married the former. But it having been foretold to *Danaüs*, that he should be slain by one of his Sons-in-law, he bound his Daughters by an Oath to kill their Husbands on the Wedding Night. They all obeyed his Orders, except *Hyper-*

* *Scil. Penä.*

neſtra, who ſaved her Huſband *Lynceus*, or *Linus*. For this Reaſon *Horace*, in the 11th Ode of his third Book, calls her *ſplendide mendax*. *Danaüs* was afterwards ſlain by *Lynceus*. They were condemned in Hell to pour Water for ever into Veſſels full of Holes.

Tho' the fifty Daughters are commonly ſaid to be thus puniſhed, this is not ſtrictly true, ſince *Hypermeſtra* (as has been obſerved) ſpared her Huſband, and *Amymoné* had before been raviſhed by *Neptune*, and turned into a Fountain. *Danaüs* was King of *Argos*; and the *Grecians* were called from him *Danaï*.

Sifyphus diſcovered to *Æſopus*, that *Jupiter* raviſhed his Daughter *Ægina*: He was alſo a great Robber. He was ſlain by *Theſeus*, and condemned in Hell to heave a huge Stone to the Top of a Mountain, which immediately rolls down again. He was the Grandfather of *Ulyſſes*. DACIER.

Lucretius, in his third Book, draws an excellent Moral from all theſe Fables, after having ridiculed them in the literal Senſe with his uſual Spirit.

— *Tityos nobis hic eſt ; in amore jacentem
Quem volucres lacerant ; atque exeſt anxius angor ;
Aut aliâ quâvis ſcindunt cuppedine cura, &c.*

He's the true *Tityus*, who, by Love oppreſt,
Or tyrant Paſſion preying on his Breſt,
And ever-anxious Thoughts, is robb'd of Reſt.
The *Sifyphus* is he, whom Noiſe and Strife
Seduce from all the ſoft Retreats of Life,
To vex the Government, diſturb the Laws ;
Drunk with the Fumes of popular Applauſe,
He courts the giddy Crowd to make him great,
And toils in vain to mount the ſovereign Seat.
Then ſtill to treat thy ever-craving Mind
With every Bleſſing, and of every Kind,
Yet never fill thy ravening Appetite,
Tho' Years and Seasons vary thy Delight ;
This is the Fable's Moral, which they tell,
Of fifty fooliſh Virgins, damn'd in Hell
To leaky Veſſels, which the Liquor ſpill.

DRYDEN.

4 The *Romans* mixed *Cypreſs* with the Wood they uſed for Funeral Piles : For which Reaſon *Virgil* calls *Cypreſs* Trees *ſerales*,

rales, mournful, as *Horace* here does *invisas, hated*. They also hung out Branches of *Cypress* before the House of a Person deceased, to show that it was polluted. See *Festus*. DACIER.

5 *Horace* seems here to allude to the Entertainments made by the *Salii*, or *Salian* Priests, on solemn Festivals, when they received a new Member into their College, or walked in Procession with the sacred Targets or Bucklers; which were so exceedingly costly and magnificent, with all the Variety of Music, Garlands, Perfumes, &c. that they gave Occasion to the Proverb, *Cæna Saliarum*. Thus likewise, in the 37th Ode of the first Book, he uses the Phrase *dapes Saliarum*, to signify delicate Meats. See *Festus* on the *Salii*. * *Sanadon* reads *superbis cænis*, which is here followed.



* O D E XV.

Against the Luxury of the Times.

FROM Royal Palaces the Plough
 Few Acres will retain,
 While for the Vine-clad Elm we plant
 Th' unmarriageable Plane.
 Our Stew-ponds will the *Lucrine* Lake
 Exceed — Their vain Perfume
 Myrtles will breathe; and every Flower
 Unprofitably bloom

In

In Olive-yards ; a constant Source

Of Wealth to former Lords.

Scarce Entrance to the Noon-day Sun

The Laurel Grove affords.

'Twas not of old by ¹ *Romulus*,

Or unhorn *Cato*, thus ordain'd,

Or ancient Sages, who Renown

By wholesome Laws have gain'd.

Rich was the State ; ² its Rulers poor ;

No Subject dar'd to raise

A spacious Portico, to catch

The cooling *Northern* Breeze.

³ Their Clay-wrought Cots were portion'd out ;

At public Cost each Town

Was wall'd ; the Temples of the Gods

Were built with polish'd Stone.

J. D.

NOTES.

¹ In the Reign of *Romulus*, and at the Time of *Cato* the Cenfor, it was not lawful for a private Person to have Canals, Parterres, and Groves of Laurel. DACIER.

² *Privatus illis Censui erat brevis*] We have a remarkable Instance of the Abstinence and Frugality of the old *Romans* in *Quintus Cincinnatus*, who was called from following the Plough to

to be Consul. At parting from his Wife, he recommended his domestic Affairs to her, and said, "My dear *Racilia*, I doubt "our Fields will be poorly tilled this Year." After he had faithfully administered Justice for a Twelvemonth, in the Year of Rome 294, he returned to his little Farm in the Country. He was also chosen Dictator, when the Roman State was over-run by its Enemies; and was presented with the Ensigns of that high Office, as he was cultivating his Ground with his own Hands. In less than fifteen Days he relieved the Army of the Consul *Minucius*, which was in great Distress, routed the Enemy, and marched back again to Rome, where he had the Honour of a Triumph. The Senate pressed him to accept a large Share of the Spoils, and Part of the conquered Lands, with Cattle and Slaves; but he generously refused the Whole. This great Man preferred Poverty, which he justly looked upon as the Sanctuary of Freedom, to all the Riches that were offered him, rightly judging, that no Man can be so free and independent as he, who, expecting nothing from Others, lives on his own Patrimony, or by his own Diligence. Tho' he might have continued in Power for six Months, he resigned the Dictatorship, as soon as he had saved his Country.

Cato the Censor had only a little Farm in the Country of the *Sabines*.

The most eminent Men, in those Days, often did not leave enough for their Funerals; so that the Public were obliged to defray the Expence of them. D.

3 *Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem*

Leges sinebant, oppida publico

Sumptu jubentes, et Deorum

Templa novo decorare saxo.]

By *fortuitus cespes*, *Horace* here means the little House, or little Portion of conquered Land, which fell to every one's Share by Lot.

— *Oppida publico, &c.*

These Lines discover the chief Intent of this Ode. *Horace* commends the Laws of the old Romans, to reflect Praise, in an oblique Manner, on *Augustus*, who made so great Improvements in the Buildings of Rome, that, when he died, he justly boasted, he left the Romans a City built with Marble, which he had found built with Brick; *lateritiam invenit, marmoream*

moream reliquit. He not only repaired, or rebuilt, the Temples which had been decayed with Age, or consumed by Fire, but also raised several new ones, viz. one to *Mars*, the Avenger, another to *Apollo*, and a third to *Jupiter*, the Thunderer.

DACIER.

Sanadon is of Opinion, that *Dacier* refines too much in the foregoing Note: "For, says he, if he had really intended to praise *Augustus* here, he would certainly have expressed himself more clearly, and more at large, and would not have let slip so fair an Occasion of displaying all the Riches of Poëtry." But this learned Author seems not to have considered, that such oblique Praise, which every one would naturally apply, was, in Fact, more delicate, than if he had addressed himself to *Augustus* in the plainest Manner. A late elegant *Latin* Poet has given an Instance of this Kind in the following Lines:

Non, si contingant Vitam quæcunque beârint ;
Ingenii vis, eloquium, prudentia, mores,
Invidiâ sine partus honos, longo crêdine Nati,
Clari omnes, patriâ pariter Virtute suâque, &c.

The Author had no Occasion to name the Person he had here in View; for every one immediately applied these Verses as intended. D.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By a LADY.

WE now no longer can allow
Superfluous Acres to the Plough:

As we improve our Taste,
We turn them to fantastic Scenes,
Exotics all, and Ever-greens,
In various Order plac'd.

'Tis

'Tis now a Crime for Trees to bear :
 The Plumb, the Apple, and the Pear,
 Are rooted from the Ground :

While Myrtles *here* their Buds disclose ;
 And *there*, to cheer the ravish'd Nose,
 The Orange blooms around.

Behold our airy Palaces !
 Our *Palestrina* and *Farnese* !

How we in *Fresco* breathe !
 Who but would think the lofty Dome
 Had been convey'd entire from *Rome*,
 To *Wansted*, or *Blackbeath* ?

Strong solid Buildings, warm and plain,
 Our Ancestors could entertain,
 An hospitable Race !

More frugally magnificent,
 With Seats *Eliza* was content,
 Which shone with simple Grace.

Whenever Cost, or Art, *they* show'd,
 (Such as Antiquity bestow'd),
 'Twas to the Public given.

Then

Then let us imitate our Sires,
And finish the majestic * Spires,
Which slowly rise to Heaven!

1714.

* The new Churches then building.



* O D E XVI.

To GROSPHUS.

1.

THE Sailor, when the Tempest roars,
And Moon and Stars but faintly shine,
For EASE, with lifted Hands, implores
The gracious Powers divine.

2.

For EASE the *Medes* with Shafts are taught
To wound ; and *Thrace* in Fight is bold ;
But EASE, my ¹ *Grosphus* ! is not bought
With Purple, Gemms, or Gold.

O

3. Nor

3.

Nor Wealth, nor Liçtors' Rods, can quell
 The Mind's fierce Tumults, nor appease
 The hovering CARES which love to dwell
 In gilded Palaces.

4.

* Happy ! who, with his simple Cheer
 Content, seeks not from Home to stray ;
 Whose easy Slumbers *Hope* and *Fear*
 Can never chase away.

5.

Why should we crowd with various Schemes
 Our Span, and distant Regions try ?
 Who leaves his Country, vainly dreams
 He from himself can fly.

6.

The Warrior on his fiery Steed,
 Or brass-beak'd Ship, too sure will find,
 CARE can in Swiftnefs far exceed
 The Stag, or rapid Wind.

5

7. Thought

7.

Thought for the Morrow, Sons of Mirth
 Discard. Mischance with Smiles to meet,
 Will blunt its Sting : for Bliss on Earth
 Was never found complete.

8.

Fate snatch'd *Achilles* in his Prime ;
 With wasting Age *Titbonus* died ;
 And Heaven for Me may lengthen Time,
 To Thee, perhaps, deny'd.

9.

3 *Sicilian* Herds, a large Increase !
 Around thee low ; the Courser neighs
 To Thee ; the twice-dy'd purple Fleece
 Thy tender Limbs arrays.

10.

To Me, by Fate, a slender Vein
 Of Wit, with my small Farm allow'd,
 Has taught thy *Horace* to disdain
 The base detracting Crowd.

J. D.

O 2

NOTES.

J

NOTES.

The Design of this Ode is briefly to show, that Tranquillity, the Object of all Mens. Wishes, is not to be purchased by Wealth or Honours, but merely by restraining our Desires.

¹ This is probably the same *Pompeius Grosphus*, whom he recommends to *Iccius* in the 12th Epistle of his first Book.

² *Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum.*]

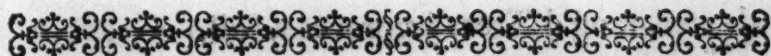
‘ That Man lives happy in his Poverty, who views without
Disgust the hereditary Salt-seller on his coarse Table.’

The Ancients considered Salt as something sacred. *Pythagoras* thought it an Emblem of Justice: On which Account he commanded, that the Salt-seller should be always served up at Table; and, if it had been forgot, the Table was profaned, and some Misfortune impending. It was also ominous, if it was left all Night on the Table, and not locked up. The *Romans* derived this Superstition from the *Greeks*. It still prevails among us. Some are almost out of their Wits, if they happen to spill any Salt. These idle Terrors are pleasantly ridiculed in one of the *Spectators*.

³ ———— *Siculaque circum
Mugiunt vacca; tibi tollit binnitum
apta quadrigis equa.*]

Grosphus had large Possessions in *Sicily*. We find a remarkable Passage in *Solinus*, relating to the Coursers of *Sicily*. ‘ The
Fields of *Agrigentum*, says he, are covered with the Sepulchres of Race Horses: This is an Honour paid to the Merit
of the Deceased.’ DACIER.





The SAME ODE Imitated.

To the Hon. JAMES YORKE.

FOR QUIET on *Newmarket* Plain,
The shivering Curate prays in vain,
When wintry Showers are falling,
And stumbling Steed and whistling Wind
Quite banish from his anxious Mind
The Duties of his Calling.

With Thoughts engross'd by Routs and Plays
The gallant Soph for QUIET prays,
Confuted and confuting ;
And QUIET is alike desir'd
Ev'n by the King's Professor, tir'd
With wrangling and disputing.

In crowded Senate, on the Chair
Of our Vice-Chancellor sits CARE,
Undaunted by the Mace :

CARE climbs the Yatch, when adverse Gales
Detain or tear our Patron's Sails,
And ruffles ev'n his Grace.

198 ODES of HORACE.

How blest is He, whose annual Toil
With well-rang'd Trees improves a Soil,
For Ages yet unborn !

Such as at humble *Barley*, plann'd
By mitred *Herring's* youthful Hand,
The cultur'd Plain adorn.

From Place to Place we still pursue
CONTENT, and hope in each to view
The visionary Guest.

Vainly we shun intruding CARE ;
Not all, like You, the Joys can share
Of *Wimple* and of *Wrest*.

Then let us snatch, while in our Power,
The present transitory Hour,
And leave to Heaven the Morrow ;
Youth has its Grievs ; a Friend may die,
Or Nymph deceive ; for none can fly
The Giant Hand of Sorrow.

His Country's Hope, and Parent's Pride,
In Bloom of Life young *Blandford* died :

His godlike Father's Eyes
Were dimm'd in Age by helpless Tears ;
And Heaven to Me may grant the Years,
Which it to You denies,

Your

Your rising Virtues soon will claim.

A Portion of your Brothers' Fame,

And catch congenial Fire:

THEY shine in Embassy and War;

THEY grace the Senate and the Bar,

And emulate their Sire.

Invested with the sacred Gown,

You soon, to rival their Renown,

The glorious Task shall join;

And while THEY guard *Britannia's* Laws,

You, steady to Religion's Cause,

Shall guard the Laws Divine.

1753.

J. D.



* O D E XVII.

To MÆCENAS,

On his Recovery from a Fit of Illness.

I.

WHY am I kill'd with your Complaint?

This, sure, no God will ever grant;

'Tis what your *Horace* cannot bear,

O 4

That

200 ODES of HORACE.

That *You*, on whom his Hopes rely,
 That *You*, his great Support, should die,
 And leave your Friend o'erwhelm'd th w deep Despair!

2.

My Soul's best Part once snatch'd away,
 How could her other wish to stay?
 To breathe alone, no Joy can give,
 When, of my dearer Half bereft,
 No longer I entire am left,
 And, dragging anxious Life, myself outlive,

3.

I swear (and 'tis no idle Oath),
 The self-same Day shall take us both;
 Yes, yes, ² together we will go;
 Or, if you should begin the Race,
 I'll follow you with nimble Pace,
 And join you, ere you reach the Realms below.

4.

In vain *Chimæra*'s flaming Breath
 Would bar my vow'd Pursuit of *Death*,
 Deny'd my Friend on Earth to see:
Gyas, tho' rais'd to Life again,
 Would arm his hundred Hands in vain:
 So *Justice* and the steady *Fates* decree!

5. What-

5.

Whatever Star, with ruling Power,
 Presided at *my* natal Hour ;
 If *Libra*, or dread *Scorpio's* Sign,
 Or *Capricorn* with stormy Rays,
 (The Tyrant of th' *Hesperian* Seas),
 Prevail'd ; *your* Star was strangely mix'd with *mine*.

6.

From *Saturn's* baleful Influence
Jove's milder Beams were *your* Defence,
 And clogg'd the Wings of hasty *Death*,
 When thrice, with loud applauding Noise,
 The Theatre proclaim'd its Joys,
 And blest the Gods for your protracted Breath.

7.

My Head had felt the falling Oak,
 But *Faunus* turn'd aside the Stroke,
 * Of *Hermes' Sons* the Guardian God.
 Then pay *your* promis'd † Sacrifice,
 And let the votive Temple rise ;
 For *Me*, an humble Lamb shall yield her Blood.

NOTES.

† The Disorder, which gave Occasion to the Complaints
Mænas made to *Horace*, was (as *Sanadon* observes) a conti-
 nual

mual Fever, which wasted him, by little and little, for above sixty Years. *Quibusdam*, says *Pliny*, *perpetua febris est, ut Cilio Mecenati*. This Ode was writ after the Year of *Rome* 734, in which that Accident happened to *Horace*, which he speaks of in the 13th Ode of this Book.

² *Sanadon* has proved, in his Life of *Horace*, prefixed to his Translation, that he died before *Mecenas*.

3 ——— *Seu tyrannus*

Hesperia Capricornus unda.]

Capricorn is the tenth Sign of the Zodiac. In the Division which the Ancients made of the Earth, in order to assign the different Parts of it to different Signs or Constellations, they allotted to *Capricorn* all the West, which *Horace* here intends by the Word *Hesperia*. Thus *Manilius*, in his 3d Book,

Tu, Capricorne, regis quidquid sub sole cadente;
and *Propertius*, in the first Elegy of his 4th Book,

Lotus & Hesperia quid Capricornus aqua?

Horace calls *Capricorn* the Tyrant of the *Hesperian* Waves, because he excites Tempests in them, as *Servius* has remarked on the first Book of the *Georgics*; *Saturnus in Capricorno facit gravissimas pluvias, præcipue in Italia: Unde Horatius ait, Seu tyrannus, &c.*

4 ——— *Mercurialium*

Custos virorum]

That is to say, of *learned Men*; because *Mercury* was the Father of Letters and of Eloquence. *Horace* says, that *Faunus* is the Protector of Poets for several Reasons;

1. *Faunus* is a rural God: Thus *Virgil* calls him *Sylvicola*: And Poets naturally love the Forests, the Fields, the Nymphs, and Satyrs; as *Horace* himself says in the first Ode of his first Book.

2. *Faunus* belongs to the Court of *Bacchus*, who is also the God of Poets.

3. There was a great Resemblance, or Affinity, between *Faunus* (who is the same as *Pan*) and *Sylvanus*, and between *Mercury* and *Bacchus*: For they had all three the same Temple, as appears by the ancient Marbles and Inscriptions. It has even

even been thought, that *Sylvanus*, or *Faunus*, and *Mercury*, were but one and the same God, and, in *fact*, no other than *Bacchus*. DACIER.

5 The Word *victim* is properly applied to all the large horned Beasts, and *hostia* to all the small ones, as Lambs, Sheep, and Goats, &c. *Horace* says, that *Mæneas* ought to offer up *Victims*, because he was protected by *Jupiter*; and that, as for himself, he will sacrifice a *Lamb*, the most agreeable Offering to *Faunus*; as he says in the 4th Ode of the first Book:

Seu pascat agnâ, sive malit hædo.

This is the only Reason, which obliged *Horace* thus to distinguish the two Sacrifices, without alluding here to his own Poverty, and to the Riches and Grandeur of *Mæneas*. DACIER.



* O D E XVIII.

I.

Beneath my humble Roof, no Gold,
Nor ¹ Ivory Cornice shines;
Nor ² Columns Citron Beams uphold,
Brought from th' *Hymettian* Mines.

2.

I never, by a spurious Plea,
Dethron'd the ³ lawful Heir;
Nor noble Dames weave Robes, for Me,
In purple Pomp, to wear.

3. But

3.

But Truth I boast, a liberal Vein

Of Wit; tho' small my Store:

Nor do the Wealthy Me disdain:

I ask of Heaven no more;

4.

Nor of *Mæcenæ* aught require,

Of all I wish possessest;

My *Villa* fills its Lord's Desire,

And makes him truly blest.

5.

Days are by fleeting Days pursu'd;

The Moons increase and wane;

While Marble Blocks by You are hew'd,

Tho' *Death* is in your Train:

6.

You stately Domes prepare to raise,

Unmindful of your Tomb;

And the hoarse *Bæian* Billows chase,

To give you ampler Room.

7. What

7.

What tho' You daily stretch your Bounds,
 Despising Wrong and Right!
 What tho' You seize your Neighbour's Grounds,
 Rejoicing in your Might;

8.

And view him (seeking new Abodes,
 An Exile from his Home,
 His Bosom fill'd with Household Gods)
 With Wife and ⁶ Children roam!

9.

Yet the rich Lord no Seat attends
 More sure than ⁷ Pluto's Hall;
 Thither each Man in Turn descends,
 As well the Great as Small.

10.

Why haste you then to heap a Store
 Of unavailing Wealth?
 Hell's Captives can return no more
 By Violence or Stealth.

11. ⁸ Cha-

I. I.

8 *Charon, Prometheus ne'er for Gold*

Bore from his dark Domains ;

He *Tantalus* in *Stygian* Hold,

And all his 9 Race, detains :

I 2.

But still attends the Wretch's Prayer,

Opprest with Toil and Woes ;

Invok'd or not, he soothes his Care,

And endless Rest bestows.

J. D.

NOTES.

This is a solemn moral Ode, levelled against the prevailing Vices of the noble *Romans*, *AVARICE* and *LUXURY*. If the Reader would see this Subject more fully displayed, let him peruse the admirable History of *Sallust*, where he will find a surprising Conformity between the Manners of those Times and our own.

* The Ancients made use of *Ivory* not only to case the Cornices and Beams, but even to cover the Walls and Floors of their Chambers ; and employed Silver and Gold on the Cielings. Thus *Lucan*, in his Description of *Cleopatra's* Palace, Book x.

*Laqueataque tecta ferebant
Divitias, crassumque trabes absconderat aurum.*

Rich was the fretted Roof, and cover'd o'er
With pond'rous Gold.

HUGHES.

2 Non

² *Non trabes Hymettia
Premunt columnas, ultimâ recisas
Africa.*]

The learned *Thomas Gale* has proposed, by Conjecture, that this Passage should run thus:

*Non trabes Hymettias
Premunt columnas, ultimâ recisæ
Africa* —————

The literal Translation of which is, *No Beams (viz. of Citron Wood), brought from the farthest Parts of Africa, are laid on Columns of Hymettian Marble.* This Reading is adopted by *Bentley*, *Cunningham*, and *Sanadon*.

³ ————— *Neque Attali*

Ignotus hæres regiam occupavi.]

Aristonicus, a natural Son of *Eumenes*, usurped the Kingdom of *Pergamus*, after the Death of the second *Attalus*, the Son and Heir of the said *Eumenes*; but was at length subdued by the *Romans*, and carried in Triumph to *Rome*.

⁴ *Satis beatus unicus Sabinis.*] *Horace* had a House and Farm in *Sabinia*. He gives an admirable Description of the Climate, and its Situation, in the 16th Epistle of the first Book.

⁵ *Baïæ* was a City of *Campania*, so called from *Baïus*, a Friend of *Ulysses*, who was buried there: It was situated between *Puteoli* and *Cuma*, in that Bay which is now called the *Gulph of Pozzuolo*, or *Naples*. It was distinguished by its excellent warm Baths, the serene Temper of the Air, and its magnificent Palaces. The noble *Romans* took a Pride to encroach upon the Sea, erecting stately Houses of Pleasure on the Strand. See the Notes on the first Ode of the third Book.

Mr. Addison gives the following Account of the Country about *Baïæ*, as it appears at present:

‘ About five Miles from the Grotto of *Pausilypo* lie the Remains of *Puteoli* and *Baïæ*, in a soft Air, and a delicious Situation.

‘ The Country about them, by Reason of its vast Caverns and subterraneous Fires, has been miserably torn in Pieces by Earthquakes, so that the whole Face of it is quite changed from what it was formerly. The Sea has overwhelmed a Multitude of Palaces, that may be seen at the Bottom of the Water in a calm Day.

‘ Several

‘ Several Fields, that were laid out in beautiful Groves and Gardens, are now naked Plains, smoking with Sulphur, or encumbered with Hills, which have been thrown up by Eruptions of Fire.

‘ The Works of Art lie in no less Disorder than those of Nature; for that which was once the most charming Spot of Italy, covered with Temples and Palaces, adorned by the greatest Citizens of the Roman Commonwealth, embellished by many of the Roman Emperors, and celebrated by the best of their Poets, has now nothing to show but the Ruins of its ancient Splendor, and a great Magnificence in Confusion.’

Remarks on several Parts of Italy, p. 220, 221. 8vo Edit.

The same Author farther observes, ‘ that *Baia* was the Winter Retreat of the old Romans, that being the proper Season to enjoy the *Baiani soles*, and the *mollis Lucrinus*; as, on the contrary, *Tibur, Tusculum, Præneste, Alba, Cajeta, Mons Cetheus, Anxur*, and the like airy Mountains and Promontories, were their Retirements during the Heats of Summer.’

Ibid. p. 228.

6 ——— *Sordidosque natos.*] That is, says *Dacier*, *sordidis vestibus indutos*, arrayed in sordid Clothes; which Expression the Poet uses, to paint in stronger Colours the Avarice of the Patron, who strips his Clients of every thing but their old Clothes and Household Gods.

7 ——— *Fine destinata.*] Four Manuscripts for *fine read sede*: It is also thus cited by *Servius*. This Reading is admitted into the Text by *Bentley, Cuningham, and Sanadon*.

8 ——— *Nec satelles Orci.*] *Charon* was the Ferryman of Hell: He is thus described by *Virgil, Æneid. vi.*

————— *Cui plurima mento*
Canities inculta jacet; stant lumina flammâ;
Sordidus ex humeris nodo dependet amictus.
Ipse ratem conto subigit, velisque ministrat,
Et ferrugineâ subvectat corpora cymbâ,
Jam senior; sed cruda Deo viridisque senectus.

Neglected lies his long white Beard; like Fire
 His Eye-balls glow; down from his Shoulders hang
 His fordid Garment, fasten'd by a Knot.
 He with a Pole himself the Bark impells,

And

And manages the Sails ; and, in his Boat
Of Iron Colour, ferries o'er the Ghosts :
Aged the God ; yet vigorous in his Age,
And green. STRAHAN.

9 *Pelops, Thyestes, Atreus, Agamemnon, &c.*



* O D E XIX.

A HYMN to BACCHUS.

I.

IN Transport borne away, these Eyes
 ¹ (Believe it, Ages hence to rise !)
Beheld, in a sequester'd Wood,
Bacchus rehearse his Song : Around
The Nymphs in Chorus caught the Sound ;
With Ears erect the Satyrs list'ning stood !

2.

² *Evæ* ! Fear shakes my troubled Soul,
And rising Joys alternate roll,
Full of th' o'erwhelming mighty God !
Evæ ! O spare me — *Bacchus*, spare
My trembling shatter'd Frame to tear ;
Nor brandish thus thy dreadful ³ Ivy Rod !

P

3. 4 O

3.

⁴ O teach me to rehearse the Praise
Of thy adoring ⁵ Votaries,

Fierce, and disdainful of the Yoke ;
Teach me, in worthy Lays, to sing
⁶ Thy Streams of Wine, thy milky Spring,
And Honey dropping from the hollow Oak :

4.

To sing thy Confort's honour'd Hair
⁷ Transform'd into a glorious Star ;
And in my Lines the regal Tower
Of ⁸ *Pentheus*, batter'd down, to trace ;
⁹ *Lycurgus* too, the Scourge of *Thrace*,
A dreadful Victim to thy vengeful Power !

5.

Indus and *Ganges* own thy Sway ;
Thy Lore the ¹⁰ barbarous Seas obey :
Thou lead'st o'er Mountains, flush'd with Wine,
O'er desert Plains, thro' Woods and Brakes,
The *Thracian* Dames, while ¹¹ lambent Snakes
Round their wild Tresses innocently twine !

6.

¹² When the bold Giants climb'd on high,
Impious, to storm ¹³ thy Father's Sky,

The mighty *Rhætus*, quell'd by Thee,
 (Into a Lion's Shape transform'd,
¹⁴ And with a Lion's Talons arm'd,)
 Retreating, curs'd his mad Temerity.

7.

Tho' more renown'd for soft Delight,
 For Dance and Sport; unfit for Fight
 Thou once wert thought; from lazy Ease
 Awaken'd, thou to Battle rose,
 And trampled down thy vaunting Foes;
 Alike the Arbiter of War and Peace.

8.

When, with thy ¹⁵ Horn of Gold adorn'd,
 From ¹⁶ Hell's dark Caverns Thou return'd,
 E'en *Cerberus*, with triple Tongue,
 Thy Deity was seen to greet:
 Harmless he lick'd thy Legs and Feet,
 And wagg'd his Tail, as *Bacchus* pass'd along!

NOTES.

This Ode is full of that Enthusiasm felt only by great Poets.
 It was made for the Feast of *Bacchus*.

¹ ——— *Credite, posteri.*] *Horace* seems here artfully to tax
 the Credulity of Mankind, who are always ready to believe
 Prodigies, which are said to have happen'd a great while ago.

² *Evoë* was the Exclamation used by the *Bacchanals* in their frantic Processions. Hence *Bacchus* was called *Evius* and *Evan*.

³ ——— *Gravi metuende Thyrsos.*] The *Thyrsus* was a Javelin, with Vine-leaves and Ivy wreathed round it, by which the Point was covered and concealed.

⁴ *Fas pervicaces est mihi.*] Dr. Bentley reads, *Fas sit*; which is followed by the Translator, as more agreeable to the Drift of the Ode than the common Reading.

⁵ *Thyadas*] They were the Priestesses of *Bacchus*. The Word is derived from *θύω*, which signifies both to *sacrifice*, and to run about in a wild and frantic manner.

⁶ *Vinique fontem*] *Horace* here alludes to the Miracles said to have been wrought by *Bacchus* and his Followers, thus described by *Euripides*: ‘One of the *Bacchanals*, taking up her Rod, struck it against a Rock, from which immediately issued a Spring of Water: Another cast her Rod against the Ground, and it produced a Fountain of Wine. As many as desired white Liquor, digging the Earth with their Fingers, had Streams of Milk: And from their Ivy Rods sweet Honey distilled.’ See the *Bacchanals* of *Euripides*, Act iii.

⁷ *Theseus* having left *Ariadne* in *Dian*, or *Naxos*, one of the *Cyclades*, *Bacchus* relieved and espoused her; and turned her Crown into a Constellation, which is placed in Heaven between *Hercules* and the *Dragon*. See *Ovid’s Metamorphoses*, Book viii. v. 176.

*Deserta, et multa querenti,
Amplexus et opem Liber tulit, &c.*

⁸ *Pentheus*, King of *Thebes*, was the Son-in-law of *Cadmus*. Refusing to own the Divinity of *Bacchus*, the God caused him to be torn in Pieces by his own Mother *Agavé*, and by his Aunts *Ino* and *Autonoë*, who, in a frantic Fit, took him for a wild Boar. See the third Book of *Apollodorus*, and the Conclusion of the third Book of *Ovid’s Metamorphoses*. *Æschylus* had writ a Tragedy on this Subject, intitled, *Pentheus*, which is lost; but it is treated of in the *Bacchanals* of *Euripides*, still extant.

DACIER.

9 The

9 *Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.*] The *Lycurgus* here referred to was a King of *Thrace*, who, to prevent the fatal Consequences of Drunkenness, commanded the Vineyards to be cut down, and forbad his Subjects the Use of Wine. From whence it was feigned, that *Bacchus*, in Revenge, struck him with Lunacy, and made him cut off his own Legs with a Pruning-hook.

HYGINUS and PLUTARCH.

10 — *Tu mare barbarum*] By this is to be understood the *Æthiopic*, or *Red Sea*. DACIER.

11 *Nodo coerces viperino.*] The Priests and Votaries of *Bacchus* were crowned with Serpents, when they celebrated the *Bacchanalia*; and the Symbol of those Feasts was a Serpent.

12 According to the Ancients, when the Giants waged War against the Gods, they were defeated by *Bacchus* and *Hercules*: And thus *Horace*, in the 12th Ode of this Book, says,

— *Domitosque Herculeâ manu*
Telluris juvenes. —

13 *Bacchus* was the Son of *Jupiter* by *Semelê*.

14 — *Leonis* ↓
Unguibus, horribilique malâ.]

Dr. Bentley reads here, *horribilisque malâ*; which is followed in the Translation, as more poetical, and somewhat clearer, than the common Reading. He also reads *Rhætus* for *Rhæcus*.

15 — *Aureo*
Cornu decorum.]

Bacchus is said to have been described with Horns, because Men are apt, when drunk, to be petulant, and to strike all they meet with.

16 *Bacchus* descended into Hell, to fetch back *Ariadne*, or (as *Apollodorus* writes) his Mother.

The Editor *In Usum Delphini*, and Mr. *Dacier*, have taken great Pains to show the Resemblance between *Noah*, *Moses*, and *Jeshua*, and *Bacchus*. They pretend that the Deeds ascribed to the latter were taken from the Scriptures; which they have also attempted to prove at large. But as their Arguments (tho' plausible) seem to the Translator rather specious than just, he must refer the Reader to those Critics themselves.



* ODE XX.

To MÆCENAS.

ME¹ shall no feeble Pinion bear
 Amid' the boundless Tracts of Air;
 A Bard transform'd! --- I now from Earth
 Shall soar ² unenvy'd --- Tho' my Birth

Be mean, Your Love will from the Grave
 Redeem me! --- Nor the *Stygian* Wave,
 Which rolls around the dreary Plain,
 Shall Him, whom You call *Friend*, detain.

Now, now, my Legs and Thighs begin
 To wear a black and rougher Skin:
 See! from my Shoulders shoot forth Wings,
 And on my Breast white Plumage springs:

And now, than *Icarus* more bold,
 A tuneful ³ Swan! I shall behold
⁴ Loud *Bosphorus*, ⁵ *Gætulian* Sands,
 And snow-clad *Hyperborean* Lands.

My

My Fame shall quiver'd ⁶ *Parthians* hear,
 Who fly with false dissembled Fear :
 To ⁷ letter'd *Spain* I shall be known,
⁸ *Gelons*, and those that drink the ⁹ *Rhone*.
¹⁰ Forbear then, o'er my empty Urn,
 With unbecoming Grief to mourn :
 The Dirge, and ¹¹ Funeral Honours, spare ;
 Nor shed for Me the needless Tear.

J. D.

NOTES.

The Critics have puzzled themselves, to very little Purpose, about the Meaning of the foregoing Ode, as the Reader may see, by consulting *Dacier* and *Bentley*.

The true Sense of it seems, in short, to be no more than this :
 ' *Horace* tells *Mæcenas*, that tho' he was descended from obscure Parents, yet, since *Mæcenas* had honoured him with his Friendship, and treated him with so much Tenderness and Affection, he was above Envy, and secure of Immortality.'

So that the whole Turn of the Ode depends upon the right Interpretation of the Word *dilecte*. It is at least certain, that this Construction is perfectly agreeable to the known Sentiments of *Horace*, in his 6th Satire, Book i. where he addresses himself to *Mæcenas* in these Words :

Ut veni coràm, singultim pauca loquutus, .
(Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari,)
Non ego me clarò natum patre, non ego circum
Me saturejano veltari rura caballo,
Sed, quod eram, narro. Respondes, ut tuus est mos,
Pauca, ————— jubesque
Esse in amicorum numero. Magnum hoc ego duco,
Quod placui tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum,
Non patre præclaro, sed vitâ et pectore puro.

Now, taking it in this Light, instead of a vain Encomium on himself, it appears to be an elegant Compliment to *Mænas*; And the *non usitatâ pennâ* in the *first* Stanza, the *jam jam* in the *third*, and the *jam* in the *fourth*, all confirm this Sense. It is indeed so plainly the Design of the Ode, that, when it has once been pointed out, we are ready to wonder (as the *Spaniards* did at *Columbus's* breaking the End of the Egg, and making it stand upright) how any one could miss it: And yet I do not remember any Commentator, who has placed it in this Light. D.

¹ *Dacier*, in his Notes, is very large in justifying the Liberty taken by the ancient Poets, to extoll their own Works, and promise themselves a reversionary Immortality. I will only translate that Part of his Argument, which seems the most plausible.

‘ All who write, says he, ought to have a noble Pride, and to believe themselves capable of great Things. It is a Precept of *Longinus*, who says expressly, in his twelfth Chapter, “ that a Writer should consider what Judgment Posterity will form of his Works; and that, if he is so diffident, as to think himself incapable of writing any thing that will survive his own Life, the Conceptions of his Mind must consequently be weak, feeble, abortive, and never descend to Posterity.” We see by this, that, in order to produce the Great and the Sublime, it is absolutely necessary to think ourselves capable of it. But what, when we have produced it? Are there any Rules, which can restrain us from foreseeing and foretelling the Effects of this Sublime in the Minds of Posterity, since we ought, as it were, to have thought ourselves assured of their Suffrages, even before we sat down to write? I should injure *Horace*, if I should spend more Time in vindicating him for having writ this, and the last Ode of the third Book. They are such finished Pieces, that we ought rather ingenuously to own, that we have not Wit and Understanding enough to discern all their Beauties. None but *Horace* had the Address so happily to change himself into a Swan.’

² *Plutarch*, in his Discourse on *Envy* and *Hatred*, says, ‘ That as the Sun in the Meridian either casts no Shadow, or a very small one, so the highest Degree of Excellence suppresses *Envy*, being, as it were, above its Head.’

3 The Swan was sacred to *Apollo*; and the Ancients ascribed to it an harmonious Voice, and the Power to perceive and foresee future Events. This gave Occasion to *Plato* to explain, in an agreeable Manner, what is said of Swans, that they sing more melodiously than ordinary on the Day, in which they are to die: For he introduces *Socrates* saying, that these Birds, prefiging the Happiness they are about to possess in a future State, are filled with ecstatic Joy, which makes them sing so sweetly. It is also on Account of these two supposed Qualities, that *Poets* are compared to *Swans*: Thus *Pythagoras* taught, that the Souls of Poets sometimes animate Swans, and the Souls of Swans, Poets. From hence, in the tenth Book of *Plato's Commonwealth*, a Prophet says, that he saw a Swan which was inspired with the Soul of *Orpheus*. DACIER.

4 *Gementis littora Bosphori.*] The *Bosphorus* was twofold, viz. the *Thracian*, between the *Euxine* or *Black Sea*, and the *Propontis*, which divides *Thrace* from *Asia Minor*, and is but four Furlongs broad; and the *Cimmerian Bosphorus*, between the *Palus Maotis* (now called the Sea of *Asoph*) and the *Euxine Sea*.

Horace gives it the Epithet *groaning*, because the Waters, being pent up in those narrow Straits, chafe and beat against the Shores with a lamentable Sound. Hence also, in the 4th Ode of the third Book, he calls it *insanientem Bosphorum*, the raving *Bosphorus*.

5 *Syrtesque Gætulas.*] *Gætulia* was a Region of interior *Libya*, which abounded with Lions, and other wild Beasts: Hence *Gætulusve leo*, Book i. Ode 23. It is now called *Biledulgerid*.

6 *Dacus.*] *Dacier* and *Sanadon* are of Opinion, that by *Dacus*, *Horace* means the *Parthians*.

7 — *Me peritus*
Disce Iber.]

Horace calls the *Iberians*, or *Spaniards*, *learned*, because, in the Reign of *Augustus*, they applied themselves diligently to the Study of polite Learning.

8 — *Et ultimi noscent Geloni.*] The *Geloni* were a People of *European Scythia*, near the River *Borysthenes*, so called from *Gelonus*, the Son of *Hercules*.

9 *Rho-*

⁹ *Rhodanique potor*] He seems hereby chiefly to design the Inhabitants of *Lugdunum*, now *Lyons*. The *Rhone* is the noblest River in *France*. It rises in the very Heart of the *Alps*, and, after having watered *Switzerland*, it passes thro' the *Leman Lake*, with great Rapidity, by *Geneva*. It divides *France* from *Savoy*. At *Lyons* it receives the River *Arar* (now the *Saon*), and the River *Isere* a little above *Vallence*; and flows between the *Cevennes* and *Dauphiny* to *Avignon*; near which City, being increased with the River *Durance*, it passes to *Arles*, and falls into the *Mediterranean Sea* in five Streams.

There is something so very remarkable in the Channel of this River, that Mr. *Addison* seems to think it was formed by the immediate Hand of Providence. See his *Remarks on several Parts of Italy*, p. 469. Octavo Edition, 1705.

¹⁰ *Horace* here happily imitates the Epitaph, which *Ennius* made for himself:

*Nemo me lachrymis decoret; nec funera fletu
Faxit. Cur? Volito vivu' per ora virum.*

¹¹ This is perfectly agreeable to *Mecenas*'s own Sentiments, from whom the following Sentence is quoted by *Seneca*, Epistle 92.

Nec tumulum curo; sepelit Natura relictos.

The Inconvenience of these funeral Ceremonies is manifest from the Disturbance they make, the Interruption they give to Business, and the unnecessary Expence which they occasion to the Living.



*A Letter from Mr. HUGHES to Lord Chancellor
COWPER.*

MY LORD,

I Should be out of Countenance in sending the inclosed Trifle, which, by the Date, ought to have waited on your Lordship much sooner, if I did
did

did not acquaint your Lordship with the Reason of it. It might suffice to say, that as your Favours are always new and present to me, I can never think it unseasonable to acknowledge them in any Way I have not done before. The Truth is, that this little Paper (tho' dated as the Subject required) was not writ till a few Weeks ago, and that by the Accident of having *Horace* for my Companion in a sick Chamber; and fancying I had discovered a new Sense of one of his Odes, unknown, as I perceive since, to his Commentators, and for which I have found your Lordship's great Indulgence and Partiality to Me the best Exposition.

Perhaps we never read with that Attention, as when we think we have found something applicable to ourselves. I am now grown fond enough of this Sense to believe it the true one, and have drawn two or three learned Friends (to whom I have mentioned it) into my Opinion. The Ode, your Lordship will see, is that, in which *Horace* feigns himself turned into a Swan. It passes (for aught I know, universally) for a Compliment on himself, and a mere enthusiastic Rant of the Poet in his own Praise, like his *Exegi monumentum*, &c. I confess I had often slightly read it in that View, and have found every one I have lately asked, deceived

ceived by the same Opinion ; which, I cannot but think, spoils the Ode, and sinks it to nothing : I had almost said, turns the SWAN into a GOOSE. The Grammarians (not excepting the mighty *Bentley*) have fallen into this Mistake, by wholly overlooking the Reason of his Rapture (its being addressed to *Mæcenas*), and have prefaced it with this, and the like general Inscriptions ---- *Vaticinatur carminum suorum immortalitatem, &c.*—which, I think, is not the Subject. I am very happy in the Occasion which shewed it to me in a quite different Sense from what I had ever apprehended, till I had the Honour to be known to your Lordship : I am sure, a much more advantageous one to the Poet, as well as more just to his great Patron. If I have exceeded the Liberty of an Imitator, in pursuing the same Hint farther, to make it less doubtful, yet his Favourers will forgive me, when I own I have not, on this Occasion, so much thought of emulating his Poetry, as of rivalling his Pride, by the Ambition of being known as,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

ODE

O D E,

To the Right Honourable the Lord Chancellor

COWPER.

I.

I'M rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er!
 Prepar'd, a tow'ring Swan, to soar
 Aloft: See, see the Down arise,
 And cloath my Back, and plume my Thighs!
 My Wings shoot forth; now will I try
 New Tracts, and boldly mount the Sky;
 Nor Envy, nor Ill-fortune's Spite,
 Shall stop my Course, or damp my Flight.

2.

Shall I, obscure, or disesteem'd,
 Of vulgar Rank henceforth be deem'd?
 Or vainly toil my Name to save
 From dark Oblivion, and the Grave?
 No — He can never wholly die,
 Secure of Immortality,
 Whom *Britain's* COWPER condescends
 To own, and numbers with his Friends.

3. 'Tis

3.

'Tis done ---- I scorn mean Honours now ;
 No common Wreaths shall bind my Brow.
 Whether the Muse vouchsafe t' inspire
 My Breast with her celestial Fire ;
 Whether my Verse be fill'd with Flame,
 Or I deserve a Poet's Name,
 Let Fame be silent ; only tell,
 That generous COWPER loves me well.

4.

Thro' *Britain's* Realms I shall be known
 By COWPER'S Merit, not my own.
 And when the Tomb my Dust shall hide,
 Stripp'd of a Mortal's little Pride,
 Vain Pomp be spar'd, and every Tear :
 Let but some Stone this Sculpture bear ;
 " Here lies his Clay, to Earth consign'd,
 " To whom great COWPER once was kind."

1717.



The

The following Imitation being omitted in its proper Place, our Readers, we are sure, will excuse our adding it here.

ODE XIV. Imitated.

By JOHN, Earl of CORKE.

1.

HOW swift, alas! the rolling Years
 Hasten to devour their destin'd Prey!
 A Moth each winged Moment bears,
 Which still in vain the Stationers
 From the dead Authors sweep away;
 And Troops of Canker-worms, with secret Pride,
 Thro' gay Vermillion Leaves and gilded Covers glide.

2.

Great *Bavius*, should thy Critic Vein
 Each Day supply the teeming Press,
 Should'st thou of Ink whole Rivers drain,
 Not one *Ostavo* shall remain,
 To show thy Learning and Address:

Oblivion

Oblivion drags them to her silent Cell,
Where brave King *Arthur* and his Nobles dwell.

3.

Authors of every Size and Name;

Knights, 'Squires, and Doctors of all Colours,
From the Pursuit of lasting Fame
Retiring, there a Mansion claim :

Behold the Fate of modern Scholars !
Why will you then, with Hope delusive led,
For various Readings toil, which never will be read ?

4.

With Silver Clasp and Corner-Plate,

You fortify the favourite Book :

Fear not from Worms or Time your Fate !

More cruel Foes your Works await :

The Butler, with th' impatient Cook,
And Pastry-Nymphs, with Trunkmakers, combine
To ease the groaning Shelves, and spoil the fair De-
sign.

The END of the SECOND BOOK.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODES
OF
HORACE.

THE RIVER GREEN D.D.
THE
THIRD BOOK

OF THE

OLD FES

OF

HORACE

T O
The Rev. JOHN GREEN, D.D.

Master of *Corpus Christi* College, Cambridge,

A N D

Dean of *Lincoln*,

This T H I R D B O O K
O F T H E
O D E S o f H O R A C E

Is Inscribed

B Y

His most obedient,

and humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

Q²

TO

The Rev. John Green, D.D.

Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge

AND

The Dean of Lincoln

THE THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ORDER OF BORN

Is intended



the work of the

and family system

The Editor



THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODES of HORACE.

PROLOGUE.

I HATE the Vulgar, a licentious Throng!
Be still : To ¹ Maids and Youths my Lays
belong :

The ² Muses' Priest with due Attention own,
Who sings in ³ Strains to *Roman* Ears unknown !

* ODE I.

*Inscribed to JOHN DUNCOMBE, Esq; of Stocks,
in the County of Hertford, the Translator's Brother.*

KINGS rule their ⁴ Flocks with awful Sway ;
Yet Kings themselves must *Jove* obey :

230 ODES of HORACE.

The Spoils of ⁵ conquer'd Giants crown the God,
And all Things ⁶ tremble at his sovereign Nod !

Th' Ambitious try, by various Arts,
To bribe, and win the People's Hearts :

One Candidate his large Possessions grace ;
Another sues, distinguish'd by his Race :

On Fame and Morals *this* relies ;

That, throng'd with Clients, claims the Prize :
But *Death* shall level All ; for each Man's Name
Is rolling in the Urn's capacious Frame.

The Wretch who views, with conscious Dread,
A Sword hang threat'ning o'er his Head,
Starves, tho' ⁷ *Sicilian* Banquets crown the Board,
Nor softest Strains can balmy Sleep afford ;

Yet will not balmy ⁸ *Sleep* disdain

The Cottage of the humble Swain ;
Nor the cool Grove ; nor *Tempe's* happy Vales,
Still gently fann'd by *Zephyr's* genial Gales.

He, who can curb his wild Desires,
Nor more, than Nature asks, requires,
Beholds ⁹ *Arcturus* set, devoid of Fear,
Nor trembles when the stormy ¹⁰ *Goats* appear ;
Repines not, when his Vines with Hail
Are struck, or blighted Harvests fail ;

Or that his drooping Orchards now complain
Of Summer's Heat, and now of Winter's Rain.

Not so the Man, by high-rai'd Moles

" Confining ev'n the finny Shoals

To narrower Bounds ; for, see the crowded Shore
By Builders seiz'd, where Waves were heard to roar.

The Lord, disdainful of the Land,

Bids the wild Billows leave the Strand ;

But could his lofty Turrets reach the Sky,

Yet *Menaces* and *Fears* would mount as high.

CARE climbs the brazen Vessel's Sides,

Behind the flying Horseman rides ;

Nor quits th' applauded Consul's gilded Car,

Marching triumphant from the finish'd War.

Then since nor stately Domes, nor Wealth,

Can yield Content, or purchase Health ;

Since purple Robes, which gay as ¹² *Phosphor* shine,

The Spice of *Araby*, *Falernian* Wine,

And *Persian* Odors, can impart

No Balm to heal a wounded Heart ;

Why should I wish to rear a stately Pile

On *Phrygian* Pillars, in the modern Style,

Gaz'd at with Envy ? or to change

My Vale, where Flocks and Heifers range,

And quit my rural Ease, and ¹³ *Sabine* Seat,
For the more cumb'rous Riches of the Great?

1720.

NOTES.

The Design of this Ode is to show, that Wealth and Honours cannot make Men happy; but that they may be so with a small Fortune, by contracting their Desires, and possessing the inestimable Treasure of a quiet and contented Mind.

¹ *Virginibus puerisque canto.*] Youths and Virgins, whose Minds are yet tender and pliant, are more likely to be improved by Lessons of Morality, than those advanced in Years, who are too often hardened and confirmed in Vice.

² *Musarum sacerdos.*] The Muses had their Temples and Altars, where Sacrifices were offered to them.

³ *Carmina non prius audita.*] Horace was the first Roman, who imitated the Lyric Poets of the Greeks.

⁴ *Regum timendorum, in proprios greges.*] Thus Homer styles a King, Ποιμενὴ λαῶν, *The Shepherd of his People*, Iliad i. v. 263. Thus also the Author of the 78th Psalm, speaking of the Redemption God wrought for the Israelites by David, says, *He chose David also his Servant, and took him from the Sheep-folds: From following the Ewes great with Young, he brought him to feed Jacob his People, and Israel his Inheritance.* This Image gives a very just Idea of the Office of a King, who ought to defend and protect his People with the same Care and Tenderness, as a Shepherd guards his Flock.

⁵ — *Clari Giganteo triumpho.*] The Giants, whom Jupiter conquered with the Assistance of Hercules, Pallas, Apollo, &c. See the 12th Ode of the second Book, and the 4th Ode of this Book.

⁶ *Cuncta supercilio moventis.*] Horace seems here to have had in View those celebrated Lines of Homer,

⁸ Η, καὶ κυανέσσιν, &c. Iliad i. v. 528—530.

Which are thus beautifully translated by Mr. Tickell :

This said, his kingly Brow the Sire inclin'd ;
The large black Curls fell awful from behind,
Thick-shadowing the stern Forehead of the God :
Olympus trembled at th' almighty Nod !

7 — *Non Sicula dapes, &c.*] Horace here alludes to the Story of *Damocles*, a Flatterer of the Tyrant *Dionysius*, which is recorded by *Cicero*, in the 5th Book of his *Tusculan Disputations*, Chapt. 21. *Damocles* having, in a Speech, applauded the Riches and Magnificence of *Dionysius*, and pronounced him the happiest Man in the World, *Dionysius* was resolved to give him a Taste of his Happiness ; and therefore ordered, that he should be placed upon a golden Bed covered with magnificent Tapestry ; that all his rich Vessels, curiously embossed with Gold and Silver, should be displayed before him ; and that he should be served by Boys of exquisite Beauty, ready to fly at his Nod. Neither Wreaths, nor fragrant Oyls, were wanting. Perfumes were burnt ; and the Tables were piled with the most exquisite Banquet. *Damocles* now thought himself perfectly happy. In the Height of all this Pomp, *Dionysius* ordered a naked Sword to be hung from the Roof, by a Horse's Hair, directly over his Head. As soon as *Damocles* observed it, he could no longer admire the beautiful Boys, nor the delicate Figures engraved on the Plate : He could not stretch out his Hand to the Table ; but trembled with Fear, and the Wreaths fell from his Head. To conclude, he humbly besought the King, that he might have leave to depart ; for now he would be no longer happy, *quod jam beatus nollet esse.* CICERO.

8 ————— *Somnus agrestium*
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit, umbrosamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempē.]

Mr. Cowley has imitated these beautiful Lines very prettily, in his Manner ; that is, with the Addition of several witty Turns from his own luxuriant Fancy.

Sleep

Sleep is a God, too proud to wait on Palaces;
 And yet so humble too, as not to scorn
 The meanest Country Cottages :
 This Poppy grows among the Corn.
 The *Halcyon*, *Sleep*, will never build his Nest
 In any stormy Breast :
 'Tis not enough, that he does find
 Clouds and Darkness in their Mind ;
 Darkness but half his Work will do ;
 'Tis not enough, he must find Quiet too.

9 *Non sœvus Arcturi cadentis
 Impetus.]*

Arcturus is a Constellation of fourteen Stars, which follows the *Bear* : It is also called *Bootes*. The *Rising* of this Constellation is very dangerous ; but its *Setting* is still more so. It *rises*, according to the Ancients, about the Middle of *September*, and *sets* at the Beginning of *October*. DACIER.

10 *Aut orientis Hadi.]* The *Goats* are two Stars on the left Hand of the *Charioteer* : They *rise* towards the End of *September*, and cause Rain and Tempests. On which Account *Virgil* calls them *pluviales*, rainy. DACIER.

11 ——— *Contracta pisces aquora sentiunt.]* The Luxury of the *Romans*, and the prodigious Expence they were at, to build *Villas*, or Houses of Pleasure, in the Sea, is taxed by *Horace* in other Places, as well as in this ; particularly in the 18th Ode of the second Book :

*Marisque Bais obstrepentis urges
 Summovere littora,
 Parum locuples continente ripa.*

This is also taken Notice of by other Authors :

*Expelluntur aquæ saxis, mare nascitur arvis ;
 Et permutatâ rerum statione rebellant.* Petron. in Satyr.

Suëtוניus, in the Life of *Caligula*, observes, ‘ That, in erect-
 ing *Prætoria* and *Villas*, he regarded no Profusion of Cost,
 affecting to perform nothing so much as what seemed impos-
 sible to be done. Accordingly he raised Moles in a boisterous
 and deep Sea, cut thro’ Rocks of the hardest Flint, and,
 with

‘ with huge Mounds, made Fields equal to Mountains, and
‘ levelled the Tops of Mountains with the Plain ; all which
‘ was executed with incredible Celerity, Delays being punished
‘ with Death.’

¹² *Sidere clarior.*] *Dacier* thinks, that, by *fidere*, the Sun
must be here understood.

¹³ *Cur valle permutem Sabinâ
Divitias operosiores ?]*

Horace seems to have had a Mind rightly turned for Happiness :
He appears every where full of Gratitude to his great Benefactor,
Macenas, and entirely satisfied with his Condition. In another
Place he expresses himself thus, on the same Subject with this :

————— *Nihil supra*
Deos laceſſo : nec potentem amicum
Largiora flagito,
Satis beatus unicus Sabinis. Book ii. Ode 18.

There are more sublime Odes in *this*, and in the *fourth* Book,
than in the *two* former, or in the *fifth* Book, commonly called
the *Epodes*. Most of these were writ by *Horace* when he
was far advanced in Life. Accordingly we find, that they
abound more with Precepts of Morality, which is commonly
the Style of Age. The Reader will not be displeased to see
the Characters which the celebrated Critic *Scaliger* gives some
of them. *Tertii libri Ode prima magnifico dicendi genere structa*
est : Sequuntur carmina plena sapientia, numerosa, ardua. Se-
cunda Ode pariter altiloqua ; tertia gravissima : quarta nec Pin-
daro cedit, ac ne quinta quidem. Sexta altissimè sonat, &c.
‘ The *first* Ode of the *third* Book is compiled in a magnificent
‘ Style. The Odes that follow it are full of Wisdom, numerous,
‘ sublime. The *second* Ode also is lofty ; the *third* very
‘ weighty ; the *fourth* is not inferior to *Pindar*, nor, indeed,
‘ the *fifth*. The *sixth* is very sublime, &c.’



The SAME ODE Imitated.

By BARTON BOOTH, *Esq*,

I Hate the common Herd : Hence, ye Profane!--
 Ye silent uncorrupted Train,
 Virgins and blooming Youths, attend my Lyre !
 Lo ! great *Apollo's* sacred Choir,
 With Strains unheard before, their Priest inspire.
 Empires mighty Monarchs sway :
 Those mighty Monarchs *Jove* obey :
 He bends the Heavens with his Imperial Nod ;
 Prostrate the Giants fall, and own the Conqueror
 God !

Some the first Post of Honour claim,
 Proud of their Birth and ancient Name ;
 Rivall'd by those, whose wide-spread Furrows bear
 The various Harvest of the Year :
 Vain is their Contest, vain their Boast ;
 In Death is all Distinction lost ----
 While, o'er the impious Courtier's Head
 Threatening, aloft the Dagger hung,

In

In vain the costly Feast was spread,
 In vain the tuneful Minstrel sung :
 Sleep weighs his Eyelids down no more,
 Nor *Philomel's* sweet Strains his murder'd Peace re-
 [store.

Lolling at Ease, in humble Cells,
 Gentle *Morpheus* ever dwells ;
 Or by the hoary Forest's Side,
 Or where the murmuring Waters glide ---
 Seek what Nature can suffice,
 And fearless view the troubled Shore,
 When the black Tempest veils the Skies,
 And the tumultuous Surges roar ---

Whither, at length, will human Pride aspire !
 The Great their Fathers' Palaces disdain,
 Encumb'ring with vast Towers the Main :
 From the contracted *Latian* Shore,
 Old Ocean's various Broods retire,
 And distant, and more spacious Seas explore ---
 Go, climb thy lofty *Argo's* Side,
 Or trust thy Courser's swift Career ;
 Or in thy marble Towers confide ;
 Vain is thy Flight, alas ! from Care ;
 There's no Retreat, proud Man ! from Guilt and
 Fear.

Since, then, fair *Peace* and *Innocence*,
 Disdaining Pomp, and Power, and Pride,
 United shed their sweetest Influence,
 Where artless Maids and lab'ring Hinds reside,
 Grant my Desire, a homely Seat,
 Far from the Guilty and the Great;
 A limpid Stream, an ancient Grove;
 And Health and Joy to her I love;
 Grant my Desire, propitious *Jove*!

Digression to his Wife, formerly Miss St. Loe.

Happy the Hour, when first our Souls were join'd!
 The social Virtues, and the chearful Mind,
 Have ever crown'd our Days, beguil'd our Pain,
 Strangers to *Discord*, and her clamorous Train,
Connubial Friendship, hail! But haste away;
 The Lark and Nightingale reproach thy Stay:
 From *splendid Theatres* to *rural Scenes*
 Joyous retire ---- So bounteous Heaven ordains!

There we may dwell in Peace;
 There blest the rising Morn, and flowery Field,
 Charm'd with the guileless Sports the Woods and
 Waters yield!



* O D E II.

To his FRIENDS.

THE Youth, my Friends! robust in War,
 Should learn to feed on scanty Fare;
 To launch the Javelin from the Horse,
 And make the *Parthian* feel his Force;
 Hardy, and resolutely bold,
 In Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold.
 Him from the Walls the Tyrant's Wife
 Views, trembling for her Consort's Life;
 " O may he not, unskill d in Fight,
 " Provoke this Lion's dreaded Might,
 " Whose Thirst of Slaughter thins the Plain;
 " Nor can the Foe his Shock sustain!"

In our dear Country's Cause to die
 Is glorious; nor can they, who fly,
 Escape; for Fate, more swift than Fear,
 Pursuing, strikes them in the Rear;
 With dreadful Groans they bite the Ground,
 Their Backs transfix'd with many a Wound.

No

1 No base Repulse can *Virtue* know ;
 Her Honours 2 unpolluted flow :
 The Crowd nor gives, nor takes away,
 The splendid *Fasces* of *her* Sway ;
 Thro' Paths untrod she mounts on high,
 And to her Votaries points the Sky ;
 Disdainful spurns the sordid Clay,
 And soars to Realms of endless Day !

Nor less the Gods reward the Just,
 Tenacious of their 3 secret Trust.
 Who 4 *Ceres'* Rites presumes to tell,
 With Me should never fail, or dwell :
 For oft' the Good and Wicked prove
 One common Lot from angry *Jove*.
 Where *Guilt* precedes, 'tis rare to find
 That halting *Vengeance* lags behind.

J. D.

NOTES.

The *Order* or *Method* of this Ode is perfectly rational, according to the *Roman Way* of Thinking ; for, *first*, the Poet recommends *Valour*, or *Fortitude*, which was the chief Support of the *Roman State*, as it is at present of the *Switzers* ; *then*, *moral* or *civil Virtue* ; and, *lastly*, a reverential Regard for the *Mysteries*, or (as some would chuse to express themselves) for the *positive Institutions* of *Religion*.

1 *Virtus*

¹ *Virtus repulsa nescia sordida.*] *Virtue* is incapable of a Repulse, because the Dignities she aspires after are not dependent on the People: She is her own Reward: The greatest Employments are subject to her: She commands every where; and places the Man, who chuses her for his Guide, on a Throne, crowning him with an immortal Wreath of Glory.

DACIER.

² *Incontaminatis honoribus.*] *Horace* styles the Honours, which are inseparable from *Virtue*, pure or unpoluted, in Opposition to those bestowed by the People; for, in order to obtain the latter, it was necessary to perform a thousand mean Actions, which soiled all their Lustre. DACIER.

³ *Est et fidei tuta silentio*
Merces.]

This is the *third* and *last* Part of the Ode. *Horace* here praises *Silence*, which is an essential Part of Religion. Those Interpreters, who have imagined that he digressed from his Subject, did not enter into the Design of the Author.

Since *Horace* says, that there is also a Reward for *Silence*, he must necessarily have proposed one, in the *first* Part, for *Valour*. Accordingly we find this expressed in the 13th Verse;

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

And there must be another, in the *second* Part, for *Civil Virtue* which is contained in these Lines;

Virtus recludens immeritis mori
Cælum, negatâ tentat iter viâ.

I just mention these Particulars, to show the *Decorum* and *Propriety*, which these great Masters always observed in their Compositions. DACIER.

⁴ *Qui Cereris sacrum*
Vulgarit artanæ.]

The Poet here speaks of the Festival instituted in Honour of *Ceres*, at *Eleusis*, a small Town of *Attica*, near *Athens*. The *Greeks* had no Ceremony, where a profound Silence was so religiously observed: For not only those who published the Mysteries of it, but such as listened to, or heard them, were punished with Death. It was therefore held criminal to have

R

any

any Commerce with him, who had once profaned them. No one would lodge, or sail in the same Ship, with a Man who was known to be guilty of this Crime. DACIER.



* O D E III.

THE Man resolv'd, and firmly just,
 Adheres, unshaken, to his Trust,
 Tho' loudly rage his factious Foes,
 And tho' a Tyrant's Threats oppose;
 Tho', Mountain-high, the Billows roll,
 And Lightnings flash from Pole to Pole;
 Nor would the Wreck his Mind appall,
 Should the whole World to swift Destruction fall.
 To Heaven, by Virtues great as these,
 Fam'd ¹ *Pollux* rose, and *Hercules*;
 Amidst whose Feasts, with ² rosy Lips,
 The nectar'd Bowl *Augustus* sips.
 Thus too rose *Bacchus*, in his Car
 By Tygers drawn, untaught to bear
 The Yoke; and thus, on *Mars's* Steeds,
 Our ³ *Romulus* escap'd the *Stygian* Meads:
 Then, in *Olympus'* high Abodes,
 Thus *Juno* spoke, and pleas'd the Gods:

A fo-

A foreign Bride, and an unjust
 Adulterous Umpire, laid in Dust
 The *Trojan* Towers, condemn'd by Me,
 And Wisdom's injur'd Deity,
 What time their impious * Monarch dar'd
 Deny two Gods their promis'd due Reward.
 No longer, deck'd with every Grace,
 Shines *Helen's* shameless : Guest ; the Race
 Of *Priam* now no more in Fight
 O'erpower the *Greeks*, by *Hector's* Might :
 By us protracted, with the Wars,
 My Hatred ends ; I yield to *Mars*
 That Son, whom, on the *Latian* Shore,
 Of *Trojan* Race, a Royal Priestess bore.
 These shining Mansions let him gain,
 Nectareous Goblets let him drain,
 And, in the Realms of endless Rest,
 Share all the Pleasures of the Blest.
 O'er any Region, uncontroul'd,
 These ⁶ Exiles may Dominion hold,
 While Ocean severs *Troy* from *Rome* :
 While Herds shall browse on perjur'd *Paris's* Tomb,
 Or, there, wild Beasts their Young shall hide,
 So long the *Capitolian* Pride

Shall last ; and warlike *Rome* impose
 Laws on her conquer'd *Parthian* Foes.
 Her Name, to Earth's Extremity,
 Dreadful shall sound ; both where the Sea
Europe from *Africa* divides,
 And where the *Nile* o'erflows with fruitful Tides.
 7 With Truth, and untaught Virtue bold ;
 Upright to scorn the Charms of Gold,
 And let it innocently shine,
 And sleep, unransack'd, in the Mine.
 Let ev'n the World's remotest Bound
 Re-echo with their Trumpets' Sound,
 Where endless Summers parch the Plain,
 Or where the Clouds o'erflow with endless Rain.
 But on these Terms alone, their Claim
 I grant to universal Fame ;
 That never, with too pious Care,
Troy's ancient Ruins they repair :
 For *Troy*, ⁸ rebuilt with Omens dire,
 Again shall be involv'd in Fire,
 While I, *Jove's* Wife and Sister, lead
 The conquering Bands, and urge the glorious Deed.
 Tho' thrice should rise the brazen Wall,
 By ⁹ *Phæbus* built, it thrice should fall

By Grecian Force ; and thrice a Son
 Or Husband slain, the Wives bemoan ----
¹⁰ This Strain ill suits my lighter String ;
 Cease, daring Muse ! forbear to sing
 The Words of Gods ; nor dare to wrong
 This lofty Theme by thy unequal Song !

J. D.

NOTES.

This is, undoubtedly, one of the noblest Odes in *Horace*. It is not, indeed, inferior to any, if we justly consider the true Sublime with which it is animated, the natural Sweetness of the Composition, its easy Turn, and all the Beauty of its Figures. But the real Meaning of it, and *Horace's* artful Address, were not understood, till discovered and explained by Monsieur *Le Fevre*, in one of his *Latin Epistles*, sixteen hundred Years after it was writ. This, in short, is his Interpretation of it.

We learn from History, that, after *Troy* had been entirely destroyed by *C. Timbria*, *Sylla's* Lieutenant, it was, soon after, not only rebuilt by the *Romans*, but also exempted from all Taxes : That it was in a flourishing Condition in *Horace's* Time, and even under *Tiberius*, and the other *Roman Emperors*. When *Julius Caesar* was slain, a Report prevailed at *Rome*, that he had designed to exhaust *Italy* of Men and Money, and to remove the Seat of the Empire to *Alexandria*, or to *Troy*. This is expressly mentioned by *Suetonius*, in his Life of that Emperor, Chapter 79. And it was not doubted but he would prefer *Troy* to *Alexandria*, on account of the Origin of the *Cæsars*, who affected to be thought the Descendants of *Æneas*. Nothing was more dreaded at *Rome* than such a Change, which must have caused the Ruin of the Empire ; as we find it actually did under *Constantine* ; for New *Rome*, or *Constantinople*, ruined the Old. As therefore *Augustus* was declared the Heir of *Julius Caesar*, and as Heirs commonly pursue the Designs of the Testator, there seemed to be some Probability, that

Augustus might adopt his Uncle's Plan. The Apprehension of this kept the *Romans* in continual Terror, and gave *Horace* Occasion to write this Ode, in hopes of diverting the Mind of *Augustus* from so fatal a Resolution. But as it is always dangerous to penetrate the Secrets of Princes, he was afraid to explain himself, and rather chose to leave his Ode imperfect, than to give *Augustus* Reason to censure him for having said too much. This Conjecture of Monsieur *Le Fevre* is one of the most happy in this Sort of Criticism. DACIER.

Sanadon fixes the Date of this Ode to the Year of *Rome* 733, or 734, when *Augustus* was in the *East*; that is to say, at *Samos* in *Bithynia*, or in *Syria*, and consequently at no great Distance from *Troy*, and more capable than ever to execute the Design, which the Poet labours to prevent. The Reasons he gives to support this Opinion are too long to be here recited. *Horace* was then about 45 Years old.

¹ *Horace* places *Augustus* with *Hercules*, *Pollux*, and *Bacchus*. *Quintus Curtius*, in like manner, speaking of *Alexander*, to whom his Flatterers gave the Title of God, says, *Hi tum cælum illi aperiebant, Herculemque, et cum Polluce Castorem, novo numini cessuros esse jactabant*. 'They then opened Heaven to him, and boasted that *Hercules*, with *Castor* and *Pollux*, would give Place to the new God.'

² *Purpureo bibit ore nectar.*] *Horace* hereby intimates, that the Statue of *Augustus* was already placed with those of *Hercules*, *Bacchus*, &c. and the Cheeks and Lips of it painted with Vermillion, as their Images used to be painted.

³ In this Circumstance consists the chief Address of *Horace*; for, by introducing *Romulus*, he gives *Juno* an Occasion to declare, that she will not consent to his Admission into Heaven, but upon Condition that *Troy* shall never be rebuilt: And hereby he artfully insinuates to *Augustus*, that if he should pursue the Plan of *Cæsar*, he would awaken the Wrath of that Goddess; which had already been so severely felt by the *Romans*.

⁴ The Ancients write, that *Neptune* and *Apollo* assisted in building the Walls of *Troy*, for a Reward stipulated to be paid by *Laomedon*; which, when the Work was done, he refused to perform. The Truth couched under the Fable seems to be
this:

this: *Laomedon* wanting Money to finish the Walls which he had begun, took the Treasure out of the Temples of *Neptune* and *Apollo*, and applied it to that Purpose, engaging himself by Vow to restore it; which he afterwards neglected to perform.

5 *Jam nec Lacena splendet adulteræ
Famulus hospes.*]

Paris, who was chosen Umpire by the three Goddesses, when they contended for the golden Apple. *Juno* forbears to name him out of Contempt. DACIER.

6 *Exules.*] *Horace* calls the *Romans*, *Exules*, or *Fugitives*, on account of their being derived from the *Trojans*, who were obliged to quit their own Country, For the same Reason *Virgil* calls *Aeneas*, *fato profugus*.

7 *Juno* here applauds, in a very noble Manner, the Virtue of the ancient *Romans*, who preferred Poverty to all the Riches of the World.

8 *Troy* was actually rebuilt in the Time of *Horace*. The *Romans* are, therefore, here forbid only to restore it to the same flourishing Condition it had formerly enjoyed; which would have been the Case, if *Augustus* had transferred the Seat of his Empire thither.

9 *Horace* here follows the Opinion of those, who have writ, that *Apollo* assisted *Neptune* in building the Walls of *Troy*: For *Homer* intimates, that *Neptune* built them alone; and that *Apollo*, in the mean while, attended Flocks on Mount *Ida*.

10 *Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyra.*] *Horace* could not urge this Argument farther, without speaking in a more open Manner. On which Account he breaks off abruptly, pretending that his Verses are not noble enough for so great a Subject. But we clearly see, that this is a false Modesty. It was not from the Fear of offending those Gods, that he left this Ode imperfect, but from the Fear of offending *Augustus*, whose Anger he dreaded as much, at least, as that of the Gods.

DACIER.]



The SAME ODE Imitated.

By WILLIAM WALSH, *Esq*;

1.

THE Man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his Principles and Trust,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears, can bind :

No Passions his Designs controul ;

Nor Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,

Can shake his steady Mind.

2.

Nor Parties, for Revenge engag'd ;

Nor Threatenings of a Court enrag'd ;

Nor Storms where Fleets despair :

Not Thunder pointed at his Head ;

The shatter'd World may strike him dead,

Not touch his Soul with Fear.

3.

From this the *Grecian* Glory rose ;

By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes ;

Of this their Poets sing :

These

These were the Paths their Heroes trod;
These Arts made *Hercules* a God,
And great *Nassau* a King.

4.

Firm on the rolling Deck he stood,
Unmov'd he saw the breaking Flood,

With blackening Storms combine :

- ' Virtue, he cry'd, will force its Way ;
- ' The Wind may for a while delay,
- ' Not alter our Design,

5.

- ' The Man, whom selfish Hopes inflame,
- ' Or Vanity allures to Fame,
- ' May be to Fears betray'd :

- ' But here a CHURCH for Succour flies ;
- ' Insulted LAW expiring lies,
- ' And loudly calls for Aid.

6.

- ' Yes, *Britons*, yes, with ardent Zeal,
- ' I come, the wounded Heart to heal,
- ' The wounding Hand to bind.
- ' See ! Tools of arbitrary Sway,
- ' And Priests, like Locusts, scour away
- ' Before the *Western* Wind.

7. ' LAW

7.

- ‘ LAW shall again her Force resume,
- ‘ RELIGION, clear’d from Clouds of *Rome*,
- ‘ With brighter Rays advance.
- ‘ The *British* Fleet shall rule the Deep;
- ‘ The *British* Youth, as rous’d from Sleep,
- ‘ Strike Terror into *France*.

8.

- ‘ Nor shall these Promises of Fate
- ‘ Be limited to my short Date;
- ‘ When I from Cares withdraw,
- ‘ Still shall the *British* Sceptre stand,
- ‘ Still flourish in a Female Hand,
- ‘ And to Mankind give Law.

9.

- ‘ She shall Domestic Foes unite;
- ‘ Monarchs beneath her Flags shall fight;
- ‘ Whole Armies drag her Chain:
- ‘ She shall lost *Italy* restore,
- ‘ Shall make th’ Imperial Eagle soar,
- ‘ And give a King to *Spain*.

10.

- ‘ But know, these Promises are given,
- ‘ These great Rewards impartial Heaven

Does

- ‘ Does on these Terms decree ;
- ‘ That, strictly punishing Mens Faults,
- ‘ You let their Consciences and Thoughts
- ‘ Rest absolutely free.

11.

- ‘ Let no false Politics confine,
- ‘ In narrow Bounds, your vast Design
- ‘ To make Mankind unite ;
- ‘ Nor think it a sufficient Cause
- ‘ To punish Men by penal Laws,
- ‘ For not believing right.

12.

- ‘ *Rome*, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind ;
- ‘ *Rome*’s Sons shall your Compassion find,
- ‘ Who ne’er Compassion knew.
- ‘ By nobler Actions theirs condemn :
- ‘ For what has been reprov’d in Them,
- ‘ Can ne’er be prais’d in You.’

13.

These Subjects suit not with the Lyre ;
 Muse ! to what Height dost Thou aspire ?

Pretending to rehearse
 The Thoughts of Gods and godlike Kings,
 Cease, cease, to lessen lofty Things
 By mean ignoble Verse.

NOTE.

The Reader may find some Account of Mr. *Walsh*, the Author of this Ode, in the Notes annexed to Mr. *Pope's* Epistles, Vol. 1. p. 44 and 56, 12°. Mr. *Pope* gives this Character of him, in his *Essay on Criticism*, p. 114, 4^{to} Edition of his Works, 1717:

Such late was *Walsh*, the Muse's Judge and Friend,
Who justly knew to blame, or to commend;
To Failings mild, but zealous for Desert;
The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart.

This Ode may be preferred to the Original, as containing a more excellent Moral. We have a Dialogue by the same Hand, perhaps not inferior to *Lucian*, intitled, *ÆSCULAPIUS, or the Hospital of Fools*. It first appeared in a Collection of Poems, printed for *Pemberton*, 1714. 8vo.



* O D E IV.

To CALLIOPE.

DESCEND, thou sweetest of the tuneful Train,
Calliope! thou 'Queen of Song,
Descend, and gracefully prolong,
In solemn Notes, some enthusiastic Strain;
Whether the clear harmonious Voice,
Or animated Lyre, be thy propitious Choice.

Hark!

Hark! hear ye not the Muse? or does a Dream

The lovely, frantic Scene display?

For now I listen to her Lay;

I catch, enraptur'd, her melodious Theme,

And, fann'd by balmy *Zephyrs*, rove

Where murmuring Waters roll, along the sacred
Grove.

² Me, yet a Boy, when from the Bounds I stray'd

Of my *Apulia's* fostering Soil,

This Omen crown'd: As, tir'd with Toil,

Careless I slumber'd in a Mountain's Shade,

The fabled Birds of *Venus* spread

A verdant leafy Wreath around my honour'd Head.

They that in *Bantia* dwell, for Woods renown'd,

Or ³ *Acherontia*, plac'd on high,

Or where *Ferentum's* Valleys lie,

With ⁴ Bays and Myrtle, wondering, saw me crown'd,

Safe from the Viper and the Bear,

⁵ Protected by the Gods, an Infant void of Fear!

Whether I climb the *Sabine* Mountain's Height,

Or over cold *Prænestæ* rove,

Or muse in *Tibur's* sloping Grove,

Or in the gentle *Baïan* Streams delight,

Yours, I am yours, ye tuneful Choir,
And still your sacred Bard You graciously inspire.

⁶ Fond of your Sports and Streams, unhurt I fled
From dire *Philippi's* fatal Plain;

Unhurt ⁷ I pass'd the stormy Main
Of *Sicily*; and my endanger'd Head,

Unhurt, escap'd the dreadful Fall
Of that devoted ⁸ Tree; by You secur'd from all!

By You protected, I could take my Way

Where ⁹ *Bosphorus's* Billows foam,

Amidst th' *Affyrian* Defarts roam,

Or to ¹⁰ inhospitable *Britain* stray;

View ¹¹ *Scythia*, or the *Caspian* Shore,

And, fearless, brave the ¹² Race, that quaff their
Horses' Gore.

¹³ When *Cæsar*, from the Labours of the Field,

His weary'd Legions breathes; a while

Reposing from their martial Toil;

In the ¹⁴ *Pierian* Cave your Counsels yield

New Transport to your PUPIL's Heart;

¹⁵ You give, and ¹⁶ share Yourselfs the Pleasures
you impart.

¹⁷ We

We know how all the bold ¹⁷ Gigantic Train
 To lowest *Tartarus* were driven
 By mighty *Jove*, who, ¹⁸ over Heaven,
 And Earth, and Ocean, stretches his Domain:
 All Nature owns his righteous Sway;
 Him Gods, and mortal Men, and shadowy Ghosts,
 obey.

Confiding in their Strength, the horrid Crew
 Struck *Jove* himself with unknown Fright,
 When on *Olympus* woody Height
 The daring ¹⁹ Brethren lofty ²⁰ *Pelion* threw:
 But what avail'd ev'n *Typhon's* Power,
 Or *Mimas*, or ²¹ *Porphyryon*, threatening, like a Tower?

What, *Rhætus*' or *Enceladus's* Might,
 Whose Arm across the warring Field
 Up-rooted Trees could singly wield,
 When fierce *Minerva*, burning for the Fight,
 High o'er their Heads her ²² *Ægis* rear'd,
 And fiery *Vulcan* here, and *Juno* there appear'd?

He too, whose Shoulders ²³ ever shall sustain
 The Quiver and the Bow, who laves
 In pure ²⁴ *Castalia's* dewy Waves
 His ²⁵ flowing Curls, and makes the ²⁶ *Lycian* Plain,
 Or

Or *Delian* Mountain, his Abode,
And thence the ²⁷ *Delian* styl'd and *Patarëan* God.

But Force, devoid of Prudence, to the Ground
Self-baffled falls; while, aiding Right,
The Gods increase well-temper'd Might;
But justly hate, and justly still confound
Those Powers, that with perverted Mind
All Mischief madly brood, to Villainy resign'd.

See! *Gyas* lifts his hundred Hands on high,
In Witness of this solemn Truth;
See too ²⁸ *Orion*, impious Youth!
Who dar'd with vile unlawful Love to try
Th' untainted Goddess of the Wood;
But soon her Virgin Dart drank deep his vital Flood.

They feel their Parent *Earth's* o'erwhelming Weight;
²⁹ Their Parent *Earth* laments to see
Her huge rebellious Progeny
Driven down, by Lightning, to the Realms of
Fate;

While endless Flames from *Ætna* rise,
On the fell Giant cast, who there tormented lies.

Nor

Nor, *Tityus* ! will th' avenging Vulture spare
 Thy growing Liver ; in thy Breast
 For ever plac'd by *Jove's* Behest ;
 But still thy Flesh his furious Talons tear ;
 Nor can ³⁰ *Pirithôus* remove

His thrice a hundred Chains, the Doom of law-
 less Love !

J. D.

NOTES.

The true Subject of this Ode has not been commonly understood. Take it in a few Words : The Design of *Horace* is to thank the Muses, for the Protection they had procured him from *Augustus*, and for the Pardon he had obtained of that Prince by their Means. It was compos'd long after the Civil Wars were over. I believe it was writ about the Year of *Rome* 733; or 734. DACIER.

Two Passages of this Ode will teach us to fix the true Date of it. *Horace*, in the 27th Line, mentions the Fall of the Tree, by which he was in Danger of being killed. This Accident happened in 733. He adds, at the 39th Line; that *Augustus*, tired with Victories, solaced himself in the Grotto of the Muses. Now, from the Year 733, I can find no Time to which this can be justly applicable, till the Year 744; for in that Year it was that *Augustus* finished all the Wars of the Empire, and closed the Gates of the Temple of *Janus* for the third and last Time. SANADON.

For my Part, I do not see why the Lines of *Horace* here referred to, viz:

Militiâ simul
*Fessas cohortes * abdidit oppidis,*
Finire quarentem labores,

should be extended farther than to *Augustus's* putting his Forces into Winter-Quarters, or Quarters of Refreshment, (when the

* Or reddidit, as some Copies have it.

Campaign was over) as they are interpreted by *Dacier*; and then the Ground of *Sanadon's* Criticism will be entirely removed. D.

¹ *Regina Calliope.*] *Horace* seems here to have had in View a Passage of *Hesiod*, where he says, 'that *Calliope* is the most renowned of all the *Muses*, for she is always in the Train of Kings.'

² *Me fabulosa—palumbes.*] *Horace*, after having asked his Friends, whether the Objects which his Imagination represented to him were real, or if they were only agreeable Visions, proceeds to confirm the Truth of them by the Miracles the *Muses* had wrought for him when he was but a Boy. He therefore here begins to sum up all their Favours; and this insensibly leads him to mention the Pardon he had obtained by their Means. DACIER.

³ *Celsæ nidum Acherontia.*] *Acherontia* was a City near *Venuſia*, on the Borders of *Apulia* and *Lucania*. *Horace* calls it *nidum Acherontia*, the Nest of *Acherontia*; because it was placed upon Rocks, like *Ithaca*; of which *Cicero* says, in his first Book de *Oratore*, *Tanta vis patriæ est, ut Ithacam illam in asperissimis saxulis, tanquam nidulum, affixam, sapientissimus vir immortalitati anteponeret.* 'So strong is the Love of our Country, that the wisest Man among the *Greeks* preferred his *Ithaca*, built, like a little Nest, on the Summit of a sharp Rock, to Immortality.' DACIER.

⁴ ——— *Ut premerer sacrâ Lauroque, collatâque myrto.*]

The Bay was sacred to *Apollo*. The Bay denoted, that he should be a Poet, and the Myrtle, that he should be a Lyric Poet.

⁵ *Non sine Dîs animosus infans.*] It is, perhaps, impossible to preserve the Beauty of this Line in a Translation.

⁶ *Vestris amicum fontibus et choris.*] He here acknowledges, that the *Muses* preserved him at the Battle of *Philippi*, when the Army of *Brutus* was defeated. This Passage points out the chief Subject of the Ode.

⁷ *Non Sicula Palinurus unda.*] It is uncertain at what Time *Horace* was exposed to the Danger he here alludes to. *Dacier* thinks it was on his Return from *Greece*, after the Battle of *Philippi*: But *Sanadon* judges, with more Probability, that it happened when he went with *Mæcenas*, on board the Fleet of *Octavius*, to the Coast of *Sicily*, against the younger *Pompey*, in the Year of *Rome* 716.

⁸ *Devota non extinxit arbor.*] See Book II. Ode 13. and the 8th Ode of this Book.

⁹ *Infanientem Bosphorum.*] See the Notes on the last Ode of the second Book.

¹⁰ *Britannos hospitibus feros.*] The Britons sacrificed Strangers.

¹¹ *Scythicum amnem.*] The Commentators understand this of the River *Tanaïs*: But *Dacier* thinks, that *Horace* speaks of the *Hyrcanian*, or *Caspian* Sea, which is also called *Scythicus sinus*, the Gulph of *Scythia*. The *Latins* use the Word *Amnis*, River, as the *Greeks* do the Word *πόνταμος*, to signify the Sea.

¹² *Latum equino sanguine Concanum.*] It is thought that *Horace* here meant some People of *Scythia*.

¹³ *Vos Casarem altum, &c.*] Here he applies himself more directly to his Subject. After having thanked the *Muses* for the Care they had taken of him, and expressed his entire Confidence in them, he explains what he had said before;

Non me Philippis versa acies retro;

and intimates, that they had procured his Pardon, by humanizing the Heart of *Augustus*. *Altus* undoubtedly stands here for *Alumnus*, *Pupil*. I will be bold to say, that *altus*, for *nobilis*, *excelsus*, is not a noble Word. *DACIER*.

If the *Ancients* had put a Capital at the Beginning of Substantives, as has been the modern Custom, it would have prevented this Ambiguity. D.

¹⁴ *Pierio recreatis antro.*] The *Pierian Grotto*; that is, the Grotto of the *Muses*. *Pieria* was in *Macedonia*. *Augustus*

was very learned : He had been well instructed in the *Greek* and *Roman* Oratory. His Love of Learning was so great, that at his Meals he always discoursed on Subjects of Literature, and made all the learned Men, whom he invited to his Table, discourse on Subjects adapted to their Talents. He also made some Attempts in Poetry. *Suetonius* informs us, that he composed a Book in *Hexameter* Verse, intitled *SICILY*, in which that Island was described, and a Book of *Epigrams*, which he commonly wrote as he was bathing. DACIER.

¹⁵ *Vos lene consilium datis.*] This is a just Encomium on the Muses ; for they soften the Mind and the Heart. We seldom find a Man cruel, who is a Lover of Learning ; and, as *Horace* observes in another Place,

*Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit ;
Si modo cultura patientem commodet aurem.* Lib. i. Ep. i.

¹⁶ ——— *Et dato
Gaudetis alma.*]

It is not enough barely to do Good ; we must also take Delight in it : And this is a Character truly Divine.

¹⁷ ——— *Scimus ut impios
Titanas.*]

It is plain, that by these *Titans*, *Horace* means the Troops of *Brutus* and *Cassius*, and by *Jupiter*, who destroys them with Thunder, *Augustus*. However, it is to be observed, that when he had once named them, he gives a Loose to his Imagination, and describes the Battle between the Gods and Giants, in sixteen pompous Lines. DACIER.

This Remark shows, to what a Height *Horace* carried his Flattery, in thus stigmatizing the most virtuous of the *Romans*, who had sacrificed their Lives in the Cause of Liberty. D.

¹⁸ *Imperio regit Unus aquo.*] The Heathen Theology taught, that there were three Gods, equal in Dignity, each of which governed his own Dominions with an absolute Authority. They chose their Provinces by Lot : The Empire of the Sea fell to *Neptune* ; and of Hell to *Pluto*. *Jupiter* obtained the vast Expanse of the Sky, the Clouds, and Plains of Air. But *Horace* here disclaims this absurd Doctrine : He acknowledges but One God, the sovereign Lord of the World, which he guides with Equity.

Equity. He governs the *sluggish Masses of Earth*; *terram inertem*: He moderates the *stormy Sea*; *mare temperat ventosum*: He reigns over the *Shades and gloomy Realms*; *umbras, regnaque tristia*: He commands both *Men and Gods*;

Divesque, mortalesque turbas:

And, lastly, he governs with Equity, and Alone;

Imperio regit Unus aequo.

Thus Neptune and Pluto are subject to him. Horace, by rejecting the vulgar Theology, enters into the true Sentiment of Homer, who also acknowledged One Supreme God, the Master of the World, and the King of Men and Gods. DACIER.

St. Paul alludes to the Heathen Theology here explained, in that remarkable Text, 1 Cor. viii. 5, 6. *For though there be that are called Gods, whether in Heaven or in Earth (as there be Gods many, and Lords many); But to us there is but ONE GOD, the FATHER, of whom are all Things, and we in him; and ONE LORD Jesus Christ, by whom are all Things, and we by him.* Which Words are thus justly paraphrased by the learned Mr. Mede: 'Tho' there be, in the Opinion of the Heathens, 'Gods many, that is, many Cœlestial Sovereign Gods; and 'Lords many, that is, many Lords-Agents, and Presidents 'over earthly Things; yet to us Christians there is but ONE 'SOVEREIGN GOD, the FATHER, of whom are all Things, 'and to whom, as supreme, we are to direct all our Services; 'and but ONE LORD-AGENT *Jesus Christ*, by whom are all 'Things that come from the Father to us, and thro' whom 'alone we find Access unto Him.' D.

¹⁹ *Fratresque.*] Horace means Othus and Ephialtes. Virgil also calls them *Brothers* in the first Georgic:

Et conjuratos cælum rescindere fratres.

²⁰ *Pelion imposuisse Olympo.*] Apollodorus writes, that they piled *Ossa* on Mount *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*; but Virgil, on the contrary, that they put *Ossa* on *Pelion*, and *Olympus* upon *Ossa*:

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam

Scilicet, atque Ossâ frondosum involvere Olympum:

Ter Pater extructos disjecit fulmine montes. Geor. i. v. 281.

Apollodorus followed Homer, who says, in the eleventh Book of his *Odyssey*,

Ὅσααν ἐπ' Οὐλύμπῳ μέμασαν θέμεν, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' Ὀσση
Πέλιον εἰροσιφύλλον.

Strabo observes, that *Homer* has followed the natural Order; by which he intimates, that *Olympus*, being the greatest of the three, ought to be the Foundation and Base of the other two; and that *Pelion*, the smallest, ought to be at the Top, and serve for a Pyramid. DACIER.

²¹ *Minaci Porphyriōn statu.*] *Porphyriōn* was the largest of all the Giants.

²² *Contra sonantem Pallidis ægida.*] See the Shield, or *Ægis*, of *Pallas* described in the Notes on the 15th Ode of the first Book. *Horace* here follows the History of the Battle against the Giants, as it is related by *Apollodorus*, who says, that *Minerva*, *Juno*, *Apollo*, and *Vulcan*, assisted *Jupiter*.

²³ *Nunquam humeris positurus arcum.*] *Horace*, by this Phrase, denotes the Immortality of *Apollo*. For the Word *humeris*, *Shoulders*, see the Notes on the 21st Ode of the first Book.

²⁴ *Rore puro Castalia.*] *Castalia* was a Fountain of Mount *Parnassus*.

²⁵ *Crines solutos.*] *Apollo* was always painted with long, flowing Hair: For which Reason *Horace* styles him *intonsus*, *unshorn*, Book i. Ode 21.

²⁶ *Qui Lycia tenet
Dumeta.*]

Lycia is at the Bottom of *Asia Minor*, between *Caria* and *Pamphylia*.

²⁷ *Delius et Pataræus Apollo.*] He was called *Pataræan* from *Patara*, one of the chief Cities of *Lycia*.

²⁸ *Tentator Orion Diana.*] *Orion* was the Son of the Earth, or of *Neptune* and *Euryale*. *Horace* says, that *Diana* shot him with an Arrow, because he attempted to ravish her; but *Lucan*, that she killed him with a *Scorpion*. The Constellation of *Orion* sets, when that of the *Scorpion* rises. *Lucan* seems to have accommodated the Fable to this Circumstance. DACIER.

²⁹ *Injecta*

²⁹ *Injēta monſtris Terra dolet ſuis.*] *Horace* here makes a Perſon of the *Earth*, and ſays, ſhe is grieved at the Overthrow of her Sons, and that ſhe was made the chief Inſtrument of their Punishment; becauſe, in this War of the Giants, *Minerva* caſt *Sicily* on *Enceladus*; and *Neptune*, a Part of the Iſland of *Cos* on *Polybētes*: *Othus* was whelmed under *Crete* (from whence the Phraſe *Othii campi*), and *Typhæus* under the Iſle *Arina*, otherwiſe called *Enaria*, or *Prochyta*, oppoſite to *Campania*. The Ancients feigned, that one of theſe Giants was buried under every Place from whence Fires were ſeen to iſſue.

DACIER.

³⁰ *Amatorem Pirithöum.*] *Pirithöus* was the Son of *Ixion*. His Friend *Theſeus* accompanied him down to Hell, in order to aſſiſt him to carry away *Proſerpine*, with whom he was paſſionately in Love; but *Pluto*, forewarned of their Deſign, imprifoned, and laid them in Chains. *Theſeus* was afterwards delivered by *Hercules*; but *Pirithöus*, as he was following, was divided from him by an Earthquake. This is the Account given by the Poets: But *Plutarch*, *Ælian*, and *Pauſanias*, relate this Matter differently. *Monſieur de Meſſiriac* has largely treated of this Subject, in his Notes on the Epistle from *Phyllis* to *Demoſphoon* in *Ovid*. DACIER.



* O D E V.

WE own the ſovereign Power of *Jove*,
Proclaim'd by Thunder from above;

A preſent Deity we know,

While here ² *Augustus* rules below;

For haughty ³ *Parthia* courts his Chain,

And ⁴ *Britain* ſwells his wide Domain.

§ 4

Gods!

Gods ! could a *Roman* tamely bend,

5 Could *Craſſus*' Veteran condeſcend

To ſerve th' insulting *Mede* for Life,

6 Match'd with a baſe Barbarian Wife,

7 Forgetful of the *Roman* Name,

The ſacred Shields, and *Veſta*'s Flame,

8 While *Jove* the *Capitol* retain'd,

And *Rome* without a Rival reign'd !

9 A Crime ſo fatal to prevent,

Old *Regulus* refus'd Conſent

To ſlavish Terms, which he foreſaw

A Curſe on future Times would draw ;

And mov'd, the recreant Youths ſhould lie,

Unranſom'd, in Captivity.

10 I ſaw, he cry'd, the *Punic* Foes

11 Our Standards in their 12 Fanes expoſe ;

13 Their Gates unfolded, and the Plain,

14 Laid waſte by us, now till'd again :

15 I ſaw their Arms, a bloodleſs Prey,

16 From our baſe Soldiers torn away,

17 And free-born *Romans*' coward Hands

18 Behind them ty'd in ſervile Bands.

19 Say, will they now more brave return,

20 And with Increate of Courage burn ?

21 This

‘ This ¹³ Ruin adds to Infamy :
‘ As to the Fleece, in *Tyrian* Dye
‘ Once dipt, no Industry nor Art
‘ Its native Whiteness can impart ;
‘ So when fair Virtue once is stain’d,
‘ Her Gloss can never be regain’d,
‘ When, disentangled from the Snare,
‘ The Hind her Hunter’s Lance shall dare,
‘ That Wretch with martial Rage shall glow,
‘ Who yielded to a faithless Foe,
‘ And, in his turn, the Battle gain,
‘ Who, fearing Death, could wear a Chain,
‘ Nor knew, uniting Peace with Strife,
‘ Valour his only Chance for Life.
‘ O *Carthage* ! to our endless Shame,
‘ Rais’d on the ruin’d *Roman* Name !’

He said ; and, ¹⁴ with averted Face,
Declin’d his Confort’s chaste Embrace,
As now a Slave, and to be lov’d
Unworthy ; and his Sons remov’d ;
While to the Ground, with Thought intent,
¹⁵ His awful Eyes he sternly bent,
Till he the wavering Senate’s Voice
Had fix’d, to authorize a Choice,

¹⁶ Which

266 ODES of HORACE.

¹⁶ Which He, He only, could have made :
Then, by his Friends in vain delay'd,
Tho' conscious of the dreadful Fate,
¹⁷ Projected by Barbarian Hate,
From ¹⁸ Relatives, who press'd his Stay,
And struggling Crowds, he broke away,
Serene, as when, from Noise and Strife,
' And all the busy Cares of Life,'
He sought ¹⁹ *Venafrum's* sweet Recess,
Th' Abode of Peace and Happiness!

J. D.

NOTES.

The Design of *Horace*, in this Ode, is to praise *Augustus* for having humbled the *Parthians* and the *Britons* by the sole Terror of his Arms; which he does with great Address, slightly touching on the latter, and enhancing the Advantage gained by *Augustus* over the *Parthians*, by comparing it with the Victory they had obtained over *Crassus* and the *Romans*. *Horace* was then about 47 Years old. DACIER.

² *Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare.*]

This Comparison of *Augustus* to *Jupiter* is elegant. The one convinces the World by his Thunder, that he reigns in Heaven; The other shows by his Victories, that he is a God on Earth. The following Lines in the 12th Ode of the first Book may serve as a Comment on this Passage :

*Te minor latum reget aquas orbem;
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis,*

• Sub-

' Subject to Thee only, He shall govern the wide World
' with Equity: Thou shalt shake *Olympus* with thy dreadful
' Chariot. Thou shalt launch thy vengeful Bolts against pol-
' luted Groves.'

It may not be improper to remark, that the 12th Ode of the first Book was writ but three or four Years before this.

² *Augustus*.] This single Word destroys the Opinion of those, who thought this Ode was writ in the Year of *Rome* 719; for *Octavius Cæsar* did not receive the Surname of *Augustus* till seven Years afterwards, viz. in the Year 726.

3 — *Gravibusque Persis*.] He means the *Parthians*. See the second Ode of the first Book.

4 — *Adjectis Britannis Imperio*.]

Augustus, in Truth, neither conquer'd the *Britons*, nor the *Parthians*; but the former sent Ambassadors to sue for Peace, who found him at *Rimini*; on which Account he was considered as their Conqueror; and the latter, of their own Accord, restored the Ensigns they had taken from *Crassus*: Of which Honour, however, *Augustus* was prouder, than of all his Victories. He thanked the Gods by public Sacrifices, and caused Medals to be struck to perpetuate the Memory of it. Dacier.

⁵ *Milesne Crassi*.] The only Design of *Horace*, in describing in such lively Colours the Defeat of *Crassus*, and the Cowardice of his Soldiers, is to heighten the Glory of *Augustus*, who, by his Conduct, had retrieved the Glory of the *Roman* Name, which had been covered with Infamy from the Year 700, to the Year 733.

⁶ *Turpis maritus vixit?*] *Orodes*, King of *Parthia* (the Son of *Phraates* the Second, and Brother of *Mithridates*), gave *Parthian* Wives to the Soldiers of *Crassus*, whom he had taken Prisoners.

⁷ *Anciliorum, nominis, et togæ, Oblitus, aternæque Vestæ*.]

That is, literally translated, Forgetful of the *Ancilia*, (or sacred Bucklers) of the *Roman* Name and Gown, (or Habit) and of eternal

eternal Vesta. Horace aggravates the Baseness of the Roman Soldiers by this solemn Reflection, and intimates hereby, that they had renounced all the great Privileges, to which they were intitled by those sacred Pledges.

A Buckler was said to have fallen from Heaven at Rome, in the Reign of Numa; and, at the same Time, a Voice was heard, declaring, that the City should continue Mistress of the World, while she preserved it: On which Account Numa caused eleven more Bucklers to be made, exactly of the same Form, that it might be the more difficult to steal it. See *Festus* on the Word *Mamurii*. The Romans were no less fond of their Habit, than of their Name. Thus *Virgil* calls them,

Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.

The Gown-clad Nation, Sovereign of the World.

By *eternal Vesta*, Horace means the Fires, which were perpetually burning in the Temple of *Vesta*.

⁸ *Incolumi Jove, et urbe Roma?*] By *Jupiter*, Horace here means the Temple of *Jupiter*, i. e. the *Capitol*. Thus we still say *St. Peter*, or *St. Paul*, to signify the Churches of *St. Peter*, or *St. Paul*.

It was an Aggravation of the Baseness of the Roman Soldiers, so tamely to submit, while the *Capitol* and *Rome* were standing, and, consequently, those sacred Pledges of the Roman Power secure. DACIER.

⁹ *Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli.*] Horace here makes a fine Encomium on *Regulus*: However, we must not forget, that he designs likewise, by this Digression, to praise *Augustus*, who (according to the Maxims of that illustrious Roman) had recovered the Ensigns from the *Parthians*, not by any Exchange, or by a Treaty, but by the Glory of his Arms, and the Terror of his Name.

¹⁰ *Signa ego Punicis
Affixa delubris.*]

There is scarce any Nation, but what used to hang up in its Temples the Ensigns and Spoils, which they gained from their Enemies.

¹¹ *Portasque non clausas, et arva
— coli.*]

To show the great Security of the *Carthaginians*, he mentions these two Circumstances, which commonly attend a profound Peace,

Peace, viz. the Gates open, and the Fields cultivated. Sallust, in like Manner, joins them together; *aperta porta, repleta arva cultoribus.*

12 ——— Et arva

Marte coli populata nostro.]

Regulus had before, in the very same Year, defeated the Carthaginians in a Battle, laid waste their Fields, and taken from them above three hundred Towns or Castles.

13 ——— Flagitio additis

Damnum.]

‘For the Disgrace is indelible; and you will likewise lose the Money you pay for their Ransom.’ Horace has here translated, in three Words, the following Line of Euripides, in his *Rhesus*:

‘*Αἰχρὸν γὰρ ἡμῖν, καὶ πρὸς αἰχρὴν κακόν.*

‘It brings upon us both Disgrace and Loss.’

14 *Fertur pudica conjugis osculum*

A se removisse.]

The Poet here resumes the Discourse. As Regulus knew, that he should never more return from Carthage, he justly considered himself as *diminutus capite*, or a Slave for Life; consequently, his Marriage no more subsisted, since the Marriage-Contract was valid only between Citizens: He had no Children; for paternal Power was the sole Right of Citizens: Nor was he any longer a Senator. It was for these Reasons that he pushed from him his Wife and Children. This also will explain to us the following Passage in Eutropius: *Ille Romam cum venisset, inductus in Senatum, nihil quasi Romanus egit, dixitque se ex illa die, qua in potestatem Afrorum venisset, Romanum esse desisse; itaque et uxorem à complexu removit, et Romanis suavit, ne pax cum Pœnis fieret.* ‘When he was come to Rome, and introduced to the Senate, he did nothing as a Roman; for he said, that from that Day on which he had fallen into the Power of the Carthaginians, he ceased to be a Citizen of Rome: He therefore refused the Caresses of his Wife, and persuaded the Romans not to make Peace with the Carthaginians.’ DACIER.

————— *Ut capitis minor]*

Diminutione is here to be understood.

15 ————— *Et virilem*

Torvus humi posuisse vultum.]

Horace here describes *Regulus* waiting, with his Eyes fixed on the Ground (as a Slave, and not a Senator), for the Decree of the Senate: But he himself did not vote; for that would have been contrary to the whole Tenor of his Conduct. Thus also *Tully* represents him, in his 3d Book *de Officiis*, or, of Moral Duties: *Sententiam in Senatu dicere recusavit, quod diceret quamdiu jurejurando hostium teneretur, non esse se Senatorem.* 'He refused to vote in the Senate; for he said, while he was a sworn Captive to the Enemy, he was no longer a Senator.'

DACIER.

16 *Concilio nunquam aliàs dato.]* For never did any Roman give such rigorous Counsel against himself. There are two Things to be considered in the Conduct of *Regulus*, viz. the Advice he gave not to redeem the Roman Prisoners, and his own Return to *Carthage*. Horace contents himself with giving a beautiful Image of his Return, but insists largely on his Counsel. No doubt he had in View the following admirable Remark of *Tully*, in his 3d Book *de Officiis*, Chapt. 31. *Sed ex totâ hac laude Reguli, unum illud est admiratione dignum, quod captivos retinendos censuerit; nam quod rediit, nobis nunc mirabile videtur, illis quidem temporibus aliter facere non potuit. Itaque ista laus non est hominis, sed temporum; nullum enim vinculum, ad astringendam fidem, jurejurando majores arctius esse valuerunt.* 'But the only thing which deserves our Admiration, in this applauded Conduct of *Regulus*, is his persuading the Senate not to restore the Captives. As for his returning to *Carthage*, it seems now, indeed, wonderful to us; but, in those Times, he could not do otherwise. The Age, I think, is rather intitled to that Praise, than the Man: For our Ancestors thought nothing more sacred and inviolable than the Obligation of an Oath.' DACIER.

17 *Atqui sciebat quæ sibi Barbarus*

Tartar pararet.]

Horace here also closely follows *Tully*, who says, *Neque verò tum ignorabat se ad crudelissimum hostem, et ad exquisita supplicia proficisci.* 'Nor indeed was he then ignorant, that he was going back to a most cruel Enemy, and to exquisite Tortures.'

18 *Dimo-*

¹⁸ *Dimovit obstantes propinquos.*] Bentley has well supported this Reading, *propinquos*, by quoting the following Passage of Tully in his first Book *de Officiis*, which Horace has here imitated: *Primum ut venit, captivos reddendos non esse, in Senatu censuit. Deinde cum retineretur ab amicis et propinquis, ad supplicium redire maluit quàm fidem hosti datam fallere.* 'As soon as he was returned, he persuaded the Senate not to restore the Carthaginian Captives. Afterwards, when his Friends and Relations would have retained him, he rather chose to go back to Torture, than to betray the Faith given to an Enemy.'

Horace has not here forgot any of the great Circumstances, which seemed proper to heighten the Character of *Regulus*: And this (as Longinus observes) is an infallible Method of reaching the Sublime. DACIER.

¹⁹ *Venafranos in agros.*] See the Notes on the 6th Ode of the 2d Book.



O D E VI.

To the ROMAN PEOPLE.

By WENTWORTH, Earl of ROSCOMMON.

THOSE Ills your Ancestors have done,
Romans! are now become your own;

And they will cost you dear,

Unless you soon repair

The falling Temples, which the Gods provoke,

And Statues sully'd yet with sacrilegious Smoke.

Propitious

Propitious Heaven, that rais'd your Fathers high;

For humble grateful Piety,

As it rewarded their Respect,

Hath sharply punish'd your Neglect.

All Empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their Command, at their Command they
end.

Let *Crassus*' Ghost, and *Labienus*, tell

How twice, by *Jove*'s Revenge, our Legions fell;

And, with insulting Pride,

Shining in *Roman* Spoils, the *Parthian* Victors ride.

The ² *Dacian* and *Ægyptian* Scum

Had almost ruin'd *Rome*;

While our Seditions took their Part,

Fill'd each ³ *Ægyptian* Sail, and wing'd each ⁴ *Dacian*
Dart.

First, these ⁵ flagitious Times,

Pregnant with unknown Crimes;

Conspire to violate the nuptial Bed:

From which ⁶ polluted Head,

Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,

And thro' the spurious Breed, and guilty Nation,
ran.

Behold a ripe and melting Maid
Bound 'Prentice to the wanton Trade ;
* *Ionian* Artists, at a mighty Price,
Instruct her in the Mysteries of Vice ;
What Nets to spread ; where, subtle Baits to lay ;
And, with an early Hand, they form the temper'd
Clay.

Married, their Lessons she improves
By Practice of adulterous Loves ;
And scorns the common mean Design,
To take Advantage of her Husband's Wine ;
Or snatch, in some dark Place,
A hasty illegitimate Embrace.
No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,
And bids her rise, when Lovers call.

Hither a Merchant, from the Streights,
Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights ;
Or City Cannibal repairs,
Who feeds upon the Flesh of Heirs,
Deep sunk in Vice ! whose tributary Flame
Pays the full Price of Lust, and gilds the slighted
Shame.

T

9 'Twas

⁹ 'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,
 That dy'd with *Punic* Blood the conquer'd Seas,
 And quell'd the stern ¹⁰ *Æacides* ;
 Made the proud ¹¹ *Asian* Monarch feel,
 How weak his Gold against the *Roman* Steel ;
 Forc'd e'en dire ¹² *Hannibal* to yield,
 And won the long-disputed World, at *Zama's* fatal
 Field.

But Soldiers of a ¹³ rustic Mold,
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold ;
 Either they dug the stubborn Ground,
 Or thro' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did
 found ;

And, after the declining Sun [done,
 Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was
 Home with the weary Team they took their Way,
 And drown'd, in friendly Bowls, the Labour of the
 Day.

Time sensibly all Things impairs ; .
¹⁴ Our Fathers have been worse than theirs ;
 And we than ours : Next Age will see
 A Race more profligate, than we,
 (With all the Pains we take) have Skill enough to be.

NOTES.

This Ode is wholly moral. *Horace* shows, that the Contempt of Religion, and a general Corruption of Manners, were the sole Causes of all the Calamities, which had oppressed *Rome*. It was written after the Defeat of *Antony*, that is to say, about the Year of *Rome* 724, or 725. DACIER:

¹ *Dis te, minorem quod geris, imperas.*] Christians cannot give a better Lesson to Princes, than this: 'You reign, only because you own a God above you, and that you hold every thing from him.' *Horace* did not design this so much for the Romans as for *Augustus*; of whom he had said, in the 12th Ode of the first Book, addressing himself to *Jupiter*,

Te minor latum reget equus orbem.

² *Horace* speaks here of the Army of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, who pretended to conquer *Rome*, as he had observed before, in the 37th Ode of the first Book:

————— *Dum Capitolio*
Regina dementes ruinas,
Funus et imperio parabat.

It is well known, that the *Æthiopians* and *Dacians* made a great Part of *Antony's* Army.

³ *Antony's* Navy was composed chiefly of *Ægyptian* Gallies.

⁴ Those Northern People, the *Dacians*, were very skilful Archers. According to *Strabo*, their Arms were a Sword and Buckler, with a Bow and Quiver.

⁵ *Fœcunda culpa secula.*] The prevailing Corruption of Manners in *Horace's* Time cannot be better displayed than by the following Epigram of *Catullus*:

Consule Pompeio primum duo, Cinna, solebant
Mœchi. Illi, ah! facto Consule nunc iterum,
Manferunt duo; sed creverunt millia in unum
Singula. Fœcundum semen adulterio.

But two Adult'ers here we knew,
When first great *Pompey* reign'd;
And, in his second Year, those two
Adult'ers still remain'd.

276 ODES of HORACE.

But, *Cinna*, now we thousands see,
In our degenerate Clime,
Sprung from these two. Adultery
Is a prolific Crime.

By those two Adulterers, *Catullus* meant *Cæsar* and *Mamurra*.
Soon after *Horace* had writ this Ode, *Augustus* published the
Julian Law de adulteriis, concerning *Adulteries*. DACIER.

⁶ It is very remarkable, that *Horace* ascribes the Civil Wars,
and all the Misfortunes of *Rome*, to Adultery. Herein he fol-
lows the Doctrine of *Pythagoras*, who taught, that nothing is
so apt to entail Calamities on a Nation, as the Corruption of
Families by a spurious Issue. DACIER.

⁷ *Matura virgo.*] He says *matura virgo*, because the old
Romans thought it an immodest thing for a marriageable young
Woman to learn to dance: That Diversion was only allowed
to Girls.

⁸ *Motus doceri gaudet Iónicos.*] The *Ionic* Dances were very
lascivious; for the *Ionians* were the most voluptuous People in
the World.

⁹ *Non his juvenus orta parentibus.*] He here proves what
he had advanced in the former Part of this Ode, and shows
how widely the *Romans* of his Time (corrupted by *Adulteries*)
differed from those old *Romans*, who had dyed the Seas with
the Blood of the *Carthaginians*, and conquered *Pyrrhus*, *Anti-*
ochus, and *Hannibal*.

¹⁰ *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, was one of the Descendants of
Achilles, the Grandson of *Æacus*; and is thence called by the
Translator, *Æacides*. He overcame the Consul *Lævinus*, near
Heraclea; but soon after was himself defeated by *Fabricius*
and *Curius*. After he returned into *Greece*, a Woman (whose
Son he was about to kill) slew him with a Tile, aimed at him
from the Roof of a House in *Argos*, which he had just taken
from *Antigonus*, in the Year of *Rome* 480. He was esteemed
the greatest General of the Age in which he lived.

¹¹ *Ingentem Antiochum.*] *Antiochus*, King of *Syria*. He was
subdued at Sea by *Æmilius Regulus*, defeated on Land by *L. Scipio*,
and, at last, slain by his own People in the Year of *Rome* 567.

¹² *Han-*

¹² *Hannibalemque dirum.*] For *Hannibal*, see the Remarks on the 12th Ode of the second Book.

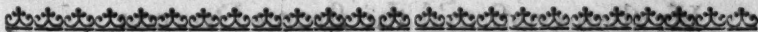
¹³ *Sed rusticorum mascula militum Proles.*]

The *Roman* Troops were composed of Men, that dwelt in the Country, whom, for the most part, they list'd from the *Marsi*, *Apulia*, and the Lands of the *Samnites*. There is, on this Subject, a fine Passage of *Varro*, at the Beginning of his Book on *Husbandry*. *Viri magni, nostri majores, &c.* 'Those great Men, our Ancestors, preferred the *Romans* of the Country to the *Romans* of the City; and, indeed, not without Reason: 'For as even in the Country it is observed, that they who are 'employed in Houses are more idle than such as work in the 'Fields; in like manner they thought the Inhabitants of the 'City more slothful, than the Inhabitants of the Country.'

DACIER.

[¹⁴ *Ætas parentum.*] *Horace* has here, with great Address, compris'd the Characters of four Generations in three short Verses. As his Description of the three first is exactly conformable to History, he also proved a Prophet in the fourth. This might be easily shown, by comparing the Reign of *Tiberius* with that of *Augustus*. DACIER.

The Reader may see some curious Particulars relating to the Life of the Translator of this Ode, in Mr. *Fenton's* Observations on *Waller's* Poems, p. 133. 1730. 12°.



The SAME ODE Imitated.

By R. L.

To the PEOPLE of GREAT BRITAIN.

I.

BRITON! the Thunder of the Wrath divine,
Due to thy Fathers' Crimes, and long withheld from thine,

T 3

Shall

278 ODES of HORACE.

Shall burst with tenfold Rage on thy devoted Head;
 Unless with conscious Terrors aw'd,
 By meek, heart-struck Repentance led,
 Suppliant thou fall before th' offended God :
 If haply yet thou may'st avert his Ire,
 And stay his Arm, out-stretch'd to launch th' a-
 venging Fire.

2.

Did not High God of old ordain,
 When to thy Grasp he gave the Sceptre of the Main,
 That Empire, in this favour'd Land,
 Fix'd on Religion's solid Base should stand ?
 When from thy struggling Neck He broke
 Th' inglorious, galling, Papal Yoke,
 Humbled the Pride of haughty *Spain*,
 And freed Thee by a Woman-Hero's Hand ;
 He then confirm'd the strong Decree :
 " Briton, be virtuous, and be free ;
 " Be Truth, be Sanctity thy Guide :
 " Be humble : fear thy God ; and fear thou none
 " beside."

3.

Oft has th' offended Power his rising Anger shown :
 Led on by His avenging Hand,
 Rebellion triumphs in the Land :

Twice

Twice have her barbarous Sons our war-train'd
Hosts o'erthrown.

They fell a cheap inglorious Prey ;
Th' ambitious Victor's Boast was half suppress'd,
While Heaven-bred Fear, and wild Dismay,
Unmann'd the Warrior's Heart, and reign'd in every
Breast.

4.

Her Arms to foreign Lands *Britannia* bore ;
Her Arms, auspicious now no more !
With frequent Conquest where the Sires were
crown'd,

The Sons ill-fated fell, and bit the hostile Ground :

The tame, war-trading *Belgian* fled,
While in his Cause the *Briton* bled :

The *Gaul* stood wondering at his own Success ;
Oft did his hardiest Bands their wonted Fears confess,
Struck with Dismay, and meditating Flight :

While the brave Foe still urg'd th' unequal Fight,
While *WILLIAM*, with his Father's Ardor fir'd,
Thro' all th' undaunted Host the generous Flame
inspir'd.

But heavier far the Weight of Shame,
That sunk *Britannia's* Naval Fame

In vain she spreads her once-victorious Sails;
 Or Fear, or Rashness, in her Chiefs prevails;
 And wildly *these* prevent, *those* basely shun the Fight:
 Content with humble Praise, the Foe
 Avoids the long-impending Blow;
 Improves the kind Escape, and triumphs in his
 Flight!

6.

[base,

The monstrous Age, which still increasing Years de-
 Which teems with unknown Crimes, and genders
 new Disgrace,

First, unrestrain'd by Honour, Faith, or Shame,
 Confounding every sacred Name,
 The hallow'd nuptial Bed with lawless Lust profan'd;
 Deriv'd from this polluted Source,
 The dire Corruption held its Course
 Thro' the whole canker'd Race, and tainted all the
 Land.

7.

The ripening Maid is vers'd in every dangerous Art,
 That ill adorns the Form, while it corrupts the Heart:
 Practis'd to dress, to dance, to play,
 In wanton Mask to lead the Way,
 To move the plyant Limbs, to roll the luring Eye;
 With Folly's gayest Partizans to vye

In

In empty Noise, and vain Expence;
 To celebrate, with flaunting Air,
 The Midnight Revels of the Fair;
 Studious of every Praise, but Virtue, Truth, and
 Sense.

8.

[proves,

Thus lesson'd in Intrigue, her early Thought im-
 Nor meditates in vain forbidden Loves:
 Soon the gay Nymph, as Nature leads, shall rove
 Free and at large amid th' *Idalian* Grove;
 Or, haply jealous of the Voice of Fame,
 Mask'd in the Matron's sober Name,
 With many a well-dissembled Wile,
 The kind, convenient Husband's Care beguile;
 More deeply vers'd in *Venus*' mystic Lore,
 Yet for such meaner Arts too lofty and sublime,
 The proud, high-born, *Patrician* Whore
 Bears unabash'd her Front, and glories in her Crime.

9.

Hither, from City, and from Court,
 The Votaries of Love resort;
 The Rich, the Great, the Gay, and the Severe;
 The pension'd Architect of Laws;
 The Patriot, loud in Virtue's Cause;
 Proud of imputed Worth, the Peer:

Re-

Regardless of his Faith, his Country, or his Name,
 He pawns his Honour and Estate,
 Nor reckons, at how dear a Rate
 He purchases Disease, and Servitude, and Shame.

10.

Not from such dastard Sires, to every Virtue lost,
 Sprung the brave Youth, which *Britain* once could
 boast :

Who curb'd the *Gaul's* usurping Sway,
 Who swept unnumber'd Hosts away,
 On *Agincourt* and *Cressy's* glorious Plain ;
 Who dy'd the Seas with *Spanish* Blood,
 Their vainly-vaunted Fleets subdu'd,
 And spread the mighty Wreck o'er all the van-
 quish'd Main.

No ; 'twas a generous Race, by Worth transmissive
 known :

In their bold Breasts their Father's Spirit glow'd ;
 In their pure Veins their Mother's Virtue flow'd ;
 They made hereditary Praise their own.
 The Sire his emulous Offspring led
 The rougher Paths of Fame to tread ;
 The Matron train'd their spotless Youth,
 In Honour, Sanctity, and Truth :

Form'd

Form'd by th' united Parents' Care,
The Sons, tho' bold, were wise; the Daughters
chaste, tho' fair.

12.

How Time, all-wasting, ev'n the worst impairs,
And each foul Age to Dregs still fouler runs!
Our Sires, more vicious ev'n than theirs,
Left us, still more degenerate Heirs,
To spawn a baser Brood of Monster-breeding Sons!
1746.

NOTE.

I cannot help observing on this excellent Imitation, that in the last Stanza the Author has introduced a Generation more than the Original, by the happy Use of the Compound Epithet *Monster-breeding*. D,



* ODE VII.

To ASTERIE.

I.

SAY, why does fair *Asterie* mourn?
Why doubt her Lover's wish'd Return?
The vernal Gales her Gyges shall restore,

And

284 ODES of HORACE.

And kindly waft the longing Youth,
Of constant and unshaken Truth,
With a rich Cargo from *Bithynia's* Shore.

2.

Driven by the *South* to *Oricum*,
He now bewails his hapless Doom,
Nor thro' long freezing Nights can close his Eyes :
While stormy Winds detain him there,
Impatient the Restraint to bear,
He lengthens out the lingering Hours with Sighs.

3.

Mean while his Hostess strives to move,
And tempt him to licentious Love ;
Her Envoy shows, how his obliging Dame
Is prey'd upon by secret Fire ;
Describes her pining with Desire,
And tries each Art alluring Wit can frame ;

4.

Relates, how * *Sthenobæa's* Tears
Provok'd believing *Prætus' Fears* ;
How, stung by fatal Jealousy, she strove
The * *Son of Glaucus* to destroy,
(Rash to refuse the proffer'd Joy !)
And Vengeance vow'd for her affronted Love,

* *Bellerophon.*

5. How

5.

How ² *Peleus*, on the Brink of Fate,
Felt the dire Force of Woman's Hate,
Whilst from *Hippolyté*, too chaste, he fled :
³ With various Tales he plies the Youth,
To wake his Fears, or taint his Truth,
And win him to despairing *Chloë's* Bed.

6.

In vain !---He, faithful, hears no more
Than Rocks, when Seas and Tempests roar ;
Nor owns the Conquest of her wily Eyes ----
But thou, my Fair, perform thy Part,
Nor let thy Neighbour's subtle Art
Thy soft unguarded Soul by Stealth surprize.

7.

What tho' no Youth, in *Mars's* Field,
Such Proofs of manly Strength can yield,
To curb the Courser ; and, with nervous Arms,
The rapid *Tyber* to divide,
And stem the Torrent of the Tide ;
With Caution view his too attractive Charms !

8.

At ⁴ Night's Approach, thy Door be barr'd ;
Nor from thy Window once regard

His

His plaintive Flute with tender pitying Eye :
 And tho' he vows, and mourns his Pains,
 Oft calls Thee Cruel, and complains,
 Yet still be Cruel, and his Suit deny !

NOTES.

Horace addresses this Ode to a Lady. It seems, at first, as if his Design was to comfort her for the Absence of her Husband, or of her Lover, whose Return was prevented by contrary Winds : But we find, at the End of the Ode, that this is only an Artifice, which he makes use of to admonish her to be constant to *Gyges*, and to withstand the Sollicitations of her Neighbour *Enipeus*, as *Gyges* was proof against the Tenderness of his Hostess *Chloë*. DACIER.

¹ *Ut Præsum mulier perfida credulum.*] *Homer* calls the Wife of *Priæus*, *Antea* ; but the Tragic Writers, *Sthenobæa*. Being unable to prevail on *Bellerophon* to gratify her Passion, and fearing lest he should discover her criminal Love to her Husband, she first accused him. This Story is related at large in the 6th Book of the *Iliad*, and in the 2d Book of *Apollodorus*.

² *Narrat pene datum Pelea Tartaro.*] *Peleus*, the Father of *Achilles*, was accused by *Hippolyté*, in the same manner as *Bellerophon* had been by *Antea*. *Pindar* relates this Story in his 5th *Nemean Ode*, and *Apollodorus* in his 3d Book.

³ *Peccare docentes historias.*] *Horace* prettily feigns, that this Confidant of *Chloë* makes use of two Means to prevail upon *Gyges* to comply with her Wishes. 1. He threatens him with the Fate of *Bellerophon* and *Peleus*, who were exposed to great Dangers, for resisting the Sollicitations of the Ladies who entertained them. 2. He proposes the Examples of those, who had not been so hard-hearted. This is what *Horace* calls *peccare docentes historias*, Stories teaching to transgress. Such are the Stories of *Paris* and *Helen*, and of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*. *Peccare* is here the proper Word. DACIER.

⁴ *Primâ*

⁴ *Primâ nocte.*] The Romans made use of the Words *primus* and *postremus*, to signify the Beginning and the End of one and the same thing. *Virgil* has said, in like manner, *primus mensis*, the Beginning of the Month; *prima urbs*, the Entry or Skirts of the City. Thus *primâ nocte* here signifies, in the Beginning, or, at the Approach of Night. DACIER.



* O D E VIII.

To MÆCENAS.

I.

IN ¹ Greek and Roman Writings skill'd,
 You wonder what these ² Vases, fill'd
 With Incense, mean; and why my Head
³ Flowers on this ⁴ Festival adorn;
 And why on verdant Turf I burn
 These ⁵ Coals, a Stranger to the genial Bed!

2.

To Bacchus' Guardian Power, ⁶ the Blood
 Of a white Goat I grateful vow'd,
 When ⁷ just escap'd the falling Oak;
 And now, as Years renew the Feast,
 Of all my Casks will pierce the best,
 Since ⁸ Tullus rul'd, improv'd with mellowing
 Smoke.

3. A

3.

A hundred Glasses to a Friend

Sav'd from such Peril, should commend

Your Love, *Mæcenæ* ! --- To our Joys,

Prolong'd by ⁹ watchful Lamps ¹⁰ till Light,

Devote we this auspicious Night

Of social Mirth, but ¹¹ free from Jars and Noise.

4.

Awhile forget ¹² your *Civil* Cares ;

Discard each Thought of State-Affairs ;

The ¹³ *Dacian* Chief is overthrown ;

The ¹⁴ *Medes* conspire against their Lords,

Frantic they fight, nor wait our Swords,

But fall in Crowds, the Victims of their own.

5.

To *Rome*, our ¹⁵ old *Cantabrian* Foes,

And ¹⁶ *Scythians* yield, with ¹⁷ loosen'd Bows.

Let Sages future Fate foretell,

And o'er the public Safety watch,

While we the present Moment snatch,

And, high in Spirits, bid our Cares farewell.

NOTES.

Sanadon fixes the Date of this Ode to the Year of *Rome* 735, after the Subduing of the *Cantabrians*, mentioned by *Horace* in the 22d Verse, which happened in 734.

¹ *Docte*

1. *Docte sermones utriusque linguae.*] *Dacier* takes these Words to mean the *Greek* and *Roman* Languages; and says, that this was paying *Macenas* a great Compliment; for, tho' *Latin* was the native Language of the *Romans*, they were very careful to study it; and there were public Schools at *Rome* for That, as well as for the *Greek*. What he says of *France*, may be justly applied to *England*; viz. 'We should be glad if *We* had Schools for the same Purpose; for the *English* Language is not so easy to be understood as some imagine.' And on this Account it were to be wished, that a proper Use were made of some excellent Observations on that Subject in Mr. *Sheridan's* Treatise on *British* Education. *Dacier* thinks his Construction of these Words so very clear, that he is surpris'd how any one can doubt the Truth of it.

On the other hand, *Bentley* and *Sanadon* understand, by the Word *sermones*, the Learning and Philosophy of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, as *Horace* elsewhere uses the Phrase *Socratici sermones* to the same Purpose: And this is the only Sense, which has any Relation to the Subject. The Surprize of *Macenas* arose from his exact Knowledge of the Festivals and Ceremonies of the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

2. *Acerra thuris plena.*] It has been doubted, whether *acerra* signifies a little Altar, or a Vase. But it appears by the ancient Marbles, that it was a Vase, in which Incense used to be burned. It was also placed at the Feet of the Deceased; while they were laid out at the Gate; as the Holy-water Pot is now used.

He says, the Vase was *plena thuris*, full of Frankincense, to intimate the Ardor of his Devotion. Thus *Virgil*, in the 5th *Aeneid*:

— Et plena supplex veneratur acerrâ. DACIER.

3. *Quid velint flores.*] *Horace* conforms himself to the Ceremonies of the Day; for the Women then offered Flowers to *Juno*, and wore also flowery Chaplets. Thus *Ovid*, in his 3d Book de Fastis;

Ferte Dea flores; gaudet florentibus herbis

Hac Dea; de tenero cingite flore caput.

4. *Martius Calendis*] the Calends of March, i.e. the first of March. The first Day of March was held as a Festival by the Roman Ladies, because on that Day the *Sabines*, who had been

been stolen by the *Romans*, made a Reconciliation between their Husbands and their Fathers, when the two Armies were just going to engage; and because on the same Day they dedicated a Temple to *Juno* on Mount *Esquiline*. They therefore kept it with a great deal of Pomp. In the first place, they sacrificed to *Juno* in that Temple, and offered Flowers to her. All the rest of the Day they stayed at home, richly adorned, and there expected the Presents which their Friends and Husbands sent them, as it were by way of Acknowledgement for this happy Mediation. The *Calends* of *March* were therefore called *Matronalia, et matronales Ferie*. While the Wives offered their Sacrifices to *Juno*, the Husbands did the same to *Janus*; and this was the Ground of the Ode. But, for the right understanding of it, it must be supposed, that *Mæcenas*, having been to visit *Horace* the same Day, and finding him busy in preparing a Sacrifice, expressed some Surprise to see an unmarried Man so employed. *Horace* from thence takes Occasion to address this Ode to him, and invite him to the Sacrifice, as they used to treat their best Friends. Dacier.

5 ——— *Positusque carbo in
Cespite vivo.*]

This shows, that the Turf served for an Altar; or, perhaps, the Altar was only covered with it. *Vivo cespite, living Turf; i. e. green Turf.*

6 ——— *Et album
Libero caprum.*]

Horace here says, that on the Day in which he had like to have been killed, he vowed a *white Goat* to *Bacchus*: And yet, in the 17th Ode of the second Book, he promised a *Lamb* to *Faunus* on the same Occasion. It is easy to solve this Difficulty. It has been observed, in the Notes on the 17th Ode, that there was a great Resemblance between *Faunus* and *Bacchus*, the tutelary Gods of the Poets, or, rather, that *Faunus* and *Bacchus* were only different Names of one and the same God, to whom different Victims were offered, according to the Name by which he was addressed. When he was called *Faunus*, a *Lamb* was offered to him; when *Bacchus*, a *Goat*.

For the most part, those Animals, which the Gods abhorred, were sacrificed to them. For Example, *Bacchus* hated the *Goat*, because it crops the Vines: For which Reason it was offered

offered to him as a Victim. It was necessary it should be white, because white Victims were offered to the Cœlestial, and black to the Infernal Gods. DACIER.

7 *Prope funeratus.*] See the 13th and 17th Odes of the second Book. The 13th Ode was writ first; then this; and the 17th after these two.

8 *Consule Tullo.*] *Lucius Volcatius Tullus* was Consul with *Augustus*, in the Year of *Rome* 720. But, without Doubt, *Horace* does not here speak of that Consulship: For that Wine would have been made but nine Years; and, consequently, would not have been very old. Mr. *Le-Fevre* has very well observed, that *Horace* here means the *L. Volcatius Tullus*, who was Consul with *Marcus Lepidus* a Year before the Birth of *Horace*, in the Year of *Rome* 687. *Horace* might with Reason boast of this Wine as very old, since it had been made forty-three Years. DACIER.

Sanadon (in Opposition to the foregoing Note of *Dacier*) understands this of the second Consulship of the latter *Tullus*, which happened in the Year of *Rome* 721. Wines (says he) above twenty Years old were thought very bad by the *Romans*, as *Pliny* relates: Besides, when they had been ripened in the Smoke, they could not be kept long, according to *Columella*.

9 *Vigiles lucernas.*] The *Romans* never made Entertainments but at Night. They had no Candles, or Wax Tapers, but only Lamps. Thus *Virgil*:

— *Dependent lychni laquearibus aureis
Incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.*

From gilded Roofs, depending Lamps display
Nocturnal Beams, that emulate the Day. DRYDEN.

Dacier has translated *vigiles lucernas*, à la clarté de ces flambeaux, by the Lustre of those Tapers. He says, the Word *Lamp* cannot be borne in an Ode in the French Language, and least of all at an Entertainment.

Milton, in his Description of the *Pandemonium* of *Satan*, has not barely imitated, but very much improved upon the fore-cited Lines of *Virgil*, in a Manner perfectly antique:

The Roof was fretted Gold: From whose high Arch,

Pendent by subtle Magic, many a Row
Of starry Lamps and blazing Cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded Light
As from a Sky,

¹⁰ *Perfer in lucem.*] It was usual with the Romans, upon these solemn Occasions, to pass the whole Night in carousing. Thus Propertius, Book iv. Elegy 6.

Sic noctem patera, sic ducam carmine, donec

Injiciat radios in mea vina dies.

¹¹ — *Procul omnis esto*

Glamor et Ira.]

Sanadon has well observed, that *esto* is here used for *erit*. The Poet intimates to Mæcenas, that this little Revel should pass without that Noise, and those Bacchanalian Transports, for which his Patron had no Relish. Horace has elsewhere used *abstineo* for *abstinebis*. Dacier has mistaken the Sense of this Passage. He fancies, that Horace advises Mæcenas not to put himself into a Passion, nor to chastise or rebuke any one for neglecting his Orders, while he was regaling himself at his House. The Reflection he makes on Dr. Bentley's Interpretation of a Passage in this Ode, may here be justly retorted: *N'est pas là un beau sens*?

¹² *Mæcenas* was then Governor of Rome, whose Business it was to suppress Tumults, to regulate Markets, to give Orders about the Public Spectacles, and, in a Word, to have an Eye on every thing that passed in the City, and in the Suburbs.

¹³ *Occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen.*] Horace here calls Cotison a Dacian, and Suetonius calls him King of the Getae. Each of these Names comprised those two People. Cotison had taken Part with Antony against Augustus.

¹⁴ *Medus infestus sibi luctuosus*

Diffidet armis.]

Horace here speaks of the Civil Wars of the Medes, or Parthians, who had driven out their King Phraates: And tho' Phraates was at that Time replaced on the Throne, yet those Disorders were not yet appeased. Strabo expressly says, that

that when *Phraätes* surrendered to *Augustus* the Roman Standards and Prisoners, he put into his Hands his four Sons, with his two Daughters-in-law, and four Grand-children, because he was afraid of Seditions, and distrusted the Fidelity of his Subjects.

¹⁵ *Vetus hostis.*] For the Romans had waged War in Spain above two hundred Years before they subdued the *Cantabrians*. *Strabo* remarks hereupon very judiciously, that the *Spaniards* had protracted the War so long, by not opposing the Romans all at once, but some Provinces after others, and in small Bodies, like Troops of Highwaymen: Whereas the *Gauls*, who were of a more impetuous Genius, were much sooner conquered, tho' attacked later: For as they encountered the Romans with great Armies, they also lost the greatest Part of their Forces in a single Battle. DACIER.

The same Difference in the Genius of the French and *Spaniards*, which *Strabo* takes Notice of, is still observable in those two Nations, viz. the former quick and impetuous, the latter slow and phlegmatic. The different Tempers of different Nations seem, therefore, to be in a great Measure owing to the Difference of the Climates, where they are born and educated, as has been well observed by the Author of an ingenious Poem, intitled, *The Nature of Man*. D.

¹⁶ The *Scythians* here mentioned are the same People, whom he calls *Geloni*, *Gelons*, in the 9th Ode of the second Book.

¹⁷ *Laxo arcu.*] It was the Custom of the *Parthians*, *Scythians*, and all the Northern Nations, to hold their Bows unstrung, when they offered Proposals of Peace, to signify they were ready to retire; as we are informed by *Appian* and *Plutarch*.





ODE IX.

A DIALOGUE between HORACE and LYDIA.

By FRANCIS*, Lord Bishop of ROCHESTER.

HORACE.

WHILST 'I was fond, and You were kind,

Nor any dearer Youth, reclin'd

On your soft Bosom, sought to rest,

Not Persia's Monarch was so blest.

LYDIA.

Whilst You ador'd no other Face,

Nor lov'd me in the second Place,

Your Lydia's celebrated Fame

Outshone the Roman Illid's Name.

HORACE.

Me, Chloë now possesses whole;

Her Voice and Lyre command my Soul:

Nor would I Death itself decline,

* Could I redeem her Life with mine.

* Dr. Atterbury.

LYDIA.

For Me young lovely *Calais* burns,
And Warmth for Warmth my Heart returns.
Twice would I Life for *Him* resign,
Could his be ransom'd thus with mine.

HORACE.

What if the God, whose Bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the Yoke;
What if my *Chloë* cease to reign,
And *Lydia* her lost Power regain!

LYDIA.

Tho' *Phosphor* be less fair than *He*;
+ *Thou* wilder than the raging Sea;
Lighter than Down; yet gladly I
With *Thee* would live, with *Thee* would die.

NOTES.

This Ode is a Master-piece in its Kind. *Horace* has had the Address to blend the native Simplicity of rustic Dialogue with the easy Gallantry of the Court. We do not know exactly at what Time it was writ: It is however certain, that it must have been before the 25th, and after the 8th, the 13th, and the 23d Odes of the first Book.

The learned *Scaliger* was infinitely fond of this Ode, and of the 3d Ode of the 4th Book, as appears by his own remarkable Words in the sixth Book of his *Poetics*: *Omnes Horatii Oda tanta sunt venustatis, &c.* All the Odes of *Horace* are so

' beautiful, that they have effectually discouraged me, and all
' Persons of common Prudence, from any Attempts of the
' same Kind. But I have taken Notice of two in particular,
' than which I do not think Ambrosia or Nectar can be sweeter.
' One of them is the 3d of the 4th Book, *Quem tu, Melpomene,*
' *semel, &c.* and the other the 9th of the 3d Book, *Donec gratus*
' *eram tibi, &c.* * I had rather have writ Odes like these than
' many of Pindar's, or even than to be King of all Arragon.'

¹ The Greeks and Romans inviolably observed two Laws in these Dialogues; viz. 1. He who spoke last was to answer in the same Sort of Verse, and with the same Number of Lines: 2. He was obliged flatly to contradict, or to improve upon, what the former had said. *Horace* has observed both these Rules. See also *Virgil's* 3d and 7th *Eclagues*.

² This is spoken according to the Superstition of the Ancients, who imagined, that the Life of one Person might be redeemed by the Death of another. The Story of *Alceſſis*, who died to prolong the Life of her Husband *Admetus*, is well known. Hence arose those frequent *Devotements* for the Lives of Princes; which are still practised in some Countries.

DACIER,

³ ——— *Improbo*
Iracundior Adria.]

Horace has elsewhere said, that he was passionate, but easy to be reconciled:

Iraſci celerem, tamen ut placabilis eſſem.

* *Tu levior cortice.*] The Translator has improved on the Original, by changing *Cork* for *Down*.

* The Prelate, whose elegant Translation we have here adopted, was probably of the same Opinion, since he has translated these two Odes, and, as far as we know, these two only.

The

The SAME * ODE Imitated.

AMYNTAS.

CELIA, when I alone was blest

In full Possession of thy Breast,
Nor other happy Youth had Part,
Of that, ah! too inconstant Heart;
Made by thy Love both rich and great,
I envy'd not the Regal State.

CELIA.

Amyntas, when thy lasting Verse
Did only *Celia's* Praise rehearse;
When yet no Rival's hated Name
Disgrac'd thy Passion, and my Fame;
Than *Venus'* self more Joy I knew,
Were all the Tales of Poets true.

AMYNTAS.

Bound in *Lucinda's* pleasing Chains,
O'er every Sense the Fair-one reigns;
Her heavenly Voice, with sweet Surprise,
Extends the Conquest of her Eyes:

298 ODES of HORACE.

My Life I early would resign,
Hers to prolong, more dear than mine.

CELIA.

In every Motion of my Breast,
The Power of *Thyrsis* is confess'd:
I feel, with Joy, the warm Desires;
An equal Flame *his* Bosom fires;
Repeated Deaths I would sustain,
Might those preserve the lovely Swain,

AMYNTAS.

What if our mutual Loves return;
And we with wonted Ardor burn;
If the kind God his gentle Yoke,
Imposes, never to be broke,
And, from *Lucinda's* Bonds set free,
I give my destin'd Heart to Thee?

CELIA.

Tho' the dear Youth is kind and fair,
And constant as the Turtles are;
Thou, boisterous as the Northern Wind,
And light as Cork, to Change inclin'd:
With Thee my blissful Days I'd spend,
And in *thy* Arms *my* Life would end!

* ODE



* ODE X.

To Lycé.

I.

DID *Lycé* drink at *Tanais'* Head,
 And share a savage *Scythian's* Bed,
 She could not, with un pitying Eyes,
 Behold her Lover on the Floor,
 Extended near her freezing Door,
 And bare to Winds that blow from *Northern* Skies.

2.

Hark ! on the Gate how loud they beat ;
 The Trees, that shade thy beauteous Seat,
 With the tumultuous Noise resound !
 Fierce drives the Storm ; --- Now *Aether* clear
 Glazes the Snow with Frost severe ;
 And Spangles glitter on the glassy Ground !

3.

O then thy proud *Didain* remove,
 Ungrateful to the Queen of Love,
 Left

Left my fond Passion ebb again :

Alas ! thy *Tuscan* Sire, in Thee

² Begot no coy *Penelopé*,

To let thy plaintive Wooers sigh in vain.

4.

If Vows and Gifts are all too weak ;

And the ³ dead Paleness of my Cheek

Can nought avail thy Breast to move ;

If, that thy Consort scorns thy Charms,

And takes a Songstress to his Arms,

Cannot incline thee to my worthier Love ;

5.

Nor *Cupid's* feeble Arrows reach

Thy Heart, obdurate as the Beech,

And fierce as Snakes on *Libya's* Shore ;

Yet know, tho' now my Sides can bear

The driving Rain, and nipping Air,

⁴ The Time will come, when they can bear no more !

NOTES.

We have hitherto only seen a Fragment of one of those Songs, which the Gallants used to sing at the Gates of the Courtisans, when they were shut out ; and that is in the 25th Ode of the first Book. But we have here an entire Ode, which *Horace* sings at the Gate of *Lycé*. What renders it the more valuable,

valuable, is, that it is the only *Latin Song*, of this Kind, now extant: And in *Greek* we have but three whole ones; viz. two in *Theocritus*, and one in *Aristophanes*. It is true, indeed, that these are sufficient to give us a clear Idea of this Custom. It is to be remembered, that the Voice and Flute were both employed on these Occasions. DACIER.

1 ————— Quo nemus

Inter pulchra situm tecta remugiat.]

It is inferred from this Passage, that *Lycé* was a Person of considerable Fortune, since she lived in so magnificent a House.

2 *Non te Penelopen, difficilem precis,
Tyrrenus genuit parens.]*

Horace here tells *Lycé*, that, being descended from a *Tuscan* Father, Nature did not design her for a *Penelopé*: For the *Tuscans* were addicted to Pleasure, and very luxurious. It was a common Proverb, by way of Reflection on a Lady's Chastity, to say, She is no *Penelopé*; in like Manner as we now say, such a one is no *Lucretia*, or no *Vestal*. Thus also *Ovid*, in his first Book *de Arte Amandi*;

Penelopen ipsam, perstes modo, tempore vinces. DACIER.

3 A pale Complexion was always esteemed one of the Marks of Love. Thus *Ovid*:

Palleat omnis amans; color est hic aptus amanti.

4 What *Horace* here threatens, was afterwards verified by the Event; for he satyriized her in the 13th Ode of the fourth Book.





* ODE XI.

To MERCURY.

1 **H**ERMES! (by whom ² *Amphion's* Song
 Inspir'd, drew docile Stones along)
 And thou, ³ sweet HARP, who canst controul
 4 With seven harmonious Strings th' according Soul;
 Once ⁵ mute, but ⁶ grateful now at Feasts,
 To cheer the Gods, and godlike Guests,
 Teach me such Numbers, as may pierce
 My ⁷ *Lyde's* Ears; tho', to my Vows averse,
 She ⁸ sports along the verdant Plain,
 Like a fleet Filly; shuns the Rein;
 Fears to be touch'd; nor yet will prove,
 Wild and untry'd, the pleasing Pains of Love!
 9 Thou, Tygers and attentive Woods,
 Canst charm, and stop the rapid Floods:
 The Porter of th' Infernal Hall,
 Fierce Cerberus, obeys thy soothing Call;

10 Tho' all around his dreadful Head,
 A hundred hissing Snakes are spread;
 His Mouth tho' fiery Vapour fills,
 And from his triple Tongue black Gore distills!

Thy Notes 11 *Ixion's* Pains beguil'd;

12 *Tityus* awhile, reluctant, smil'd.

Dry was their Urn; the loathing Strain

13 Reliev'd the Labours of the Virgin-Train.

14 The Streams thro' leaky Vessels spilt,

The Torment equal to their Guilt,

Fair *Lyde*, hear! Revenge, tho' slow,

Overtakes the Guilty in the Realms below.

The Pains deserv'd they suffer there,

Who with disloyal Hand could dare,

Ev'n at the silent Hour of Rest,

(What could they more?) to pierce each Husband's Breast!

Of all the Virgins, One alone

15 Worthy the Bridal Torch was known,

16 Who, gloriously decentful, brav'd

Her perjur'd Father, and her Consort sav'd:

Awake!

- ' Awake! the cry'd; Awake! Arise!
 ' Left Sleep eternal seal thy Eyes;
 ' Arise! and, O elude in Time
 ' My Sire's and Sisters' unexampled Crime.
 ' As on the Lamb the Tygress feeds,
 ' So by his Bride each Bridegroom bleeds;
 ' But I (more soft than they) the Blow
 ' Nor strike, nor keep thee for a fiercer Foe.
 ' Me let my Father load with Chains,
 ' Or banish to *Numidia's* Plains,
 ' For saying thus my wretched Mate,
 ' To tread, with doubtful Feet, the Maze of Fate,
 ' With happy Omens quit my Bed,
 ' By favouring *Night* and *Venus* led;
 ' Then, grateful, on ¹² my Tomb rehearse
 ' My pious Love in softly plaintive Verse.

NOTES.

This Ode has two Parts: The first consists of six Stanzas, and contains the Invocation, and the Praises of the Harp. The second Part has seven Stanzas, which recite the Song, that *Mercury* dictates to *Horace*.

- ' See the Notes on the 10th Ode of the first Book.

² *Amphion*, by the Charms of his Oratory, prevailed upon a savage People to build Towns, and to live peaceably under the same Laws. On this Account the Poets feigned, that the Stones, obsequious to his Notes, ranged themselves in Order, and built the Walls of *Thebes*, a City of *Bœotia*.

³ *Horace* here addresses himself to his Harp, as he had before done in the 32d Ode of the first Book.

⁴ ——— *Resonare septem
Callida nervis.*

The Ancients had the *Tetrachord*, which was a Harp with four Strings; and they had a Harp with seven Strings, which was a Sort of double *Tetrachord*, because the Middle-String served for the three low and the three high Strings. These seven Strings made the seven different Tones of Music; that is to say, the seven Intervals that are in an *Octave*. Thus *Virgil*, speaking of *Orpheus*,

*Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum;
Jamque eadem digitis, jam pectine pulsat eburno.*

Æneid. vi. v. 646 & 647.

His flying Fingers, and his Ivory Quill,
Strike seven distinguish'd Notes. DRYDEN.

⁵ *Nec loquax olim, neque grata.*] That is, whilst it was a mere Shell, and not yet wrought into a Harp by *Mercury*.

⁶ The Harp was made use of at all Feasts and Festivals.

⁷ This was the same *Lyde*, to whom the 28th Ode of this Book is addressed. We shall there see, that she profited by the Lesson *Horace* here taught her, and was not always obdurate.

⁸ *Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi.*]

These two Lines are an Imitation of *Anacreon*, Ode 63

*Nûn δὲ λαιμονὰς τε βίσκεαι,
Κῶφάτε σκικτῶσα παιζεις.*

⁹ *Tu potes.*] The Poet addresses himself to the Harp, and not to *Mercury*. It was the Harp tuned by *Orpheus* that wrought the Miracles here referred to.

10 ——— *Centum*

Muniant angues caput.]

For this Reason *Horace* calls *Cerberus*, *bellua centiceps*, in the 13th Ode of the second Book.

11 *Ixion* was fixed upon a Wheel in Hell, for attempting to ravish *Juno*.

12 *Tityus* was slain by *Apollo*, for endeavouring to violate *Lato*. Two Vultures prey upon his Liver in Hell. The Ancients would represent by this Fable the Torments arising from the Passions, which have their Seat in the Liver.

13 See the Story of the *Danaïdes* in the Notes on the 14th Ode of the second Book.

14 The Air, or Song, with which *Mercury* is supposed to inspire *Horace*, in Answer to his Invocation, begins here.

15 ——— *Facc nuptiali*

Digna.] As the Bride was conducted at Night to her Husband's House, Torches were carried before her.

16 ——— *Perjurum fuit in parentem,*

Splendide mendax.]

This beautiful Expression may serve as one Instance of that *cursiva felicitas*, which *Petronius* admired in *Horace*, and is, perhaps, impossible to be preserved in a Translation.

It is remarkable, that *Horace* here transfers the Guilt of Perjury from the Daughter, who broke a wicked Oath, to the Father, who had obliged her to take it.

17 *Me pater sevis oneret catenis.*] This was what actually happened to her; for her Father shut her up in a close Prison, as *Apollodorus* relates: And thus also she writes to *Lynceus*, in *Ovid*:

Clausula domo teneor, gravibusque coercita vinclis.

I'm close confin'd, and bound with heavy Chains.

18 In *Ovid* she writes her own Epitaph, viz.

Exul Hypermnestra, pretium pietatis iniquum,

Quam mortem fratri depulit, ipsa tulit.

Here *Hypermnestra* lies, who died
For sparing *Lynceus*' Life, a banish'd Bride!

* ODE



* O D E XII.

To NEOBULE.

WRETCHED the Girl, forbid to prove
 Th' alternate Joys of Wine and Love,
 And doom'd an Uncle's Threats to fear,
 Too rugged for a tender Ear.
 The winged Boy, in wanton Play,
 Thy Work and Basket steals away :
 Thy Web and *Pallas'* curious Toils
 Are now become fair *Hebrus'* Spoils ;
 A Youth more skilful, on the Plain,
 Than *Glaucus'* Son to guide the Rein :
 Admir'd he shines with manly Grace,
 Both in the *Cæstus* and the Race ;
 With plyant Shoulders can divide
 The foaming *Tyber's* rapid Tide ;
 Along the Lawn pursue the Doe,
 And pierce her with unerring Bow ;
 Or nimbly with his Spear surprize
 The Boar, that close in Covert lies !

NOTES.

Horace writes this Ode to *Neobulé*, to confirm her against the ill Temper of an Uncle, and at the same Time to justify the Love she cherished for *Hebrus*, who was a handsome Youth, well skilled in the Exercises of the Chace, and other manly Sports.

¹ *Metuentes patrue verbera lingua.*] Among the Romans, Uncles had very great Authority over their Nephews and Nieces; and, as they were seldom so indulgent as Parents, their morose Temper passed into a Proverb, and the Word *Patruus*, Uncle, was used to signify a Censor *. Thus Horace, in the third Satire of the second Book;

————— *Ne sis Patruus mihi* —————

Do not chide me, as if you were my Uncle. Perhaps, therefore, he has here used the Words *verbera patrue lingua*, for all kind of Censors. But it seems more probable, that they are to be taken literally, and that *Neobulé* had an Uncle, whom Horace here speaks of. DACIER,

² *Bellerophon*, the Son of *Glaucus*, mounted on the Horse *Pegasus*, defeated *Chimera*, who was a Monster with the Head of a Lion breathing Flames, the Body of a Goat, and the Tail of a Dragon or Serpent. What gave Occasion to the Fiction, it is said; was this: *Bellerophon* was a good Sailor, and, in a swift Ship called *Pegasus*, pursued a Pyrate in the Ship *Chimera*, on whose Head was the Image of a Lion, in the Middle a Goat, and on the Stern a Dragon. Different Accounts are also given of the Rise of this Fable.

³ *Celer excipere aprum.*] The Word *excipere* is, properly, applied to those who lie in wait for any one; and Horace here uses it for *opprimere*, to surprise, or attack unawares.

* In the same Sense *Dueña* is now used among the Spaniards.





* O D E XIII.

*To the Nymph presiding over the Blandu-
fian Fountain.*

I.

NYMPH ¹ of the Spring, whose Waves surpass
The Clearness of transparent Glafs,
And well deserve each Rite divine,
The ² flowery Garland, and the luscious Wine;

2.

To-morrow's rising Sun shall see
The choicest Victim given to Thee,
A Kid, with budding Horns prepar'd
The *Venus* of his Heart to guard :
In vain.— For soon his crimson Blood
Shall stain the Crystal of thy spotless Flood.

I.

Not *Phæbus* with his sultry Beam,
When *Sirius* reigns, can pierce thy Stream :
The Oxen, loosen'd from the Share,
And panting Sheep, to Thee for Shade repair.

X 3

2. Among

2.

Among the Springs of noblest Fame
 Shalt Thou be rank'd, while I proclaim
 The spreading Oak, whose awful Brow
 O'erhangs the hollow Rock below;
 From which, with gently-babbling Tide,
 3 Thy limpid Waters, fair *Blandusia*, glide.

J. D.

NOTES.

They who will carefully examine the Turn, and inimitable Simplicity of the Description, which *Horace* here makes of the Fountain of *Blandusia*, will find it one of the prettiest Pieces extant in its kind. What renders it still more valuable, is, that it furnishes us with a very curious Example of the Ceremonies observed by the *Romans*, when they sacrificed to Fountains.

DACIER.

1 *Blandusia* was a Fountain in *Sabinia*, near *Horace's* Country House.

2 *Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus.*] The Ancients, when they made Libations, filled a Cup to the Brim, and covered it with a Chaplet of Flowers. For which Reason *Tibullus* says,

Coronatus stabit et ipse calix.

Thus also *Virgil*:

Crateres magnos statuunt, et vina coronant.

And it is this *vinum coronatum*, as *Statius* calls it, which *Horace* here means by *merum, non sine floribus*.

3 The Springs of Rivers were sacred, and had their Divinities; on which Account, Groves were dedicated to them, Chapels consecrated, and Altars raised. Thus *Horace*, in the first Ode of the first Book;

Ad

Ad aquæ lene caput sacra.

'At the gentle Source of a sacred Stream.' For this Reason *Homer* (in the seventeenth Book of the *Odyssey*), describing a Fountain near *Ithaca*, says there was an Altar close by it. The Reader will not be displeased to see his Description of it, which is not very different from this of *Horace*.

— Κατὰ δὲ Λυχρὸν ῥέειν ὕδωρ

Ἵδμεν ἐν πέτρῃς &c.

Where, from the Rock, with liquid Lapse distills
A limpid Fount —————

Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there

In sculptur'd Stone immortaliz'd their Care,

In marble Urns receiv'd it from above,

And shaded with a green surrounding Grove ;

Where silver Alders, in high Arches twin'd,
Drink the cool Stream, and tremble to the Wind.

Beneath (sequester'd to the Nymphs), is seen

A mossy Altar, deep embower'd in Green ;

Where constant Vows by Travellers are paid,

And holy Horrors solemnize the Shade.

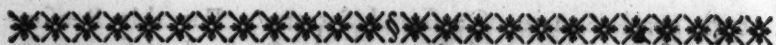
POPE.

In *Ovid*'s third Book *de Fastis*, *Numa* offers a Sacrifice to a Fountain, in all respects like this, only he gives a Sheep, whereas *Horace* here promises a Kid :

— *Fonti rex Numa mactat ovem,*

Plenaque odorati disponit pocula Bacchi.

We have here a Victim, Wine, and Crowns ; for *plena pocula odorati Bacchi*, full Cups of fragrant Wine, is the same thing as *pocula floribus coronata*, Cups of Wine crowned with Flowers, or (in *Horace*'s Words) *merum cum floribus*. This Passage of *Ovid* ought, therefore, to be translated thus : 'King *Numa* sacrifices a Sheep to this Fountain, and places on its Banks full Cups of Wine crowned with Flowers.' We are also taught here one Particular, which is not expressed in *Horace*, namely, that after having offered up a Sheep or a Kid, and poured out a little Wine to make Libations, the Cups, with the Wine in them, were placed on the Margin of the Fountain, to invite the Gods of those Streams to come and drink of it. DACIER.



*The SAME * ODE Imitated.*

To the PEN, employed in writing Sermons.

I.

O Thou ! whose Nip the trivial Strain
Of amorous Bard shall ne'er profane,
To-morrow shall the Pulpit see
A beauteous Prospect drawn by Thee ;
And Honey from the sacred Rock,
Instill'd by Thee, shall cheer my Flock.

2.

Tho' now, in thoughtless Sports and Play,
The Wantons pass the jocund Day,
Soon shalt Thou fill each vacant Mind
With Pleasures of a nobler kind,
And, calm'd by thy persuasive Lore,
Their Passions shall rebell no more.

3.

Thou art the friendly Crook, that leads
My fainting Sheep to dewy Meads :

By

By thy blest Guidance they repair
 To fertile Fields, and purer Air;
 And, safe from Wolves, with Transport stray,
 Where Streams of living Waters play.

4.

Thy deathless Praises shall inspire
 Some Poet with a Preacher's Fire;
 While I those fluttering Feathers sing,
 That tremble o'er the sable Spring;
 From whence, with swift but silent Tide,
 O'er snow-white Leaves thy Waters glide.



* O D E XIV.

On the Return of AUGUSTUS from Spain.

CÆSAR, like *Hercules*, in *Spain*,
 Who, late we boasted, won with Blood
 The Laurel Wreath, now comes again
 Victorious to his high Abode.

Let Her, to whom auspicious Fate
 Th' Imperial Diadem has given,

Go

Go forth to meet her matchless Mate,

And pay her pious Vows to Heaven.

Let good ³ *Octavia*, at the Head

Of all the noble Wives of *Rome*,

With decent Gratitude proceed

To welcome our Deliverer home.

And ⁴ Ye, whose Sons escap'd the Sword,

In Hymns to Heaven your Voice employ :

But let no inauspicious Word

Break forth to damp the Public Joy.

No gloomy Cares shall overspread

And cloud this glorious Festival ;

Nor ⁵ War, nor Tumults, will I dread,

While *Cæsar* rules the conquer'd Ball.

⁶ Go, Boy, fetch Oyl ; and Crowns prepare ;

And broach the Casks, that 'scap'd the Hands,

(If any such remaining are)

⁷ Of *Spartacus's* vagrant Bands.

With effenc'd Hair, in Fillets tied,

Let not at home *Neæra* stay :

Go, bring my Songstress — If deny'd,

Or should she linger, come away.

3 Grey Locks impetuous Heat reclaim :

4 When 9 bold with Youth, in *Plancus*' Year,

A Trifle would my Blood inflame,

Nor 10 could I then such Treatment bear.

NOTES.

Monfieur *Le Fevre* rightly obferves, that this Ode was writ in the Year of *Rome* 729, under the tenth Confulship of *Augustus*, who then returned from *Spain*, where he had been four Years waging War againft the *Cantabrians*; for he fet out on that Expedition in his feventh Confulship, in the Year 726, and did not return to *Rome* till the Year 729, in his tenth Confulship, after a long Sicknefs, of which he had like to have died. *Suetonius* writes, that he received his eighth and his ninth Confulship at *Tarragona*: *Octavum et nonum confulatatum Tarracene inuit*. But he does not fay, that he there received the tenth; which has been afferted without Foundation, in Defiance of historical Truth; for he fet out from *Spain*, on his Return, at the End of his ninth Confulship, and arrived at *Rome* at the Beginning of the Year 729, as appears by a Passage in *Dion*, Book 53. *Horace* therefore writ this Ode on the Return of *Augustus*, juft about the Time of his Arrival. He had before writ the 35th Ode of the firft Book,

O diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,

on his Departure for this Expedition. DACIER.

1 — *Hispanâ repetit Penates*
Victor ab orâ.]

The Word *repetit*, returns, in the prefent Tenfe, fhows that *Horace* writ this Ode on the News of *Augustus*'s Approach, and before he had made his public Entry into *Rome*.—By *Penates*, his Houfhold Gods, he denotes *Augustus*'s Palace.—He was thought to have put an End to the War with the *Cantabrians*; but they revolted feveral Times after his Departure, and were not entirely quelled till the Year of *Rome* 734, or 735, when they were fubdued by *Agrippa*.

2 *Unico*

316 ODES of HORACE.

² *Unico gaudens mulier marito
Prodeat.]*

Horace here points out *Livia*, the Wife of *Augustus*, without naming her. Tho' she was one of the most beautiful Women in the World, her Wisdom still surpassed her Beauty. *Dion* relates, that some naked Men having one Day met her (whether by Chance, or by Design, is uncertain), the Senate would have condemned them to Death; but she interceded for them, and procured their Pardon, saying, that to a virtuous Woman a naked Man was no more than a Statue.

The Line above-quoted (the literal Translation of which is, *Let the Wife delighting in her Husband alone, or in one Husband, go forth*) has very much perplexed the Critics: For, say they, it can scarce be imagined, that a Man of *Horace's* Politeness would compliment *Livia* at the Expence of all the other Roman Ladies; which yet he plainly does, if this be the true Reading, and the true Construction of this Passage. Mr. *Cunningham* therefore, for *unico*, reads *unicè gaudens*, entirely rejoicing; which is, at least, a very plausible Correction, and adopted by *Sanadon*.

Dacier seems to think, that the Word *unicus* may signify here *peerless*, or *unparalleled*. If this can be justified, it undoubtedly gives a rational Meaning, and is followed by the Translator, as most agreeable to Common Sense.

³ *Soror clari ducis.]* *Octavia* was the Sister of *Augustus*, and, at that Time, the Widow of *Marc Antony*.

⁴ *Matres virginum, juvenumque nuper
Sospitum.]*

He here addresses himself to the Mothers of those young Romans, who followed *Augustus* into *Spain*, and had escaped all the Dangers of that bloody War.

⁵ ————— *Ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæsare terras.]*

By *tumultus*, *Horace* means *Civil Wars*. This Phrase cannot be better explained, than by a parallel Passage in the 15th Ode of the fourth Book:

*Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor
Civilis, non vis eximet otium.*

Furor

Furor Civilis is what he here calls *Tumultus*; and *Vis*, in both these Passages, signifies *foreign Wars*.

Tenente Cæsare terras, and *Custode rerum Cæsare*, have just the same Sense; for the Word *tenere* signifies here *custodire*, to *protect*, or *defend*

6 The four first Stanzas of this Ode (here translated in five) are grave and solemn; the three last sportful and gay.

7 *Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem
Fallere testa.*]

Sixteen or seventeen Years after the *Marſian War*, the *Romans* were engaged in that of *Spartacus*, who, putting himself at the Head of a small Number of Gladiators at *Capua*, which was daily increased by Slaves resorting to him from all Parts, ravaged all *Italy*. See *Florus*, Book iii. Chapt. 20. The Address of *Horace* here deserves to be remarked; who, while he seems only to be sportfully treating of old Wine, gives a lively Description of the Calamities of this War, to enhance thereby the Blessings the *Romans* enjoyed under the mild Reign of *Augustus*. *Si quâ ratione*; as in *Virgil*,

————— *Si quâ fata aspera rumpas.*

The Word *vagans* is very expressive of the wide Havock made by those Gladiators, who spread themselves to the farthest Part of the Country of the *Brutii*, where they were cut to Pieces by *Licinius Crassus*. DACIER.

8 *Albescens capillus.*] *Horace* was then 42 Years old.

9 ————— *Calidus juvenâ,
Consule Planco.*]

Horace was born under the Consulship of *L. Manlius Torquatus*, in the Year of *Rome* 688; and the *L. Munatius Plancus*, here mentioned, was Consul in the Year 711: So that *Horace* was then but in his 24th Year.

10 *Non ego hoc ferrem.*] *Ferrem* is here put for *tulissém*: This Change of the Tense is frequent in good Authors.

DACIER.

* O D E



* ODE XV.

To CHLORIS.

THOU ¹Wife of *Ibycus* the Poor,
 At length to Scandal bar the Door;
 Advancing near thy funeral Flame,
 Set Bounds to thy notorious Shame:
 Sport not among the Virgin Train,
 Nor sparkling Stars with Vapours stain.
 What suits the Daughter in her Prime,
 In wrinkled Age is deem'd a Crime.
 For she, with *Bacchanalian* Rage,
 In Midnight Frolics may engage,
 And, like a Kid, with better Grace,
 In wanton Sport her *Nothus* chase.
 The Wool, near fair ²*Luceria* shorn,
 Will more than Harps thy Hands adorn.
 The purple Rose is now too weak
 To hide the Paleness of thy Cheek.

Since

Since Age and Riot ill agree,
 Think on thy own Mortality !
 For Revels will not Thee become,
 Grown old, and bending to the Tomb.

NOTES.

This Ode is entirely satyrical. *Horace* writ it against *Chloris*, the Mother of *Pholoë*. It is uncertain at what Time it was made. However, it seems probable, that it was writ after the 23d Ode of the *first*, and the 5th Ode of the *second* Book.

¹ *Uxor pauperis Ibyci.*] When the Courtezans began to grow old, it was usual with them (that they might more safely prosecute their infamous Commerce) to marry such poor Men as this *Ibycus*, who were rather their Slaves than Husbands. Thus this first Verse is very satyrical, and *Horace* describes her Trade barely by calling her *the Wife of poor Ibycus*. DACIER.

In like manner a Lady of Quality, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, married a Footman, to screen herself from her Creditors. The Consequence was, *he* was thrown into the *Fleet*, and *she* retired into *Holland*.

² *Luceria* was an ancient and considerable City of *Daurian Apulia*: The Pasture-Grounds about it were excellent. *Strabo* says, that the Wool of that Country was finer and more soft than the Wool of *Tarentum*, but not so white.





* O D E XVI.

To MÆCENAS,

WITHIN ¹ a brazen Tower immur'd,
 Strong Gates and watchful Dogs secur'd
 From ² nightly Lovers *Danaë* ;
 But all the Father's fruitless Cares,
 His jealous Doubts, and anxious Fears,
³ *Venus* and *Jove* in secret smil'd to see :
 They knew no Gates so strong, no Dogs so bold,
 As to exclude a God, transform'd to Gold.

When Gold appears, what Guards deny
 A ready Passage ? Warriors fly,
 Rocks open, at the Touch of Gold.
 Nor *Jove* so sure a Bolt can boast :
 The ⁴ *Grecian* Sage by Gold was lost,
 And all his Family betray'd, or sold :
⁵ *Philip* by Gold unbarr'd the strongest Gates ;
 By Gold he conquer'd all the rival States.

Rough

Rough Captains, boisterous as the Seas,
All-powerful Presents can appease.

Wealth ever is pursu'd by Care.

'O Glory of th' *Equestrian* Name,
Mæcenæ ! Diffidence and Shame

Allow me not aloft my Head to rear.

The more each Man shall to himself deny,
The more the Gods shall all his Wants supply.

I, to no wild Desires a Slave,
Join with the few, that nothing crave,

And scorn to haunt the rich Man's Door :

Of what my humble Fields afford,
By juster Claim, the splendid Lord,

Than if, amidst exhaustless Plenty poor,
My ample Garners held whate'er the Swains
Industrious reap on rich *Apulia's* Plains.

What tho', in ermin'd Purple gay,
The ' Consul wide extends his Sway

O'er sultry *Afric's* fruitful Soil ;

He knows not that a ' purling Rill,

A shady Grove, a Field that still

With sure Increase repays the Tiller's Toil,

Y

Such

Such heart-felt Joys to Me, contented, yield,
As must from Him for ever be conceal'd.

What tho' no *Gallic* Flocks for Me
Are fed, nor the ⁹ *Calabrian* Bee
Distills her honey'd Sweets ; nor Casks
Of ¹⁰ *Formian* Wine my Cellars store ;
Yet *Horace* knows not Want ; and mor
You freely will bestow, if more he asks ;
But, unambitious, he alone desires
What a small decent Competence requires.

My Tax more chearfully I pay,
Than if I held unbounded Sway,
And subject Provinces possess'd :
He that, repining, covets more,
Is ever wanting, ever poor :
For those alone I deem completely blest'd,
To whom, indulgent to their Wishes, Heaven
³¹ ENOUGH, but with no lavish Hand, has given.

J. D.

NOTES.

This Ode is of a mixed Character, partly satyrical, partly moral. *Horace* at first inveighs against Avarice, and describes the ill Effect that Riches are apt to produce. But this is not his chief Design ; for from hence he takes Occasion to thank

Mæcenas

Mæneas for the small House he had given him; and shows how much Reason he had to be better satisfied with it, than if he had given him a Province or a Kingdom. DACIER.

¹ *Inclusam Danaën, &c.*] *Acrisus*, King of *Argos*, having been warned by the Oracle, that he should be killed by his Grandson, locked up his Daughter in a strong Tower, well guarded, where no Man was allowed to converse with her: But all these Precautions were ineffectual. *Prætus*, the Brother of *Acrisus*, found means to get Access to her: And she gladly allowed the Caresses of her Uncle, to be delivered from the Tyranny of her Father. From this Commerce *Perseus* was born; and, as *Prætus* had bribed the Guards, it was pretended, that *Jupiter*, descending in a Shower of Gold, or, as *Pindar* says, in a Snow of Gold, had fallen into the Lap of *Danaë*, and that *Perseus* was her Son by *Jupiter*. DACIER.

Turris ænea]. A brazen Tower, to signify a very strong Tower. Thus, in the 3d Ode of this Book, *Horace* uses *murus æneus*, for a strong Wall; and *Virgil*, in the 6th *Æneid*, speaking of Hell, says,

————— *Cyclopum eduçta caminis*
Mœnia conspicio.

‘I see the Walls, forged in the Furnace of the Cyclops.’

Propertius calls this Tower *ferratam domum*, an Iron House.

DACIER.

² *Nocturnis ab adulteris.*] *Horace* uses the Words *mæchus*, and *adulter*, for a Gallant. See the 25th, the 33d, and the 36th Odes of the first Book.

³ *Jupiter et Venus.*] *Venus* and *Jupiter* smiled at all the Precautions of *Acrisus*. This is a Circumstance by no means to be omitted in the Picture of this Story. The Ancients had Pictures of it, as appears from the *Eunuch* of *Terence*.

⁴ ————— *Concidit auguris*
Argivi domus.]

He means *Amphiaræus*, who had married *Eriphyle*, the Sister of *Adrastus*, King of *Argos*. He was a Prophet; and, foreseeing he was to die in the *Theban* War, refused to follow *Adrastus* and *Polynices* thither, concealing himself from them. But *Polynices*,

lynices, having bribed *Eriphyle* with a golden Bracelet set with Jewels, she betrayed him. For which Reason, on his Departure, he charged his Son *Alcmaon* to kill his Mother, as soon as he should hear of his Death. The very Day of his Arrival at *Thebes*, the Earth opening, he was swallowed up alive in his Chariot: On Advice of which, *Alcmaon* killed his Mother; and was afterwards slain himself by his Uncles, in Revenge of her Death. *Amphilochus*, the Brother of *Alcmaon*, was also killed before *Thebes*. Thus the Avarice of this Woman was the sole Cause of the Destruction of all the Family.

DACIER.

5 *Vir Macedo*.] Among the Roman Authors, *The Man of Macedon*, signifies *Philip*; and *juvenis Macedo*, *Alexander* his Son. Thus, in *Juvenal*, *Pelleo juveni* is used for *Alexander*. Mr. *Pope* has dignified the former of these Phrases in *English*, by his amiable Character of *the Man of Rofs*, who, in the Eye of right Reason, was much more worthy of Applause than *the Man of Macedon*. D.

Ib. King *Philip*, having received this Answer from the Oracle,
 Ἀργυρίαις λόγχοισι μάχεσθαι, καὶ πάντα κρατήσει,
Fight with silver Weapons, and thou shalt conquer all Things; had a just Sense of the Meaning of it, and frequently prevailed on the Governors of Cities, by large Sums of Money, to open the Gates to him. A Spy informing him one Day, that a Castle, which he was going to attack, was strongly fortified, and seemed to be impregnable, he briskly answered, 'What! do you think we shall not find a Way into it for a Mule loaded with Gold?' DACIER.

6 *Macenas, equitum decus*.] *Horace* calls *Macenas*, *the Glory of the Knights*, on Account of the great Qualities which distinguished him from others; and because, tho' he was the Favourite of *Augustus*, he was contented with that Title, and only used his Interest to procure those Honours for his Friends, which he himself declined.

7 *Horace* here means the *Proconsul of Africa*; and chuses this Instance, because *Africa* was the largest and best Roman Province: On which Account it is styled by *Cicero*, *omnium provinciarum arx*, *The Tower of all the Provinces*.

8 *Pura*

⁸ *Pura rivus aqua, &c.*] He here sums up the chief Ingredients of his Happiness. See also the 6th Satire of the 2d Book.

⁹ He speaks of the Honey of *Tarentum* in *Calabria*; which he also compares to the Honey of *Hymettus* in the 6th Ode of the second Book.

¹⁰ *Nec Lastrigoniâ Bacchus in amphorâ
Languescit mihi.*]

The *Lastrigons* were an ancient People of *Sicily*, who, removing from thence, settled at *Formia*, a City of *Campania*, between *Cajeta* and *Minturnæ*; for which Reason it was called *Lastrigonia*. *Horace*, therefore, by *Lastrigonia amphora* means the *Formian* Wine, which was esteemed one of the best Sort in *Italy*. He had before celebrated it in the 20th Ode of the first Book.

¹¹ — *Quod satis est.*] *Horace* has made use of the same Phrase in the first Ode of this Book, and also in one of his Epistles. The Sense of it is not to be confined to the Necessaries of Life; it rather means what we call a *Competence* in *English*; as it is justly explained by *Seneca*, *Primò, habere quod necesse est: secundò, quod satis est.* ‘The first Point is to gain ‘the Necessaries of Life; the second, a *Competence*.’

Mr. Waller, in his Paraphrase on the Lord’s Prayer, has translated this Passage of *Horace verbatim*;

Give us enough, but with a sparing Hand.

We are told by *Mr. Rowe*, in his Life of *Shakespeare*, that *Mr. Hales* of *Eton*, being in Company with several learned Men, where the Conversation happened to turn on *Shakespeare’s* Writings, and his Want of Learning; after others had delivered their Opinions, he said, ‘That if *Mr. Shakespeare* had ‘not read the Ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing ‘from ‘em; and that whoever would produce any one Topic ‘finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to show ‘something upon the same Subject, at least as well written by ‘*Shakespeare*.’

As one Instance of this kind, I will here produce a few Lines from a Speech in *Shakespeare* on the Power of Gold, to be compared with *Horace’s* Verses:

————— This, this, ye Gods!

Will lug your Priests and Servants from your Sides;

Y 3

Pluck

Pluck stout Mens Pillows from below their Heads,
 This yellow Slave will knit and break Religions;
 Make the hoar Leprosy ador'd; place Thieves,
 And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation,
 With Senators on the Bench: This is 'it,
 That makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;
 She, whom the Spittle-house and ulcerous Sores
 Would cast the Gorge at, *this* embalms, and spices
 To the *April* Day again.

SHAKESPEARE, *Vol. v. Timon of Athens, Act iv.*



The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. SAMUEL SAY.

*D*Anaë, inclosed in Towers of Brass,
 Strong Iron Gates and opening Dogs
 Wakeful, had well secur'd by Day,
 Had well secur'd by Night;
 If *Jove* and *Venus* had not mock'd
 The jealous Sire ---- So Fables tell ----
 Vain Iron! Vain Brass! transform'd to Gold,
 He won the greedy Maid.
 When Gold appears, the Guards retire,
 The Floods divide, the Rocks are rent;
 Not Thunder flings the fiery Bolt
 With such resistless Power.
 Subjects their Kings, and Priests their Gods,
 Exchange

Exchange for Gold. The Gownman Right
And Wrong confounds : For Gold he pleads ;
For Gold betrays the Cause.

Touch'd by thy stronger Force, tow'rd Thee
The Compass veers, almighty Gold !
Before thee Wisdom, Valour, Sense,
And Virtue is no more.

' Care follows close, where Gold precedes :
Sweet Innocence, Contentment, Peace,
No more shall bless the Day ; no more
Soft Slumbers bless the Night.

' This *Horace* saw, wise Bard ! and durst
Refuse the glittering Bribe ; to share
With *Cæsar* all the World ; to share
The World, and share the Toil.

' Tempt me no more, *Mæcenæ*s, tempt
' No more thy *Flaccus* to aspire
' To Wealth and Power ; he fears the Helm
' Because he fears the Storm.

' What we deny ourselves, just Heaven
' Restores with Interest. Naked, see !
' Naked thy humble Friend deserts
' The Party of the Great.

' Glad Fugitive --- he longs to reach

328 ODES of HORACE.

‘ The Camp of the contented Few,
 ‘ Whose little is enough --- ENOUGH ---
 ‘ That sweeter Word for All !’

O decent Pride ! O truly Lord
 Of his Possessions, who still bears
 A Soul above them ! richer far

Than all *Apulia*’s Stores,
 Heap’d in the crowded Barn, could make
 The Mind, that covets without End,
 And, drinking, thirsts for more ! O Wretch,
 In utmost Plenty, poor !

A silver Stream, a silent Grove,
 A Summer’s Eve, a small Estate,
 Still faithful to its Lord : A Life

Retir’d from Noise or Care,
 Steals thro’ the World, with Joys unknown
 To the profaner Mind ; with Joys
 Unknown to crowded Courts ; to Peers,

And scepter’d Kings, unknown !
 Tho’ no proud Palace loads the Ground,
 Or towers into the Sky ; no Car,
 With gilded Trappings gay, behind

Bestuck with pamper’d Slaves,
 Moves slow in State ; nor costly Wines

Takay,

Tokay, Champaign, or Burgundy,
Nor high *Ragouts* deceive the Taste,
And progagate Disease !
Yet fair CONTENT my Cottage chears ;
Lettuce and Pease my Garden yields :
Plain Food, soft Ale, and homebrew'd Wines,
Still crown my healthful Board.
Thro' fragrant Fields, or spreading Lawns,
Where the Sheep graze, and Oxen low,
Or stalks the Stag, with Head erect,
I sometimes musing rove :
Pleas'd with his Load, sometimes my Pad
Smooth ambles to the neighbouring Gate,
Which opens friendly to receive
The not unwelcome Guest.
Happy ! who knows himself, and knows
To judge of Happiness ; to whom
Wise Heaven, with kind but frugal Hand,
Has each just Want supplied.

1720.

N O T E S.

A small Collection of Poems, with two Critical Essays in Prose, viz. the first on the *Harmony, Variety, and Power of Numbers*, whether in *Prose or Verse* ; the second on the *Numbers of PARADISE LOST* ; written by the learned Author of this

this Ode, appeared in the Year 1745, in a small Volume in 4to.

These Essays have been much admired by some Persons of Taste and Judgment. But as this Book was only printed by Subscription among the little Circle of his Friends and Acquaintance, it has fallen into few hands.

This Ode may be produced as an Instance, that Rime is not wanting, where Verse is written with Ease and Elegance.

¹ *Care follows close, where Gold precedes, &c.*] This Sentiment is strongly enforced and expanded by a modern Classic. 'When the Desire of Wealth takes hold of the Mind, let us look round, and see how it operates upon those, whose Industry or Fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own Abundance, luxurious without Pleasure, idle without Ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised, or hated, by the rest of Mankind, we shall soon be convinced, that if the real Wants of this Condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with Solicitude, or desired with Ardor.'

The RAMBLER, N^o. 58.

² *This Horace saw, &c.*] This alludes to Horace's declining the Place of Secretary of State, which was offered him by Augustus.



* O D E XVII.

To ÆLIUS LAMIA.

ÆLIUS, ¹ whose noble ² Lineage springs
From a long Race of ancient Kings,
(From ³ Him the *Lamia's* Blood roll'd down,
Who greatly fill'd the *Formian* Throne,

Where

Where the slow Streams of *Liris* rove
 In Silence thro' *Marica's* Grove)
 To-morrow from the 4 East shall roar
 Bleak Storms, and spread with Weeds the Shore ;
 With Leaves the Ground ; unless in vain
 5 Croaks the old Crow, presaging Rain,
 Haste then to store thy Billets dry ;
 6 To-morrow let a Porket die ;
 With this and Wine thy Genius chear,
 Nor to thy Slaves be too severe ;
 But let thy Household, free from Care,
 With Thee the social Banquet share.

NOTES.

¹ This is the same *Lamia* mentioned in the 26th Ode of the first Book, and in the 4th Epistle.

² *Horace* follows *Homer*, who, in the 10th Book of the *Odyssey*, speaks of *Lamus*, as King of the *Lestrigons*.

Nobody contemns the Honour of a Descent from a long Race of worthy Ancestors, but such as have no Pretension to that Honour themselves.

' The Pride of Ancestry, and the Desire of continuing our Lineage, when they tend to an Incitement of virtuous and noble Actions, are undoubtedly laudable.'

The CONNOISSEUR, No. 102.

³ *Quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
 Denominatos ; et nepotum*

*Per memores genus omne fastos,
 Auctore ab illo ducis originem, &c.]*

Daniel Heinsius reads *ducit* instead of *ducis* ; and observes, that *genus* is the Nominative Case. *Bentley* has put the Justness of

of this Correction past Dispute; he shows also, that the Parenthesis must be placed after *Tyrannus*. *Sanadon* strikes out these four Lines, and joins the first Verse with the fifth. He offers several plausible Reasons for this Correction; but as he does not pretend to have the Authority of any Manuscript, or ancient Copy, this seems to be treating *Horace* in the same Cavalier manner as *Bentley* treated *Milton*.

4 *Demissa tempestas ab Euro.*] He says this Tempest shall be caused by the East-South-East Wind; because it is very stormy, and brings into *Italy* all the Rain, with which it is loaded in its long Passage over the *Mediterranean Sea*.

DACIER.

5 — *Aqua nisi fallit augur,
Annoxa cornix.*]

In like Manner he calls the Crow, in the 27th Ode of this Book, *divinam imbrium imminantium, prophetic of impending Showers*. The Crow presages Rain, when she caws, and walks alone on the Sea-shore, or on the Banks of Rivers and Pools. Thus *Virgil*, in the first *Georgic*:

*Tum cornix raucâ pluviâ vocat improba voce,
Et sola in siccâ secum spatatur arenâ.*

The Crow with clamorous Cries the Shower demands,
And single stalks along the desert Sands. DRYDEN.

Pliny makes the same Observation, in the 35th Chapter of his 18th Book: *Et cum terrestres volucres contra aquas clangores dabunt perfundentes sese, sed maxime cornix.* 'It is a Sign of Rain, when Land-Fowl, and especially Crows, are clamorous near Waters, and wash themselves.' DACIER,

6 — *Cras Genium mero
Curabis, et porco bimestri,
Cum famulis operum solutis.*]

'To-morrow thou shalt cheer thy Genius with Wine, and a Porket two Months old, in the Company of thy Servants, discharged from Labour.' This shows that *Horace* does not speak here of the Sacrifice, which used to be offered to the Genius on Birth-Days; for, on those Occasions, no Blood was spilt; they gave only thick Milk, Cakes, Wine, Flowers, and Incense. Because a Pig was offered to the *Lares*, *Lambinus* thinks it may be inferred, that one was also offered to the *Genius*.

But

But he is mistaken: The Oblations to the *Genius*, and to the *Lares*, were different.

It must be remembered that *Horace* writ this Ode to *Lamia*, then in the Country, at his *Villa* near *Formia*: And the Sum of it is no more than this; That since the next Day was likely to be wet, and unfit for his Slaves to work, he should improve the Occasion to his own and their Entertainment. DACIER.



* O D E XVIII.

To FAUNUS.

FAUNUS, ¹ still fond to chase the Train
Of Nymphs who fly thee; gracious rove

² Along my Bounds and sunny Plain;

³ Nor from my Flock in Wrath remove,

If, every Year, a Kid resign

His Blood; if the full Bowl, the ⁴ Friend
Of *Venus*, pour its copious Wine;

And Steams from ⁵ thy old Shrine ascend ----

In Pastures all the Cattle sport,

Soon as returns thy ⁶ hallow'd Day;

To Meads the vacant Hinds resort,

And, ⁷ round th' unharnes'd Oxen, play.

The

³ The Lamb from Wolves no longer flies;
⁹ For Thee the Wood its Honours sheds;
 His Spade no more the Delver plies,
 But thrice the Ground in Gambols treads.

NOTES.

This Ode was writ by *Horace* at his Country-House in *Sabinia*, and sung at the Festival of *Faunus*. It is divided into two equal Parts, as has been observed by *Bentley* and *Sanadon*. The first Part contains the Prayer of the Poet; the latter describes the Blessings bestowed by the God, and the Rejoicings of the Village. It is absurd to make all the Sequel of the Ode depend on the *Si* of the fifth Verse, as *Dacier* has done. The Flocks sporting in the Meadows, and the Lambs safely grazing in the Midst of Wolves, are Effects of the God's Benevolence, but cannot be Motives to ask it, nor Means to obtain it.

¹ *Faunus* is the same as *Pan*. He was a very amorous Deity, and on that Account was called *Inuus*, *Incubus*.

² *Per meos fines et aprica rura.*] *Horace* calls his House in *Sabinia*, *aprica rura*, sunny Fields, because it lay open to the rising and setting Sun: It was sheltered on the *North* and on the *South* by high Hills. See the 16th Epistle of the first Book.

DACIER.

³ *Lenis incedas.*] *Pan* was a very choleric God. He is thus described in the first *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*:

Shepherd! I dare not tread that hallow'd Ground!
 'Tis now high Noon, and *Pan* will hear the Sound;
 Weary'd with Sport, he there lies down to rest,
 And is a fretful God.

Horace therefore begs him to pass thro his Grounds in good Temper. Besides, when a God forsook a Country, a City, or a House, it was usual to beg him not to go away in Wrath, nor to leave any Marks of his Displeasure and Hatred in the Places which he left. DACIER.

1b. — *Abeasque parvis*

Æquus alumnis!]

To understand this Passage right, it must be remembered, the Ancients fancied that many of these Gods passed the Winter in one Place, and the Summer in another. Thus *Faunus* was supposed to come into *Italy* on the 13th of *February*, and to return into *Arcadia* on the 5th of *December*. A Sacrifice was offered to him both on his Arrival, and at his Departure. See the 4th and the 17th Odes of the first Book. It is on this Account that *Horace* makes use of the Word *abeas* here.

By *alumnis*, *Horace* means the young ones of his Flock; who then stood much in Need of the Favour of *Faunus*, on account of the approaching Winter, which is always dangerous to young Cattle. DACIER.

4 — *Veneris sodali.*] He calls the Cup, the Companion, or Friend of *Venus*, because *Bacchus* and *Venus* agree well together. *Horace* does not use it as an idle Epithet, but with Design; because it could not but be agreeable to an amorous God.

5 *Vetus ara.*] *Faunus* was one of the oldest Gods that was worshipped in *Italy*. His Altar and his Oracles were famous there before the Time of *Evander*.

6 *Cum tibi Nonæ redeunt Decembres.*] The Nones of *December* were the 5th Day of that Month: This was one of the Festivals of *Faunus*, as it is rightly marked in the *Calendar*.

7 On Festivals they let all the Cattle rest, that were used in Husbandry. The same thing was enjoined the *Jews* by the Law of *Moses*.

8 *Festus in pratis vacat otioso*
Cum bove pagus.]

Dr. Bentley tells us, that most of the old Copies read *pardus* for *pagus*. Observe, says he, and smile at the Wit of the Monks. Because they read, In the next Line, of the Wolf walking harmless among Lambs, the good Men changed *pagus* into *pardus*, from *Isaiah*, Chapt. xi. v. 6. The WOLF also shall dwell with the LAMB, and the LEOPARD shall lie down with the Kid: And the Calf, and the young Lion, and the Fatling, together;
and

and a little Child ſhall lead them. It is not to be doubted, ſays he, but that Reading was derived from this ſacred Original : And, when it had once got Poſſeſſion, the Conceit pleaſed ſo much, that it run almoſt thro' all the Copies. But (as he juſtly aſks) what has the *Leopard* to do in *Italy*, which is a Native only of *Africa* and *Aſia* ? And what have *feſtus* and *vacans* to do with the *Leopard* ? Are *Leopards* uſed in tilling the Fields ? The Reading of ſome of the oldeſt Copies, *Feſtus pagus*, is undoubtedly right. Thus *Ovid*, *Faſt.* i. 667.

Villice, da requiem terra, ſemente peracta :
Da requiem, terram qui coluere, viris.
Pagus agat feſtum : pagum luſtrate, coloni :
Et date paganis annua liba focis.

9 *Spargit agreſtes tibi ſylva frondes.*] In *Italy* the Leaves fall from the Trees in *December* ; and *Horace* artfully improves this Circumſtance, as if the Trees themſelves, ſtruck with the Preſence of *Faunus*, ſtrewed their Leaves for him, and ſpread, as it were, a Carpet under his Feet. DACIER.



* O D E XIX.

To TELEPHUS.

WITH needleſs Search the Years you trace
 From ¹ *Inachus* to ² *Codrus*' Fate ;
 And ³ *Æacus*'s glorious Race,
 And the fam'd Siege of ⁴ ſacred *Troy* relate :
 But when a chearful Fire ſhall blaze,
 Or how a ⁵ *Cbian* Caſk will ſell,

Who

Who treats to-night, or merits Praise

For tempering the Bath, you spare to tell.

⁶To *Midnight*, to the *rising Moon*,

And to ⁷*Murena* quaff the Wine,

⁸Augur elect ! 'Tis best to crown

The Feast with Goblets ⁹*three*, at most with *nine*.

He, that th' unequal Muses loves,

A Bard exalted by each Bowl,

With Glasses *nine* his Flame improves ;

The naked ¹⁰*Graces*, loth to heat the Soul,

And fearing Strife, but *three* allow ----

I joy to rave ---- Let not the Lute

In Silence hang ; the Hautboy blow,

And mellowly inspire the ¹¹*Phrygian Flute*.

I hate a Niggard ---- Roses spread :

Let ancient ¹²*Lycus* hear the Noise,

And she, ill suited to his Bed :

Let *Lycus* hear, repining at our Joys.

¹³Thee, ¹⁴*Telephus*, with spreading Hair,

Beauteous as *Hesper's* sparkling Ray,

Ripe ¹⁵*Chloë* seeks : With love-sick Care,

And lingering Flames, I doat on *Glycera*.

J. D.

Z

NOTES.

NOTES.

When *Licinius Muréna* was initiated Augur, *Telephus*, being in Company with *Horace*, ran out into long Discourses on the old *Grecian* History; but *Horace* interrupts him by fingering this Ode, and admonishes him to turn his Thoughts to Subjects more suitable to the present Occasion. This Ode was writ after the 13th, the 23d, and the 33d of the first Book, and before the 10th of the second, and the 11th of the fourth Book. *Horace* might then be about 43. DACIER.

¹ *Inachus* founded the Kingdom of *Argos* in the Year of the World 2093, in the Time of the Patriarch *Abraham*; and *Codrus*, who was the last King of *Athens*, devoted himself for his Country in the Year of the World 2882, about the Time of *Saul*, 100 or 110 Years after the War of *Troy*: By which we see, that from *Inachus* to *Codrus* there were 789 Years, or thereabouts. DACIER.

² The *Athenians* waged War with the *Dorians*; and *Codrus* having learned, that the *Dorians* were told by the Oracle they could not conquer, if they killed the King of *Athens*, he disguised himself in the Habit of a Wood-man, and went into the Enemies Camp with a Hedging-hook in his Hand, and a Bundle of Sticks on his Back, where, provoking and wounding a Soldier, he purposely suffered himself to be killed, in order to save his Country. DACIER.

³ *Æacus* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Ægina*, and the Father of *Peleus* and *Telamon*.

⁴ *Sacro sub Iliq.*] *Horace*, like *Homer*, calls *Troy*, sacred, both because the Walls were built by the Gods, and because it contained a great Number of Temples: For which Reason, *Virgil* calls it the House of the Gods:

O patria, ô Divâm domus Ilium.

⁵ The *Chian* was esteemed one of the best *Greek* Wines. *Horace* speaks of it in other Places.

⁶ This

6 This Ode seems to have been indited at Table. *Horace* here, in an enthusiastic Rapture, and without waiting for *Telephus's* Reply, calls for Wine, to signify it was Time to celebrate this Festival, &c. This Ode has that free and easy Turn, which Men, who know the World, and have a good Genius, commonly give to every thing they say. DACIER.

Ib. *Da Luna præteritæ novæ.*] *Poculum* is understood. Give me a Cup to the New Moon; that is, Give me a Cup, that I may drink to the New Moon. Thus, in the 8th Ode of this Book, *Horace* says;

*Sume, Macenas, cyathos amici
Sospitis centum,*

to signify, Drink a hundred Cups to the Health of your Friend, &c. He drinks to the New Moon, because *Muræna* was made Augur at that Time.

Ib. *Da noctis mediæ.*] He drinks to Midnight, to intimate that the Banquet should continue till that Time.

7 This is the same *Licinius Muræna*, who afterwards conspired against *Augustus*. See the Notes on the 10th Ode of the second Book.

8 The College of Augurs was instituted at *Rome* by *Numa*. There were at first but four, all Patricians. But this Honour being afterwards communicated to the People by the *Ogulnian* Law, five more were added to them; and *Sylla* added six: So that the College at last consisted of fifteen. They were held in high Repute, and their Office was one of the most important; since it was in their Power to frustrate all the Resolutions both of the Senate and of the People. On this Account, the chief Men of *Rome*, even they who had been Consuls, and had triumphed, solicited for this Priesthood with great Zeal. The Augurs had this peculiar Privilege, that if any one of them was convicted of a Crime, he could not be deprived of his Priesthood, without being deprived of his Life at the same Time. It may perhaps be thought strange, that, in an Age when the Science of Augury was very much decried, and the Vanity of its Pretensions well understood, this College should, nevertheless, still retain its Lustre. But who does not know the Force of Customs, and especially of Customs supported by Religion?

DACIER.

⁹ *Tribus aut novem cyathis.*] The Ancients thought unequal Numbers fortunate in all things, and especially at their Feasts, where they drank three, five, seven, or nine Glasses, &c.

¹⁰ ————— *Gratia*

Nudis juncta sororibus.]

As in the 7th Ode of the fourth Book,

Gratia cum Nymphis, geminisque sororibus.

The *Graces* were the three Daughters of *Jupiter*, or of the Sun, *Aglaia*, *Euphrosyne*, and *Thalia*.

‘Of all the Gods and Goddesses in the old Mythology, they were the most worthy of Regard: They presided over Acts of Benevolence and Gratitude; they were the Dispensers of Liberality, Eloquence, and Wisdom: An amiable Carriage, a Gaiety of Temper, an easy Behaviour, and those Qualities which engage Mankind to one another in the Tyes of Love and Friendship, were all their Gift; and that winning Address, which every body feels, and no body can describe; which alone sometimes supplies the Place of Merit, and without which Merit itself is not beloved.’

Thus Mr. *Massieu* expresses himself, in his Dissertation on this Subject.

Pindar has an elegant Ode addressed to the GRACES, which is happily translated by Mr. *Hughes*. See his Poems, printed for *J. Tonson*, 1735, Vol. II. p. 154. D.

¹¹ ————— *Cur Bercynthia*

Cessant flamina tibia?]

There were two Mountains called *Bercynthia*, one of which was in *Crete*, and the other in *Phrygia*, near the River *Marsyas*. *Horace* means the last. The *Bercynthian* or *Phrygian* Flute was employed in the Feasts of *Cybele*. *Horace* demands it rather than any other, because it was the most proper for joyous Occasions, where Religion was concerned, as it was here, on account of *Murêna*’s sacred Function. DACIER.

¹² This *Lycus* is no-where else named by *Horace*.

¹³ The Thought in these last four Lines arose from the Love of *Lycus* to his Neighbour: But *Horace* does not connect them with what goes before. Such unexpected Transitions are beautiful, especially in Drinking-Songs.

¹⁴ This

¹⁴ This is the same *Telephus* mentioned in the 13th Ode of the first, and in the 11th Ode of the fourth Book.

¹⁵ *Horace* himself had been in Love with *Chloë*. See the 23d Ode of the first Book, where he also calls her *tempestivam*; which shows that the said 23d Ode was writ a little before this.



* O D E XX.

To PYRRHUS.

HOW from the Lions you bear
Her darling Cubs, rash Boy! beware;
Or You shall soon, by coward Flight,
Decline the Danger of the Fight:

When, fierce to seize her lovely Prey,
Thro' Crowds of Youths she cleaves her Way,
A furious Battle shall ensue,
To fix the Prize with Her or You:

You aim the Shaft; while, dreadful, She
Sharpens her Fangs; and, careless, he,
The Combat's Arbiter, is said
With naked Foot the Wreath to tread;

1 Displaying with a graceful Air,
 To the soft Breeze, his scented Hair,
 Adown his Shoulders loosely spread,
 Like 2 Nireus, or like Ganymed!

 NOTES.

1 Horace here represents *Nearchus*, the Judge and the Prize of the Combat, so perfectly indifferent about the Event of it, that, without troubling himself with their Disputes, he is wholly taken up in fanning his Neck and fragrant Hair. He has taken great Part of this Thought from the *Trachinæ* of *Sophocles*, who thus describes the Combat of *Hercules* and *Acheloüs* for *Dejanira*: 'They then furiously rushed to the Field of Battle, to contend for *Dejanira*. *Venus*, who presides over Love, sat sole Judge of the Fight, with her Wand in her Hand.' As *Sophocles* here gave *Venus* a Wand, *Horace* gives *Nearchus* a Branch of Palm, which he so little values, that he treads it under his Feet.

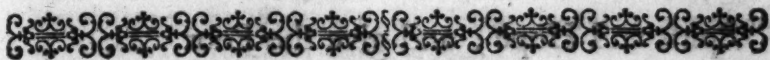
2 *Nireus* was the most beautiful among the *Greeks*, next to *Achilles*.

To give some Idea, how far a Person, who only understands *French*, can judge of the Beauties of *Horace*, as a Poet, from *Dacier*, I will here present the Reader with his Translation of this Ode, closely traced in *English*.

'Pyrrhus, you do not see to what Danger you expose yourself, by taking young *Nearchus* from his Mistress. It is to take her young ones from a Lioness: And, like a base Ravisher, you will soon shun the Combat, when this Lady shall, in a Rage, break through the Crowd of her Lovers, to run after her *Nearchus*, and to snatch him from you. But whilst You prepare your Arrows to defend Him, and She collects all her Force to run after You, and to tear him from you, it is said, that this Boy, the Umpire and the Prize of the Combat, is so little affected by the Efforts which both of you make, that he hath put under his naked Feet the Palm, which

he

' he held in his Hand ; and that, delicately fanning his Shoul-
 ' ders, on which we see his perfumed Ringlets waving, he ap-
 ' pears as beautiful as *Nireus*, or as the young *Trojan*, whom
 ' *Jupiter* snatch'd from Mount *Ida*.'



* O D E XXI.

To his CASK.

Inscribed to GEORGE JEFFREYS, Esq;

WITH ¹ Me ² coæval, in the Year
 Of *Manlius*, whether Complaints thou bear²
 Or Mirth ; or Brawls and frantic Love ;
 Or, ³ sacred Cask ! to soothing Stumbers move :

⁴ Whatever Frame thou shalt instill,
⁵ Descend ; obedient to the Will
 Of my ⁶ *Corvinus*, and produce,
 Reserv'd for such a Friend, thy mellow Juice.

Tho' with ⁷ *Socratic* Learning fraught,
 No *Cynic* He, to scorn thy Draught :
 With Wine, as round it chearly flow'd,
⁸ 'Tis said, old *Cato's* rigid Virtue glow'd.

⁹ Thou, with thy gentle Torture, oft
 Dost melt the rigid to the soft ;

And, sportive, strip from grave Disguise
The Cares, and secret Counsels of the Wise,

Thou canst to anxious Minds restore
Spirit and Hope ; and give the Poor
A Heart, that neither knows to fear
The wrathful Tyrant's Plume, or Soldier's Spear,

Bacchus, and ¹⁰ Beauty's Queen (if kind),
And ¹¹ Hand in Hand the Graces join'd,
And these fair ¹² Lamps, shall court thy Stay,
¹³ Till rising Phœbus chase the Stars away.

1754.

NOTES.

Messala Corvinus had, one Day, invited himself to sup with *Horace* ; which gave Occasion to this Ode. *Sanadon* fixes the Date of it to the Year of *Rome* 722, which preceded That, wherein *Messala* was Consul with *Octavius*. The Wars of *Sicily*, says he, had too much engaged him before that Time.

[*Nata mecum Consule Manlio.*] *Horace* means, that this Cask was made under the Consulship of *L. Manlius Torquatus* and *L. Aurelius Cotta*, in the Year of *Rome* 688. *Nata* for *facta* : For the Ancients used the Word *born* for *made* ; as in the 27th Ode of the first Book,

Natis in usum letitie scyphis.

DACIER.

Dacier is here mistaken, as *Sanadon* justly observes. *Nata* stands for *impleta* ; and the Poet intimates, that the Wine contained in the Cask was made under the Consulship of *Manlius*. It signified little in what Year the Cask was made, provided the Wine was good : Besides, it cannot be said of an empty Cask,

tha

that it softens a savage Breast, chafes Sorrow, extorts Secrets, &c. as *Horace* here speaks. To which it may be added, that the Example alleged by *Dacier*,

Natis in usum letitia scyphis,

is against him; for it is plain, that *Cups* are made for Joy, only with relation to the Wine, with which they are filled. An empty Cup is no way proper for that Purpose.

² *Horace* was then about 34.

³ *O pia testa.*] The Critics seem puzzled for a Reason why *Horace* gives the Epithet of *pious*, or *sacred*, to his Cask: Perhaps because it was destined to a holy Purpose, viz. to entertain his Friend.

⁴ *Quocunque nomine.*] To whatever Purpose employed. Thus these Words are interpreted by *Bentley* and *Sanadon*. To construe them (as most Commentators do) under whatever Consul, is plainly to make *Horace* contradict himself; since he had before told us, in the first Verse, that the Wine was made under the Consulship of *Manlius*. *Massicum lectum* does not signify *du vin cueilli* (as *Dacier* translates it), gathered Wine, (which he himself owns to be a very bold Phrase), but *du vin choisi*, *du meilleur vin*, choice Wine, the best Wine, as *Sanadon* observes.

⁵ *Descende.*] The Romans kept their Wines in Store-Rooms at the Top of the House, to ripen them by the Smoke. DACIER.

It were to be wished (says Mr. *Le Clerc*), that Mr. *Dacier* had here cited his Authors; for no-body can believe that Wine was kept above twenty Years (he might have said above thirty) in Garrets, to be ripened by the Smoke. That, perhaps, might have been a good Method to make Vinegar of it, but by no means to make it more delicate. He, therefore, would have done better to have said, that the Romans hung up their Jars of Wine on the Walls of their Vaults, or Cellars, as appears by the 23d and 24th Chapters of *Cato's Book, de Re Rustica*. Mr. *Dacier* should always have referred us to his Authors, at least when he asserts any thing remarkable. We live in an Age that is extremely distrustful; because it has been found, that some Critics as confidently advance things, for which they have no manner of Proof, as those for which they have the best.

Bibliothèque Universelle, Tome x. p. 280.

⁶ Cor.

⁶ *Corvino jubente.*] *Publius Valerius Messala Corvinus* (the Person here meant) was Consul in the Year of Rome 723, and the same who is so much celebrated by *Tibullus*. But all the Praises given him by that Poet are less to his Honour than this single Encomium of *Cicero*, in his 15th Epistle to *Brutus*: *Cave putes*, says he, *probitate, constantiâ, curâ, studio Reipublicæ, quidquam illi esse simile: ut eloquentia, quâ mirabiliter excellit, vix in eo locum ad laudandum habere videatur; quanquam in hac ipsâ, sapientia plus apparet, ita gravi judicio, multâque arte se exercuit in verissimo genere dicendi. Tanta autem industria est, tantumque evigilat in studio, ut non maxima ingenio, quod in eo summum est, gratia habenda videatur.* This amiable Character is also an Honour to *Horace*; for we may judge of the Merit of Men by that of their Friends. See the Character of *Messala* more at large in Dr. *Middleton's* Life of *Cicero*, Vol. II. p. 475. 4to Edit.

Ib. The Word *jubente* proves that *Corvinus* had invited himself to sup with *Horace*.

⁷ ——— *Quanquam Socraticis madet
Sermonibus.*]

Philosophy is justly compared to a River, which waters the Mind, and renders it fruitful. The Ancients have often employed the Word *madere* in the same Sense: But it is the more happily introduced here, because the Subject is Drinking. There is an Allusion of the like kind in Mr. *Pope*, which is carried on with peculiar Propriety and Beauty:

A little Learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* Spring:
There shallow Draughts intoxicate the Brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again. *Essay on Criticism.*

Ib. By *Socratici sermones*, he means the *Academic* Philosophy, which opened the Mind, and formed the Judgment, more than any other. On which Account *Horace* elsewhere puts it for the Base and Foundation of good Sense and Reason. *Messala* was both a deep Philosopher, and an accomplished Orator.

⁸ *Narratur et prisca Catonis
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.*]

Horace means *Cato* the Censor, who was called *Priscus* (the Ancient) before he had the Name of *Cato*: For tho' he was the
most

most sober Man in that Age, insomuch that he only drank Water in the Camp, and at home the same Wine as his Slaves; yet he was wont in his latter Years, and especially in the Country, to enjoy himself with his Friends (whom he often invited to Supper), and even to extol the Pleasures of good Cheer: And this was Ground enough for *Horace* to say of him, that he sometimes warmed his Virtue with Wine.

9 *Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves.*] These Words are thus explained by the Editor in *usum Delphini*: 'By Thee, the Tempers of Men are gently tortured, and tried of what kind they are; the Severe are made more mild, the Cruel softened, &c.' *Plato*, in his Book of Laws, says, 'That Wine is a Rack, neither costly nor dangerous, to try the Affections of Men.' *Dacier* thinks, that *Horace* here alludes to the battering Rams and other Machines made use of in besieging Cities: But the former Interpretation seems the most easy and natural.

10 — *Et, si læta aderit, Venus.*] *Venus*, if chearful; that is, says *Dacier*, *si elle est de belle humeur*, gay and affable; because the Pleasure of these jovial Meetings was often interrupted by Quarrels occasioned by Love. It appears from hence, that Women were to be of the Party.

11 *Segnesque nodum solvere Gratia.*] The GRACES, slow to break their Knot; that is, who never break it, or are inseparable; for they always hold one another by the Hand, and are so painted. What *Horace* here says amounts to no more than this: That Love without Strife, and sincere Friendship, should heighten the Joys of Wine and good Cheer.

12 *Lucernæ.*] See the Remarks on the 8th Ode of this Book.

13 *Dum rediens fugat astra Phæbus.*] On such joyful Occasions they continued drinking till the Morning.

This Ode is omitted by Mr. Creech.



* ODE



* ODE XXII.

To DIANA.

I.

OF ¹ Woods and Mountains Guardian-Maid,
² Thrice call'd, propitious to redeem,
 And give to pregnant Dames thy Aid,
 Thou ³ triple Goddess with a triple Name!

2.

Accept the Pine that shades my Seat,
 Which, ever as the Year rolls round,
 I with the flowing Blood will greet
⁴ Of a young Boar, that aims a sidelong Wound.

NOTES.

This Ode seems to be a Thanksgiving to *Diana*, for the timely Aid she gave one of his Mistresses.

¹ *Montium custos nemorumque.*] Mountains, Woods, and Rivers, were the Province or Portion of *Diana*: For which Reason *Horace* calls her here the *Guardian of Mountains*.

² *Ter vocata.*] On Account of her three Names: Besides the Number three was mysterious and sacred; a Superstition of

of great Antiquity: But Man is by Nature a superstitious Animal. C.

3 *Diva triformis.*] Having, as it were, a threefold Deity; and styled in Heaven *Luna*, or the *Moon*, on Earth *Diana*, and *Proserpine* in Hell. Hence this Distich:

*Terret, hyltrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, superna, feras, sceptrò, fulgore, sagittâ.*

4 *Verris obliquum meditantis ictum.*] This is happily expressed; for the Tusks of a Boar are placed in such a Manner, that he can only bite obliquely, or side-ways.



* O D E XXIII.

To PHIDYLE.

IF, each new Moon, my rustic Maid
Is seen with ¹ Hands to Heaven display'd,
Why should she seek more Gifts than these,
Th' offended *Lares* to appease:
New Fruits and Incense let her pay,
And at their Shrine a ² Porket slay.
Then shall the *South* her Vineyard spare;
Her Corn be safe from ³ blighting Air;
Nor shall her ⁴ Kids and Lambkins die,
When sickly Autumn taints the Sky.

Let

Let the devoted Steer, that feeds
 Luxuriant in fair *Alba's* Meads ;
 Or ⁵ *Algidus*, embrown'd with Wood,
 The sacred Axes stain with Blood.
 In You, my *Phidylé*, 'twere vain
 To strive by Bribes your Gods to gain ;
 You need but deck their humble Brows
 With Rosemary Sprigs and Myrtle Boughs.

⁶ Before their Altar if You stand,
 And touch it with unblemish'd Hand,
 Your Salt and Barley will become
 More grateful than a Hecatomb.

NOTES.

Phidylé is supposed to have been *Horace's* Housekeeper in the Country, and to have begged Leave to offer larger Sacrifices to the *Lares*. The Answer which the Poet makes her in this Ode may be produced as one Instance (among many) of the excellent Morality taught by the Philosophers.

¹ — *Supinas si tuleris manus.*] This was the common Gesture of those who prayed. If they addressed themselves to the heavenly Gods, they lifted their Hands in such a Manner, that the Palm was turned towards Heaven ; in which Posture the Hand is reversed : This is properly the Meaning of *Supina*. Thus *Virgil* :

Dicitur —————

Multa Jovem manibus supplex orasse supinis ;

Æneid. iv. 204, 205.

For this is the same thing, which he has said elsewhere ;

— *Duplices tendens ad sidera palmas.*

But when they addressed themselves to the infernal Gods, the Palm was turned towards the Earth.

² *Avidâque porcâ.*] A Pig was the Victim commonly offered to the *Lares*.

At nobis arata, Lares, depellite tela :
Hostiaque è plenâ rustica porcus harâ.

TIBULLUS, L. I. Eleg. II.

³ *Rubiginem.*] *Rubigo* signifies that Blight upon Corn, which we call the *Smut*, and is so translated by Mr. Creech. But it seems too low a Word for Poetry.

⁴ *Dulces alumni.*] The young ones of the Flock; as in the 18th Ode of this Book, *Dulces, tender*. Mr. Creech has translated it, *her darling Children*, viz. of *Phidylé*.

⁵ *Quæ nivali pascitur Alcido.*] In the 21st Ode of the first Book he calls it *gelido Alcido*. See the Note there. We learn from hence, that Victims for the public Sacrifices were taken from the Herds fattened on Mount *Algidus*, or in the Pastures of *Alba*.

⁶ *Immunis aram si tetigit mantis,*
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia,
Mollibit averfos Penates
Farre pio, et saliente micâ.]

Bentley here reads *mollivit*; *Sanadon*, *mollitrit*. They both agree, that there is not a single Instance of any Writer in that Age, who made the future Tense of the fourth Conjugation end in *ibo*. *Dacier* and *Bentley* contend, that *immunis* signifies here only *empty*, and that it is never taken for *pure* or *innocent*, when it stands by itself. *Sanadon*, on the contrary, maintains, that it signifies *innocent*; and proves that it may be so taken from *Pliny*, Book xvii. Chapt. xxxvii. *Caprificus omnibus immunis est, quæ adhuc diximus*, where *vitiis* must be understood; and from his xxvith Book, Chapt. ii. *Oculis tantum immunibus*; *mali* or *malo* being understood. Besides, a Hand which makes an Offering with *Bread-corn* or *Barley* (*farre*), with *Salt* (*saliente micâ*), and with a *Hog* (*porcâ*), cannot be said to be empty.

These

These great Critics are no less divided about the Manner of construing these Lines. *Dacier* says, the Words are to be placed thus: *Et si manus tua immunis tetigit aram, molliabit iniquos penates farre pio et saliente micâ, non blandior futura cum sumptuosâ hostiâ.* *Sanadon* thus: *Si tua manus aram immunis (sceleris or vitii) tetigit, non blandior molliuerit auersos penates cum sumptuosâ hostiâ, quam cum farre pio et saliente micâ.* *Bentley* thinks they are both in the wrong: *Hostia*, according to him, is the Nominative Case, and this the Order of the Words: *Sumptuosa hostia non molliuit penates blandior farre pio, sive, blandius quam far.* The short Syllable in *sumptuosâ*, he says, is produced, or lengthened, because the next Word, *blandior*, begins with two Consonants; as was frequently practised by *Catullus*; and by *Martial* in the following Line;

Quid gladium demens Romana stringis in ora?

And that *blandior* is to be joined with *hostia*, and not with *manus*, *Ovid* alone will evince (says he), in a Passage where he imitates our Author:

Sæpe Deos aliquis peccando fecit iniquos:
Et pro peccatis hostia blanda fuit.

Ib. The Prophets, Philosophers and Poets, unanimously inculcate the same important Lesson, which *Horace* here suggests in this Ode, viz. That Virtue is the most acceptable Sacrifice to the Deity. Out of a Multitude of Passages, which might be produced to this Purpose, it may be useful to quote a few remarkable ones.

Samuel says to *Saul*, when he had disobeyed the Voice of the Lord, *Hath the Lord as great Delight in Burnt-Offerings and Sacrifices, as in obeying the Voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than Sacrifice; and to hearken, than the Fat of Rams.*
1 Sam. xv. 22.

Will I eat the Flesh of Bulls, or drink the Blood of Goats? Offer unto God Thanksgiving, and pay thy Vows unto the most High.—Who so offereth Praise, glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his Conversation aright, will I shew the Salvation of God. Psalm l. 13, 14. 23.

He that killeth an Ox, is as if he slew a Man: He that sacrificeth a Lamb, as if he cut off a Dog's Neck: He that offereth an Oblation, as of he offered Swine's Blood: he that burneth Incense, as if he blessed an Idol. Isaiah lxvi. 3.

I de-

I desired Mercy, and not Sacrifice; and the Knowledge of God more than Burnt-Offerings. Hosea, vi. 6.

I shall conclude my Quotations from the *Prophets* with a Passage in *Micah*, (Chapt. vi. ver. 6, &c.) than which nothing was ever writ more rational, or more elegant: *Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with Burnt-Offerings, with Calves of a Year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of Rams, or with ten thousands of Rivers of Oyl? Shall I give my First-born for my Transgression, the Fruit of my Body for the Sin of my Soul?—He hath shewed thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to DO JUSTLY, and to LOVE MERCY, and to WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD.*

To these let me add a Sentence from a modern Rabbi, *Isaac Netto*, in his excellent Sermon, preached in the *Jews Synagogue*, on the Fast-Day, February 6, 1756.

‘Brethren, it is not Ceremony alone, which constitutes Religion, without an Observance of its Precepts: It is not merely external Appearance, which is required: This is not enough; the Heart is necessary, and is alone acceptable to God.’ P. II.

These Passages seem the more worthy of Notice, as they proceed from the *Prophets* and *Teachers* of a People, who labour under a Load of external Ordinances.

The *Philosophers* argue in the same Strain: *Seneca*, having mentioned some Ceremonies by which Men were wont to express their Devotion, says, *Humana ambitio istis capitur officiis, Deum colit qui novit*; Epist. 95. ‘Human Ambition is delighted with such Observances; but he only can truly worship God, who knows him. The first Step (says he) towards divine Worship, is to believe the Being of a God, and then to demean ourselves to him suitably to the Greatness of his Majesty.’ *Vis Deos propitiare, bonus esto; satis illos coluit, quisquis imitatus est.* ‘Would you render the Gods propitious to you, be virtuous: He only does truly worship them, who labours to be like them.’ So *Tully*: *Cultus autem Deorum est optimus, idemque castissimus, atque sanctissimus, plenissimusque pietatis, ut eos semper pura, integra, incorrupta mente et voce veneremur.* De Natura Deorum, Lib. 2.

To show the Sentiments of the *Poets* on this Subject, I shall only appeal to our Author, and two more.

Menander (as quoted by *Eusebius*) says, ‘That Men do in vain endeavour to make the Gods propitious by their costly

* Sacrifices : But if they hope (says he) to enjoy the Divine
 * Favour, let them love and adore God in their Hearts, be just
 * and holy in their Conversations.' *Preparatio Evangelica*,
Lib. xiii. Cap. 13.

I shall conclude with some admirable Lines of *Persius*, at the
 End of his second Satire :

*Quin damus id Superis, de magnâ quod dare lance
 Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago :
 Compositum jus, fasque animo ; sanctosque recessus
 Mentis, & incoctum generoso pectus honesto :
 Hæc cedo, ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo.*

Thus translated by Mr. Dryden :

But let us for the Gods a Gift prepare,
 Which the Great Man's great Chargers cannot bear :
 A Soul, where Laws, both Human and Divine,
 In Practice more than Speculation shine :
 A genuine Virtue of a vigorous Kind,
 Pure in the last Recesses of the Mind :
 When with such Offerings to the Gods I come,
 A Cake, thus given, is worth a Hecatomb.

It is hoped, that the Importance of the Subject will be
 thought a sufficient Apology for the Length of this Note. It
 seems the more necessary at this Time, when there are some
 Sects among us, who think to honour the Christian Religion by
 declaiming against Morality ; whereas it was the chief Office and
 Employment of its gracious Founder to recommend and enforce
 the Practice of every moral Duty by stronger Motives than
 Reason alone could have suggested.

The two *French* Critics, *Dacier* and *Sanadon*, would per-
 suade us, that this Ode is entirely *ironical*. They think it is
 the sole Intent of the Poet to divert himself at the Expence of
 his honest House-keeper ; and that he plays upon her Supersti-
 tion and Credulity to serve his own Interest. *Phidylé*, says
Sanadon, might perhaps think her Master was in earnest ; but
 I believe he had a *mental Reservation*. This may seem natural
 to a *Jesuit*, but will scarce be thought so by any body else : I
 dare say, *Horace* would have blushed at such an Imputation.
Sanadon too discovers *Humour* and *Pleasantry* in this Ode. His
 Construction puts one in Mind of an odd Fellow, who, on hear-
 ing

ing that solemn Speech in *Hamlet*, *To be, or not to be*, burst out into a loud Laugh, and vowed, *there was a great deal of Drollery in it*. His Taste, in this Particular, is not to be envied. D.



* O D E XXIV.

THO' *India's* Stores your Wealth excell'd,
And rich *Arabia*, ¹ yet unquell'd ;

² Tho' *Tyrrhene* and *Etruscan* Seas
Were shaded by your ample Palaces ;
³ When Fate, with adamantin Hand,
Shall urge th' inflexible Demand,
In vain you would redeem from Dread
Your Heart, in vain from Snares of Death your Head ;
Better the savage *Scythian* lives,
Who in a Wain his Household drives ;
Better the *Gete*, whose fruitful Grounds
No Fence divides, unmark'd by jealous Bounds ;
One Year he tills the mellow Soil,
And rests the next from all his Toil :
No ⁴ Step-dames treacherously prepare
The baneful Cup for hapless Orphans there :
No ⁵ portion'd Wife controuls her Spouse,
And gives Gallants her plighted Vows :

356 ODES of HORACE.

The Suitors there alone require
 6 For Dower, a Race of Probity entire,
 And Chastity with native Charms,
 Which bashful flies a Stranger's Arms :
 They justly Breach of Vows disdain, [Stain.
 Or Death, their Doom, wipes off th' opprobrious
 O who will quell our Civil Rage,
 And Slaughter's impious Course assuage ?
 Would he in breathing Marble stand,
 Engrav'd, *The Father of a rescu'd Land*,
 Let him licentious Vice reclaim,
 Content alone with future Fame.
 7 Virtue, while flashing on our Eyes,
 Envious, we hate ; yet, when departed, prize.
 But what can these Complaints import,
 If Justice shrinks in cutting short
 The Growth of Vice ; for what avails
 The wisest Law, if moral Virtue fails ?
 If nor the sultry *Southern* Coasts,
 Nor *Northern* Climes, congeal'd with Frosts,
 Nor all the Horrors of the Main,
 From dangerous Searches for the hidden Gain,
 The greedy Merchant can deter,
 Or fright the daring Mariner.

What

What will not Want's false Shame enjoin,
Quitting the narrow Tract of Virtue's Line? ---

3 Then to the Capitol convey,
9 While shouting Thousands crowd the Way,
Your ¹⁰ Gems and ¹¹ fatal Gold, or throw
Into the Sea ¹² those Springs of every Woe:
If with Remorse your Crimes you view,
Each lawless Appetite subdue;
And ¹³ strengthen the too tender Mind
With generous Studies of a manly Kind.
Our noble Youths, ¹⁴ untaught to lead
Th' impetuous Chace, and ¹⁵ guide the Steed,
Are skill'd to make the ¹⁶ *Trochus* fly,
And nimbly cast the ¹⁷ Law-forbidden Die.
Yet fond this worthless Son to raise,
The perjur'd Sire his Friend betrays:
In vain his wicked Coffers fill;
Something, I know not what, is wanting still.

J. D.

NOTES.

Horace in this Ode inveighs against the reigning Vices of the Age. It appears by the first Verse, in which he speaks of *Arabia*, as having then never been attacked by the *Romans*, (*intactis thesauris Arabum*) that this was writ before the 29th.

A a 3.

Ode

Ode of the first Book, and consequently before his 41st Year:
But by the 25th and 26th Verses,

(*O quisquis volet impias
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civicam*)

it is also evident that it was writ before the End of the Civil Wars; so that he could not then be 37 Years old. DACIER.

1 *Intactis opulentior*

Thesauris Arabum, & divitis India.]

This Ode was writ before *Ælius Largus* had led an Army against the *Arabians*, which happened under the tenth Consulship of *Augustus*. *Propertius* also speaks of *Arabia*, as untouched till then, Book ii. Elegy 10.

*India quin, Auguste, tuo dat colla triumpho!
Et domus intacta te tremit Arabia.*

Arabia was famous for its Riches many Ages before *Augustus*: Thus, in the 72d Psalm, it is said, *And unto him shall be given of the Gold of Arabia.*

By *India*, he means the Country on both Sides of the *Ganges*: It is very well described by *Strabo*, in his 15th Book. It abounds with Gold, Silver, and precious Stones.

2 *Cæmentis licet occupes*

Tyrrhenum omne tuis et mare Apulicum.]

Most Editions read *mare Ponticum*; but this is evidently a Mistake; for how could a *Roman* build, at the same Time, on the Shores of the *Tuscan* and of the *Pontic* Seas? By *mare Apulicum*, *Horace* means *mare Superum*; and by *mare Tyrrhenum*, *mare Inferum*; or, in other Words, the *Adriatic* and *Tuscan* Seas. DACIER.

3 *Si figit adamantinos*

Summis verticibus dura Necessitas

Clavos, non animum metu,

Non Mortis laqueis expedies caput.]

‘If (or When) severe Necessity shall fix her adamantine Spikes
‘in the lofty Towers [of these Palaces], You will not be able
‘to disentangle your Heart from the Fear, nor your Head from
‘the Nets of Death.’

Horace has given us, in the 35th Ode of his first Book, a Picture of Necessity or Fate, holding in her Hands Nails, which
he

he there calls *trabales*, (*beamy*, or *beam-like*) on account of their Bulk; and he here calls them *adamantine*, on account of their Hardness. He borrowed this Phrase from *Pindar*, who uses the Word *adamas* in the same Sense, in his 4th *Pythian Ode*.

Adamas signifies a *Diamond*, that Sort of Iron which we call *Steel*, and a *Loadstone*.

Horace here describes *Death* armed with a Net, which he throws over the Head of the Person attacked. Without Doubt, this Thought arose from the Gladiator, called *Retiarius*, who, with a Net in his Hand, strove to entangle the Head of his Enemy; and sung, as he aimed at him, *Non te peto, piscem peto: quid me fugis, Galle?* For he used to be matched against the *Myrmillo*, or *Secutor*, who bore the Figure of a Fish on his Helmet. DACIER.

The Reader may see a more particular Account of this Kind of Combat in *Kennet's Roman Antiquities*, Book v. Chapt. 4. See also *Juvenal*, Satire 8.

4 *Privignis mulier temperat innocens.*] The Hatred of Mothers-in-law to their Foster-Children passed into a Proverb; on which the following severe Epigram of *Callimachus* is founded:

Στήλην μητρουῖς, μικρὰν λίθον, ἐπέσσε Κερὸς, ὅς.

A Youth, who thought his Father's Wife
Had lost her Malice with her Life,
Officious with a Chaplet grac'd
The Statue on her Tomb-stone plac'd;
When, sudden, falling on his Head,
With the dire Blow it struck him dead,
Be warn'd from hence, each Foster-Son,
Your Step-dame's Sepulchre to shun.

D.

5 *Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux.*]

Thus *Plautus*:

*Nam quæ indotata est, in potestate est viri:
Dotata mactant et malo et damno viros.*

Th' unportion'd Wife obeys her Husband's Will;
The portion'd is his Loss, and cruel Scourge.

360 ODES of HORACE,

⁶ *Dos est magna, parentium
Virtus.*]

Hesiod complains, that, in his Time, Men were very careful to have Horses and Dogs of a good Breed; but did not scruple to marry the Daughters of corrupt and vicious Parents, provided they were rich. DACIER.

We have had Instances, in our Days, of some who have gone greater Lengths than this, and (tho' not tempted by Necessity) have married Fools and Lunatics for the sake of large Fortunes.

— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?*

⁷ *Virtutem incolumem odimus.*] The same Thought occurs in the Epistle to *Augustus*:

*Urit enim fulgore suo, qui pręgravat artes
Infra se positas: Extinctus amabitur idem.*

Ib. *Sublatam ex oculis quęrimus invidi.*] It is to be observed here, that *invidi* agrees both with *odimus* and *quęrimus*. If it should be asked, how *Envy* can tempt us to bewail and praise the Dead? the Answer is, in order to upbraid the Living.

This Thought is happily illustrated in a Copy of Verses, written by Mr. *Tickell*, in the Year 1726, to the Memory of Earl *Cadogan*:

From his cold Coarse tho' every Friend be fled,
Lo! ENVY waits, that Lover of the Dead;
To blast the Living, gives the Dead their Due,
And Wreaths, herself had tainted, trims anew.

⁸ *Vel nos in Capitolium.*] *Horace*, after having shown the Cause of all their Calamities, namely, AVARICE and the Fear of POVERTY, proceeds to point out the Remedy proper to cure these Evils; and counsels the *Romans* to consecrate all their Gold and Jewels, to *Jupiter*. It was a very common thing to dedicate Gold in the Temples, and was practised by private Persons, by the Senate, and even by the Emperors. Thus *Suetonius* relates of *Augustus Caesar*, that, at one Time, he gave to the Treasury of *Jupiter Capitolinus's* Temple sixteen thousand Pound Weight of Gold, and in Gems and Pearls to the Value of fifty Millions of *Sesterces*. See *Suetonius* in the Life of *Octavius Caesar*, Chapt. 31.

16,000 Pound Weight of Gold amounts to	- - -	£. 600,000
50,000,000 of <i>Sesterces</i> (computing the <i>Denarius</i>	} at 9d. which was its true Value in the Reign of	446,432
<i>Augustus</i>) amounts to		
		1,046,432

It is to be observed too, that this was at a Time, when the intrinsic Value of Gold was probably much greater than now, and the latter particularly near twice as much. D.

⁹ *Quo clamor vocat et turba faventium.*] These Gifts were made with much Pomp and Solemnity: The People commonly attended those, who offered them, to the Temple with great Acclamations.

¹⁰ *Gemmas et lapides.*] The Romans distinguished *gemma* from *lapis*: By the former they meant *Diamonds* and all *transparent Jewels*; by the latter, *opaque Stones*. Even the Lawyers observed this Distinction: But the *Greeks* called both Sorts indifferently *λίθοι*, *Stones*. DACIER.

¹¹ *Aurum et inutile.*] *Inutile* signifies here *pernicious, fatal, destructive*: As in *Cicero*, and in *Livy*, *civis inutilis* denotes a Citizen born for the Ruin of the Commonwealth.

¹² *Summi materiam mali, Mittamus.*]

Thus *Justin*, in his third Book: *Lycurgus aurum argentumque, velut omnium scelerum materiam, sustulit.* ‘*Lycurgus* forbid the Use of Gold and Silver, as the Source of all Wickedness.’

¹³ — *Et tenera nimis
Mentes asperioribus
Formanda studiis.*]

Bentley observes, that the true Reading here is *firmanda*, as appears from the Word *nimis*: ‘The more tender the Mind, the more apt to be formed and moulded into any Shape; but, if it be *too tender*, it wants to be *strengthened*.’ This Sense is also confirmed by the Word *asperioribus*. Thus also *Horace*, in the 4th Ode of the fourth Book:

Doctrina

362. ODES of HORACE.

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.*

Dacier rejects this Reading, and yet (such is the Force of Truth) he has actually followed it in his own Translation: *Il faut inspirer à nos jeunes gens des inclinations plus mâles et plus nobles ; il faut les endurcir à des exercices plus pénibles.*

¹⁴ *Venarique timet.*] Hunting was in high Esteem among the Romans: They looked upon it as the most natural Image of War.

¹⁵ *Nescit equo-harere.*] To remedy this Evil, *Augustus* ordered frequent Tournaments to be held by all young Persons of Quality. A beautiful Description of this Sport may be seen in the fifth *Æneid*.

¹⁶ *Seu Græco jubeas trocho.*] This was a Sport derived from the Greeks, as *Horace* here observes: It has been often thought the same as the *Turbo*, or *Top*; or else of the like Nature with our Billiards: But both these Opinions are now exploded. The *Trochus* was a Hoop of Iron, five or six Feet in Diameter; the Inside of which was set with Iron Rings. The Boys and young Men used to whirl this along, as our Children do the wooden Hoop, directing it with a Rod of Iron having a wooden Handle; which Rod the Greeks called *ἐλασθῆρ*, and the Romans, *radius*. There was need of great Dexterity to guide the Hoop right. In the mean time the Rings, by the clattering which they made, not only gave the People Notice to keep out of the Way, but contributed very much to the Boy's Diversion. We must take care not to think this only a childish Exercise, since we find *Horace* ranking it with other manly Sports:

*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis;
Indoctusve pila, discive, trochive, quiescit.* De Arte Poet.
DACIER.

¹⁷ — *Vetita legibus aled.*] All Games of Chance, and especially with Dice, were forbidden the Romans by several Laws, under severe Penalties, except in *December*, during the Festival of the *Saturnalia*. Whoever was detected in playing, was sent to Prison, or to the Mines. *Suetonius* observes, that *Augustus* was so fond of this Game, that he not only played in the *Saturnalia*, and on every Festival, but indeed every Day.

If therefore the Ancients had been as malicious in their Applications as the Moderns are, they might have censured this Line as a Reflection on *Augustus* himself. This sedentary Diversion was, at first, thought fit only for aged Men; but, when a general Corruption of Manners prevailed, it was practised also by Youths and Boys, as is observed by *Juvenal*, in his 14th Satire :

*Si damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit et hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo.*

If Gaming does an aged Sire entice,
Then my young Master swiftly learns the Vice,
And shakes, in Hanging-sleeves, the little Box and Dice. }

DRYDEN.

It were to be wished, that this Ode was not applicable to the degenerate Manners of the present Age. D.



* O D E XXV.

To BACCHUS.

W HITHER, *Bacchus*, wouldst thou bear me?
To what Grott or hallow'd Grove?

Say, what sacred Cave shall hear me
Sing great *Cæsar*, Son of *Jove*?

Where, enraptur'd, shall I raise him
To the Synod of the Sky?

In unrivall'd Songs I'll praise him,
High as mortal Strains may fly.

Full

364 ODES of HORACE.

Full of thy inspiring Potion,
 Glowing with a new-born Fire;
 All my Soul, in wild Commotion,
 Louder Notes shall wake my Lyre.

Thus amaz'd, on airy Mountains,
² Rouz'd from Rest, thy Votaries glow,
 Viewing ³ *Hebrus*' fabled Fountains,
⁴ *Rhodopé* o'erwhelm'd with Snow.

⁵ How its solemn Prospects please me,
 Wandering thro' the silent Grove!
 What ecstatic Transports seize me,
⁶ While o'er craggy Rocks I rove!

Hear me, *Bacchus*! Power victorious
 O'er the fierce lymphatic Train;
 Nothing groveling, or inglorious,
 Shall my sacred Song profane.

Tho' th' adventurous Theme alarm thee,
 Still, my Muse, be blithe and gay;
 Let the Thought of Danger warm thee;
⁷ Vine-crown'd *Bacchus* leads the Way.

NOTES.

NOTES.

According to *Sanadon*, this Ode was not written till after the Consecration of *Augustus* : And he seems to think That to be the Subject of it. If this be true, says he, the Date of it must be fixed in the Year of *Rome* 725.

¹ *Quæ in nemora aut quos agor in specus,
Velox mente nova ?*]

Bentley says, that the best MSS. and old Copies, read *Quæ nemora* ; and he observes, that, when two Members of a Sentence are both governed by the same Preposition, it may be more elegantly omitted in the former of them, than in the latter. Thus *Virgil* :

*Quas ego te terras, et quanta per æquora vectum
Accipio.* *Æneid.* vi. v. 692.

And *Statius* :

*Stat medius campis etiam nunc cuspide sicca
Bellipotens ; jam hos clypeum, jam vertit ad illos.*
Theb. viii. v. 384.

² *Exsomnia.*] All the Critics (except *Dacier*) seem agreed to discard this innocent Word, without knowing what to give us instead of it. *Bentley* has displayed a great deal of Reading to show, 1st, That *exsomnia* is always used in the same Sense as *insomnia*, or *pervigil* (*sleepless*, or *vigilant*) ; and, 2dly, to prove that Sense of it to be improper in this Place. Allowing the first Point ; let us consider the Reasons he offers for rejecting that Sense of it. ‘ No Person (says he) can be said to be *sleepless*, who does not pass the Day and Night, or at least the whole Night, without Sleep.’ Agreed. ‘ But (says he) the *Orgies*, here mentioned, were celebrated in the Day-time ; and therefore this Priestess could not be styled *exsomnia*.’ On the contrary, it is well known, that these Rites were frequently held in the Night : It may therefore be justly expected, that he should prove this Assertion. Accordingly he thus attempts it : ‘ This is plain from the Words immediately following, where she (the Priestess) is said *prospicere*, to behold the River *Hebrus*, *Thrace* white with Snow, and *Rhodopé* ; which it was impossible for her to do but in open Day.’ This is so far from

from being true, that much smaller Objects than Rivers and Mountains may be seen by Moon-light, or even by the Rays of the Stars; especially when joined to the Light reflected from the Snow: And it may be proved from the allowed Sense of *exsomnia*, (which Word is warranted by all the Manuscripts and old Copies) that these *Orgies* were kept in the Night-time. This is also confirmed by the general Custom. Besides, *Horace* speaks of the Priestesses as actually in her enthusiastic Fit, and not as just awakened in a calm State from a profound Sleep, as *Dacier* interprets *exsomnia*. In that Sense, the *Similé* will lose its true Strength and Beauty.

Bentley (without the Authority of any Copy) reads *Edonis*, (*Thracian*) for *Exsomnia*; but is doubtful whether it should be joined with *Eviæ* or *jugis*; yet neither of them seems elegant. e. g. The *Thracian* Priestesses — beholding *Thrace*; or, the Priestesses on the *Thracian* Hills beholding *Thrace*: And *Sanadon* reads *Exsomnia*: But there seems to be no Occasion for either of them. D.

3 The *Hebrus* is a River of *Thrace*: It rises from Mount *Rhodopé*, not far from *Adrianople*, and falls into the *Ægæan* Sea, against the Isle of *Samothrace*, rolling over golden Sands.

4 *Rhodopé*.] This Mountain was the common *Rendez-vous* of the *Thracian Bacchanals*.

5 *Ut mihi*.] *Cruquius* and *Bentley* for *ut* read *ac*, (tho' *ac* is used just before, *ac pede Barbaro*) and connect this Line with the foregoing Sentence in this Manner: *Non secus stupet* (miratur) *Eviæ*, *ac ego nunc miror*. On which *Dacier* remarks; 'They who can relish such an Interpretation, are very far from feeling the Enthusiasm of this fine Verse, which depends upon the Particle of Admiration, *ut*.'

6 *Ripas et vacuum nemus* *Mirari libet*.] All the Manuscripts and old Editions give *ripas* here. *Muret*, it is said, first introduced *rupes*; which many have since followed. *Bentley* says, there is no Instance where *ripas* is used absolutely, without the Mention of a River, or Waters. He therefore reads *rivos*, instead of *rupes*. *Rivos* and *nemus*, it is certain, agree very well together. Thus our Author:

— Ego

Ego laudo ruris amœni

Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque. Ep. i. v. 10.

He adds, that *rivos* and *ripas* have been frequently confounded by the Transcribers and Printers. This Reading seems the more proper, as *Bacchus* is here styled *potens Naiadum*, King of the *Naiades*, or of the *Water-Nymphs*. If the Word *rivos* should be preferred, the Translation ought to run thus :

While near limpid Streams I rove.

[*Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.*] Thus, in the 8th Ode of the fourth Book, he describes *Bacchus* with a Vine-leaf Chaplet on his Head :

Ornatus viridi tempora pampino.



THE SAME ODE Paraphrased.

By WILLIAM SHIPPEN, Esq;

O Whither am I hurry'd, God of Wine,
Inspir'd, and full of Thee?

Into what Caves, what Forests, do I fly,
By some new Soul inform'd with Influence divine?

In what Recesses am I heard to raise

My Voice, high as immortal *Cæsar's* Praise;

To mix him with his kindred Stars above,

To plant him in the Courts of sovereign *Jove*?

Something I meditate

Sublime, and eminently great;

Something yet new, and yet unsung

By any mortal Tongue.

With

With such Amazement, such a frantic Flight,
 Mad sleepless *Bacchanals* scour up the steepy Moun-
 tain's Height ;

[Face,
 Whence wondering they behold eternal Winter's

The frozen *Hebrus*, snow-clad *Thrace*,

And *Rhodopé*, where all the barbarous Train

In antic Dances revel o'er the Plain.

With what Delight my raptur'd Fancy roves,

By limpid Streams, thro' unfrequented Groves !

O thou ! whose mighty Energy's confest

By every Goddess of the Flood ;

By thy wild Priestess, when her heaving Breast,

With fierce enthusiastic Rage possesst,

Proclaims the present God ;

And when she, in her sacred Round,

The rooted Ash tears from the groaning Ground ;

Nothing I sing, or low or mean shall be ;

But rising all to Immortality !

Such Flights are dangerously high,

With unfledg'd Plumes to tempt the lofty Sky !

But, *Bacchus* ! every Danger sweet is found,

While, with warm elevated Heads,

We follow Thee with Vine-leaf Garlands crown'd ;

We follow wheresoe'er thy Inspiration leads !

* ODE



* ODE XXVI.

To VENUS.

I.

FIT for the Girls, in *Venus*' Cause
 I lately serv'd, and won Applause;
 But now her *Eastern* Wall shall bear
 My useless Arms, and Harp, discharg'd from War;

2.

My dreaded Axe, whose sturdy Stroke
 Each bolted Door to Shivers broke;
 My Torch and Bow, here place on high,
 As Trophies of thy Champion's Victory.

3.

Goddeſs! who with indulgent Smile
 Doſt thy delightful *Cyprian* Iſle,
 And *Memphis*, free from Snow, command;
 Once tap proud *Chloë* with up-liſted Wand.

B b

NOTES.

NOTES.

This Ode was written after the 23d of the first, and the 9th of this Book. *Horace* might then be about 41, or 42 Years old.

¹ When the Ancients quitted any Trade or Art, they used to consecrate the Instruments of it to some God; especially to him, who presided over the Profession they forsook.

Ib. *Barbiton hic paries habebit,
Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus
Custodit.*]

‘ This Wall shall hold my Harp, which guards the left Side of
‘ Sea-born *Venus* :’ That is, says *Dacier*, the *Eastern* Wall of
the Temple; for the Images of the Gods were placed on the
North Side, which was therefore called the *Seat of the Gods*.
Thus *Varro*; *A Deorum sede cum in Meridiem spectes, ad sinistram
sunt partes mundi exorientes, ad dextram occidentes.* ‘ When
‘ you look from the Seat of the Gods towards the *South*, the
‘ *Eastern* Parts of the World are on your left Hand, and the
‘ *Western* on your right.’

² *Et vestes, et arcus,
Oppositis foribus minaces.*]

Bentley makes an Objection against the Word *arcus* here. Of
what Use, says he, would Bows be in breaking open of Gates?
He would therefore have us read *securesque*; because Axes were
very proper for that Purpose, and frequently so employed; as
may be seen in *Theocritus*, *Plautus*, and *Virgil*. *Cunningham* and
Sanadon prefer *harpas*, as not so remote from the Text. *Harpe*
is a large Cutlass, or *Scymetar*. But *Dacier* defends the com-
mon Reading. ‘ The *Torches* and *Bars* (says he) were made
‘ use of to burn and break open the Gates, and the *Bows* to
‘ drive away those who might defend them; as, in assaulting a
‘ City, Engines were employed to beat down the Walls, and
‘ Arms to clear the Ramparts. *Horace* follows the same
‘ Image here.’

³ *Venus* was worshipped in several Cities of *Ægypt*, and particularly at *Memphis*, where she had a beautiful Temple.

Ib.

Ib. *Memphim carentem Sithoniâ nive.*] ‘*Memphis*, free from ‘*Sithonian*, or *Thracian*, Snow;’ for *Sithon* was a Mountain in *Thrace*. *Torrentius* and *Dacier* condemn *Horace* here as faulty: *Sanadon*, on the contrary, maintains this Passage to be truly poetical. *Horace* (says he) uses the *Species* for the *Genus*, as is frequent with him: And it is the more beautiful, because *Chloë* was by Birth a *Thracian*; *Thressa Chloë*, as he calls her in the 9th Ode of this Book.

* *Regina, sublimi flagello
Tange Chloën semel arrogantem.*]

Horace gives *Venus* here a *Rod*, or *Scurge*. Some think, that *sublimi flagello* ought to be construed, *with thy Rod raised aloft*, in order to give the smarter Blow; others, that it means no more than *tu sublimis tange flagello*; as *Tibullus* speaks, in the 8th Elegy of his first Book:

*Hanc Venus ex alto flentem sublimis Olympo
Spectat.*

DACIER.

Sanadon observes the Address of *Horace* in this Line: He begs of *Venus*, that the Blow to be given her may be *light*; *tange*, *touch*, or *tap* her; *semel*, *once*. He fears lest it should be *repeated*. This Tenderness (as he observes) is no very strong Proof of the Poet’s Resentment.

Mr. *J. R*———, after having interpreted this Passage in the same Manner as *Sanadon* (whose Notes he seems not to have read), makes the following Remark:

‘A modern Translator, a Gentleman of the Birch, renders it,

‘On scornful *Chloë* lift thy Wand,

‘And scourge her with UNPITYING Hand:

‘But *Horace* was a Man of too much Gallantry ever to be
‘guilty of such a Piece of Barbarity to a Lady.’ D.

See the STUDENT, Vol. I. p. 89.





* ODE XXVII.

To GALATEA,

*Setting out for Brundisium, in order to cross the
Adriatic Sea, in her Way to Greece.*

I.

W Hene'er the Wicked roam abroad,
May ¹ Magpies chatter on the Road;
The ² pregnant Bitch, or ³ Fox, whose Young
Are newly cast, disast'rous pass along!

2.

May from ⁴ *Lanuvium* red Wolves stray,
Or ⁵ Serpents dart across the Way,
To fright their Steeds! But, round the Sky,
For Thee I'll watch with ever-wakeful Eye.

3.

⁶ Before the Crow, presaging Rain,
Flies to the dank and marshy Plain,
The lucky Raven I will rouse,
From the fair *East*, by my prevailing Vows —

4. May

4.

May Fortune still thy Choice attend,
(Yet, O be mindful of thy Friend!)
7 Nor croaking Crows, of Omen dire,
Or noisy Peckers, warn Thee to retire.

5.

8 Yet mark *Orion*! --- How he lowers,
And setting shows the gathering Showers!
9 Too well I know what Storms arise
On *Adria's* fable Gulph, from smiling Skies.

6.

10 O may the Children of our Foes
The Tempest feel, that loudly blows,
When springs the *South*; the Waves that roar,
And with dread Fury lash the trembling Shore!

7.

11 *Europa* thus the Bull carefs'd,
And his broad Back, advent'rous, press'd;
12 But when the Monsters of the Main
She saw, her Heart was fill'd with throbbing Pain.

8.

13 She, who, along the flowery Meads,
Wove Wreaths for her Companions Heads,

Now in the Gloom ¹⁴ sees nought around,
But twinkling Stars and Ocean's Waves profound.

9.

Soon as at *Crete* arriv'd, where rise
¹⁵ A hundred stately Towers, she cries,
‘ ¹⁶ How has my frantic Rage suppress’d
‘ The filial Piety, that warm’d my Breast!

10.

‘ ¹⁷ From whence? where am I?—Once to die
‘ Is, sure, too slight a Penalty!
‘ Do I deplore, with waking Thought,
‘ Some shocking Crime, which I indeed have
wrought?

11.

‘ Or, ¹⁸ from the Ivory Gate of Night,
‘ Does some vain Dream my Fancy fright?
‘ Fond Wretch! to traverse thus the Main,
‘ Rather than weave fresh Garlands on the Plain.

12.

‘ Would now the wicked Steer return,
‘ While thus with just Revenge I burn,
‘ I’d rend the Monster, ¹⁹ once so dear,
‘ And break his Horns, or pierce him with a Spear!

13. Shameless!

13.

- ‘ Shameless! thy Father’s House to fly;
- ‘ Shameless! so guilty, not to die:
- ‘ O hear my Prayer, some righteous Power!
- ‘ Let savage Beasts my naked Coarse devour!

14.

- ‘ ²⁰ Ere hollow Wrinkles mar the Grace,
- ‘ And bloomy Lustre of my Face,
- ‘ May the fierce Tyger’s Maw become
- ‘ Of my still-beauteous Limbs the living Tomb!

15.

- ‘ Thy ²¹ absent Sire, degenerate Maid!
- ‘ Demands thy Death, too long delay’d:
- ‘ ²² To that tall Elm thy Body tye;
- ‘ This friendly Girdle will the Means supply.

16.

- ‘ Or, should it give thee more Delight,
- ‘ From some high Rock to take thy Flight,
- ‘ Behold yon jutting Precipice;
- ‘ Thence headlong plunge into the foaming Seas!

17.

- ‘ Else must thou weave, with humble Mind,
- ‘ The Web, by some proud Dame assign’d,

376 ODES of HORACE.

‘ (Born as thou art of Royal Line),
‘ And serve, her lordly Husband’s Concubine !’

18.

‘²³ Love’s faithless Queen stood smiling by,
And listen’d to her soothing Cry ;
And *Cupid*, with his Bow ²⁴ unbent,
Seem’d at her mournful Sorrows to relent.

19.

‘²⁵ Enough when she had mock’d her Pain,
‘ ²⁶ Cease, cease, said *Venus*, to complain ;
‘ Suppress thy Sobs, thy Grief assuage ;
‘ Nor longer give a Loose to groundless Rage.

20.

‘ ²⁷ This wicked Steer shall soon extend
‘ His glossy Horns, for Thee to rend.
‘ Thy Rank with Temper learn to prove,
‘ For ²⁸ know, thou art the Wife of sovereign *Jove* !’

21.

‘ Exalted to this glorious State,
‘ With grateful Heart accept thy Fate ;
‘ For of the ²⁹ World’s divided Frame
‘ One Half shall soon adopt *Europa*’s Name !’

NOTES.

NOTES.

This Ode has very much perplexed the Interpreters, who all complain of the Difficulty of it. The celebrated *Dacier*, (says *Dr. Bentley*) who thinks himself wiser than all the rest in his Explanation, has erred from the Truth more egregiously than any of them. *Sanadon* is of the same Opinion. *Bentley* gives this Account of the Argument of it :

‘ Our Poet addresses himself to *Galatea*, a Mistress, as it seems, of his ; who had resolved to leave *Rome*, and sail to some other Country. However (says he) be not over hasty ; and take heed that you do not set out with ill-presaging Birds : For, I believe, you are not so obstinately bent upon the Voyage, as to proceed, tho’ you should meet with a *Magpye*, a *Bitch*, a *Wolf*, or a *Fox* : Rather let the Impious, and our Enemies, travel under such *sinister* Auspices. Moreover, a Serpent, obliquely crossing the Road, *is wont to break* an intended Journey. I indeed, as a provident Soothsayer, would suffer no one, *for whose Safety I am solicitous*, to set sail, till I had raised up the Raven, croaking from the *East*, for a good and clear Augury. Wait, therefore, a little, till we consult the Omens.— The Voices of the Birds indeed are favourable. You may go with safe *Auspices*, and lead a happy Life, *wherever you will*. Nor does the *ill-presaging Magpye*, nor the *wandering Crow*, forbid you to proceed. But, however, do you not observe (which is of more Weight than all *Auspices*) ; do you not observe, I say, that the Season of the Year is dangerous for sailing ? At this Time *Orion is near setting*, a baleful Star, and dreaded by the Sailors : Even now he meditates a Storm, tho’ the calm Sea and the fair North-west Wind flatter you. Believe me, I know by Experience what Tempests the faithless *Adriatic* Sea, and the first Whistling of the *rising South*, prepare. Be not, therefore, deluded by the Smiles of this treacherous Element. For thus *Europa* committed herself to the Bull, being at first charmed with the Smoothness of the Sea, and the Serenity of the Sky : But soon after being borne away by him into the midst of the Waves, she too late repented, trembled, turned pale with Fear, and broke forth at last into unavailing Complaints, &c.
— You see here the whole Drift of this Ode.’ D.

¹ *Impios parra recinentis omen*
Ducat.]

I own I do not know what Bird it is, which the Ancients styled *parra*. Some think it was a *Wren*, others a *Lark*, and some a *Lapwing*. But it is sufficient for the understanding of this Passage, to know it was a Bird of bad Augury. DACIER.

The *Parra* seems to have been a noisy Bird, by the Epithet *recinentis*: I have therefore given the *Magpye* for it. *Dacier* has translated it by *le hibou, the Owl*. D.

The Auguries were taken from Birds in a twofold Manner; *viz.* either from their *Voice*, or from their *Flight*. The Birds, of whom the *Voice* was consulted, were properly called *oscines* (*quasi oricines*); such were the *Raven*, the *Crow*, and the *Owl*; and those, whose *Flight* alone was regarded, were called *alites* and *præpetes*, as the *Eagle*, the *Buzzard*, the *Vultur*, &c. Some Birds were both *oscines* and *alites*, as the *Wood-pecker*, the *Raven*, and this *Parra*: For which Reason *Horace* adds the Epithet *recinentis* here, to determine the kind of Augury he intends to speak of.

The Word *Omen* denotes the Augury, which is taken from the Voice of Men, or from the Singing of Birds; *ab ore, ori-men, omen*. DACIER.

² — *Et prægnans canis.]* This and the two following Lines relate to the Auguries taken from four-footed Beasts, which were called *pedestria auspicia*. It was thought a fatal Omen to meet on the Road a Bitch big with Young. It would be vain, I think, to enquire the Reason of a Custom, which had no other Foundation but some casual and very uncertain Accidents. The *Romans* carried this Superstition so far, that when the Soothsayers went out to perform their Office, Orders were given that no Person should keep Oxen paired together, nor Horses harnessed, that they might not have the Augury, which they called *the Yoke*, to signify *the Augury of Bondage*: And when a Magistrate went abroad, Care was taken to prevent his meeting a Plough drawn by two Oxen; or, if that could not be avoided, the Man who drove them, as soon as he saw him approaching, took them out of the Traces till he was gone by.

³ *Fætaque vulpes.]* The Word *fæta* does not here signify *gravida* (as *Acron* interprets it); for that would be the same as *prægnans* (the Epithet applied just before to *canis*); but *enixa, partu*

partu liberata, onere levata, delivered of her Burden. See *Servius* and *Nonius Marcellus*. The Fox was always a bad Omen, but especially after breeding; as was also the Crow, of which *Pliny* writes, *inauspicatissima fœtus tempore*.

4 *Lanuvium* was a small Town on the *Appian Way*, not far from *Rome*, now called *Lavina*. *Horace* supposes this Wolf to issue from the Territory of *Lanuvium*, because *Galatea* was to take that Road, in order to embark at *Brundisium*. Perhaps too some Forest in the Neighbourhood of *Lanuvium* might be noted for harbouring Wolves.

5 This is what the *Romans* called *auspicia ex anguibus*, *Auspices from Snakes*.

Horace here alludes to a particular Sort of Snake, called by the *Greeks* *ἀσπίς*, and by the *Romans* *jaculus*, the *Dart*; because they usually kept upon Trees, from whence they shot themselves on Travellers, like an Arrow from a Bow. See *Pliny*, Book viii. Chapt. 23.

[b. *Rumpat et serpens iter institutum*.] Thus the common Editions: But, says *Dr. Bentley*, this gives a Sentiment inconsistent with what goes before, and plainly contrary to the Design of the Poet: For he had before said, *Impios ducant mala auspicia, parra, canis, lupa, vulpes; Impios, inquam, ducant; non te, O Galatea!* 'Let bad Auspices lead forth the Wicked; (as the Magpye, the Bitch, the Wolf, and the Fox): Let these, I say, lead forth the Wicked, but not Thee, O *Galatea*!' And then he adds,

*Rumpat et serpens iter institutum;
hoc est, rumpat impiorum iter.*

'Let a Snake break (or prevent) the Journey of these wicked Men.' But this is entirely contrary to the foregoing Wish: For it would be happy for the Wicked to break off a Journey inauspiciously undertaken, and to return home, when they are sure to meet with Misfortunes abroad. The Word *ducat* (as above) ought rather to have been used here than *rumpat*. A very ancient Manuscript of *Grævius* solves the Difficulty, which distinctly offers this Reading;

RUMPIT et serpens iter institutum.

Thus far *Dr. Bentley*. For a fuller Explanation of this Passage, see the first Note. This Reading (*rumpit*) is adopted by *Sanadon*:

Sanadon : But *Dacier* rejects it, with Scorn, in the following Words : ' We must take care not to read *rumpit*, with Mr. *Bentley*, who labours to destroy my Interpretation : But he does it so unfortunately, that he quite spoils the Beauty of the Ode.' Thus also, in other Places, *Dacier* seems to think his Authority sufficient to make the Reader reject Dr. *Bentley*'s happiest Corrections, without offering any Reasons for his Opinion.

6 *Antequam stantes repetat paludes
Imbrium divina avis imminetum,
Oscinem corvum prece suscitabo
Solis ab ortu.*]

' Before the Bird, prophetic of impending Showers, repairs to the standing Waters, I will call up by Prayer the croaking Raven from the rising Sun, or from the East.'

By *imbrium divina avis*, *Horace* means the Crow, which, in the 17th Ode of this Book, he calls *aquæ augur*. See the Notes there.

The *Augurs* always began their Office with a Prayer.

Horace says, he will take his *Auspices* before the Crow returns to the Pools (as it does in the Time of Rain), because that Duty was always performed in fair Weather.

Dacier pretends, and attempts to prove, that a Raven flying from the East was always a bad Omen ; and, consequently, that *Horace* wishes for it here, in order to prevent *Galatea*'s intended Voyage. But *Sanadon* has clearly confuted the Reasons alleged by him to support this Notion : For, after having demonstrated, by Authorities drawn from *Varro*, *Festus Pompeius*, *Servius*, *Rosinus*, and others, that the Ancients had not, in all Times and in all Places, one general and uniform Rule about the manner of taking the *Auspices* ; he shows,

1st, That when *Dacier* asserts, that a Raven from the East was an unlucky Augury, he evidently puts a Force upon the Poet's Thought, which is determined by what goes before, and by what follows, to a Sense entirely happy ; and,

2dly, That a Raven appearing in the East was not a bad Augury, since *Rosinus* expressly maintains the contrary : *Corvi, si ab ortu occinerent clarâ voce, presentem felicitatem significabant* ; which is also the Opinion of *Acron*, *Landini*, *Figulus*, *Alexander of Naples*, *Mancinelli*, and *Chabot*, who, in Support of it, quotes the following Passage from *Suetonius*, on Occasion of the Jour-

ney

ney from *Bebriacum*: *Duas aquilas in conspectu omnium conflixisse, victâque alterâ supervenisse tertiam à solis ortu, ac victricem abegisse.* From whence *Chabot* concludes; *Faustum habebatur si quid à solis ortu prodiret.*

Ruæus, the learned Editor of *Virgil in usum Delphini*, observes, in his Remarks on the first and ninth Eclogues, that Omens from the *East* were held, both by the *Greeks* and *Romans*, to be the most favourable; probably (says he) because the Principle of Light, Heat, and Motion, takes its Rise from thence: But the *Romans* called these *left-hand*, and the *Greeks right-hand Auspices*; which is thus to be accounted for: The *Roman* Augurs, in making Observations, turned their Faces towards the *South*, and the *Greeks* towards the *North*. But as the *Roman* Writers seem to speak sometimes according to the *Greek*, and sometimes according to their own Custom, it occasions a good deal of Perplexity and Confusion in their Discourses on this Subject.

7 *Teque nec laevus vetet ire picus,
Nec vaga cornix.*]

Dacier tortures these Words, to make them confess the Truth of his Hypothesis concerning *Auguries*. It is certain, says he, that a *Wood-pecker* appearing on the left Hand, that is to say, in the *East*, was always reckoned a happy Omen. *Horace* therefore wishes that the *Wood-pecker* and the *Crow* may appear on the left, and permit *Galatea* to embark. In the construing, *nec* is to be joined with *vetet*; and *nec vetet* stands for *jubeat, admittat*. This is the true Sense.—— Accordingly he translates this Passage thus: *Que le pivoert et la corneille en se montrant à votre gauche, vous permettent de vous embarquer.* 'May the *Wood-pecker* and the *Crow*, showing themselves on your left Hand, allow you to embark.' And yet (if we will believe him) *Horace* had, just before, wished for a bad Omen, in order to prevent her embarking.

Sanadon (without insisting on the Authority of several learned Commentators on *Horace*, who say a *Wood-pecker* on the left was a bad Omen) understands *laevus* to signify here only, in general, *unfortunate*; as in these Phrases of the Poet, *si mens non lava fuisset; aliquem tempore lavo interpellare*.

We use the Word *sinister* in the same Sense; and thus it was also frequently used by the *Romans*, as in the following Line of *Virgil*:

Sape

Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix. Eclog. 1.

This is also confirmed by *Cicero*: *Haud ignoro, quæ mala sunt, sinistra nos dicere, etiamsi dextra sint.* De Divinatione, Lib. ii.
‘ I am sensible (says he) that we call ill Omens *sinister*, even tho’ they appear on the *right Hand*.’

Sanadon for *Teque* reads *Namque*, after Mr. *Cunningham*; and *vetat* for *vetet*, after *Bentley*. The latter is found in an ancient Manuscript belonging to the *Vatican Library*, and from thence inserted into the Text by *Bentley* and *Cunningham*. This Reading is followed, as the most rational, by the Translator.

The former Part of this Ode will probably seem very dry to an *English* Reader: But it is to be considered, that these Auguries made great Part of the established Religion of the *Romans*; and, on that Account, appeared to them sacred and venerable.

8 *Sed vides quanto trepidet tumultus
Pronus Orion ?]*

Orion is a Constellation of seventeen Stars near the Bull. Both the Rising and Setting of it are generally attended with Storms. *Pronus* here is the same as *devexus* in the 28th Ode of the first Book, *declining*. See also the 10th and 15th Epodes. *Orion* sets about the End of *November*.

9 *Ego, quid sit ater
Adria, novi, sinus.]*

Horace was acquainted with the *Adriatic Sea*, because he had embarked at *Brundisium* for *Athens*; and still knew its Treachery better on his Return, after the Defeat of *Brutus*.

DACIER.

Sanadon observes, that *Dacier* contradicts himself here, in making *Horace* return to *Italy* thro’ the *Adriatic Gulph*, since he elsewhere says, that he came back thro’ the Seas of *Sicily*, and had like to have been cast away at the Cape of *Palinurus*.

10 *Hostium uxores puerique cacos
Sentiant motus orientis Austri, et
Æquoris nigri fremitum, et trementes
Verbere ripas.]*

Horace warns *Galatea* of the Danger of the *South Wind* in particular, because it generally rises when *Orion* sets: For which Reason

Reason he calls it, in the 28th Ode of the first Book, *deveni rapidus comes Orionis*, 'The impetuous Companion of setting Orion.'

Bentley observes the Singularity of the Phrase *orientis Austri*, for *nascentis, surgentis, venientis* :

Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus Austri :

Virg. Eclog. v. v. 82.

Which Word (says he) I should prefer, if any Manuscript of Horace favoured it.

Sanadon takes Notice of the admirable Address of the Poet, who, the better to paint the Violence of a Tempest, repeats the Letter *r*, in this single Stanza, eleven Times. He makes the same Remark on the three last Lines of the 12th Stanza :

————— *Lacerare ferro, et
Frangere enitax modo multum amati
Cornua monstri.*

There is the same Artifice in the following celebrated Lines of Virgil :

*Unà omnes ruere, ac totum spumare reductis
Convulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aquor.*

Æneid. viii. 689, 690.

And in Horace's 10th Epode throughout.

Many Examples of similar Beauties might be produced from Milton. I will beg Leave to quote one :

————— About her Middle round,
A Cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide *Cerberian* Mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal — Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd *Scylla*, bathing in the Sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse *Trinacrian* Shore.

Par. Lost, B. ii. v. 653, &c.

See the like Instance of jarring Sounds, chiefly occasioned by the Repetition of the Letter *r*, in Book vi. 206—211, where he describes the Noise made by the clashing of Arms, and brazen Chariots.

Dryden is no less happy in the following Lines, where he uses the Liquid *L*, to paint the softer Passions :

Seraph and Cherub, careless of their Charge,
And, wanton in full Ease, now live at large;
Unguarded leave the Passes of the Sky,
And all dissolv'd in Halleluiahs lie!

And

And again, in another Place,
Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd Decay,
And steal myself from Life, and melt away!

Every body must be sensible of the Sweetness of these Lines; but every body does not know to what Cause it is owing. However, Mr. Francis has made an Observation, relative to the fore-cited critical Remark of Sanadon, which merits our Regard: 'There is (says he) in very many Instances, a kind of natural Agreement between Sounds and the Things represented by them, which, without our intending it, gives to the Language a Music expressive of the Thought.' D.

Ib. There is a Difference between *ripa* and *littus*. This signifies the *Sea-shore*, and That the *Bank of a River*. But the Poets have often employed *littus* in speaking of Rivers, and *ripa* of the Sea; and these Variations have a beautiful Effect. *Florus* takes the same Liberty in the 11th Chapter of his fourth book: *Purpuram aurumque in ripam assidue mota ventis maria removebant.* DACIER.

¹¹ *Sic et Europè niveum doloſo
Credidit tauro latus.*]

Europa was the Daughter of *Agenor*, King of *Phœnicia*. What gave Occasion to the Fable was this: A King of *Crete* named *TAURUS*, making War in *Phœnicia*, took *Europa* Captive, and carried her into his own Country; or (as others write) *TAURUS* was the Name of the Ship he commanded, which had the Figure of a *BULL* on the Head, or Stern, of it. *Jupiter* had by *Europa*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Sarpedon*, and *Minos*. She was so celebrated for the Fairness of her Complexion, that the Ancients invented a little Fable to account for it: One of *Juno's* Maids of Honour stole (they say) her *Cosmetic* Wash from that Goddess, and made a Present of it to *Europa*. *Horace* alludes to this distinguished Fairness in the Words *niveum latus*.

DACIER.

¹² — Et *ſcatentem
Belluis pontum.*]

Bentley reads *at* for *et*; which seems more proper here.

¹³ *Nuper in pratis ſtudioſa florum.*] The Comparison of *Galatea* to *Europa* ends here, and consequently the Subject of the Ode is finished. But the Idea of *Europa* fires the Imagination

gination of the Poet, who diverts himself in painting the Rage, which possessed that Princess, after she had been violated by Jupiter.

All the Authors, who have mentioned this Story, agree, that *Europa* was gathering Flowers in a Meadow on the Sea-shore, when she was taken. See, in particular, the beautiful *Idyllium* of *Moschus* on this Subject.

14 ——— *Nihil astra præter
Vidit et undas.*]

Horace here imitates these two fine Lines of *Moschus* :

φαίνεται δ' ἔτι ἀλὴν τις ἀλίσσῃ, ἔτ' ὄρε' αἰπύ,
Ἀλλ' ἀπὸ ῥ' ὑπερθευ, ἐνερθε ὃ ποντὶ ἀπείρων.

Nor Sea-beat Shore she views, nor Mountain high,
Nor aught but spreading Waves, and boundless Sky.

15 *Centum potentem urbibus Creten.*] *Jupiter* and *Juno* were both born in *Crete* at a Birth; on which Account it may be justly called *divine*, tho' *Horace* does not use that Epithet here.

Homer in the *Iliad*, and *Virgil*, both speak of *Crete* as having a hundred Cities :

Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna.

Æneid, iii.

16 ——— *Pater O relictum
Filiæ nomen pietasque, dixit,
Viçta furore.*]

The Construction is somewhat intricate here. *Bentley* observes, that *filia* is the Dative Case, and the Sense is, *O pater, nomen relictum mihi filia, sive a me filia; et O pietas viçta furore!* But *Dacier* makes *viçta* to agree with *Europa*; and says, that *relictæ*, or *prodita*, must be understood as applied to *pietas*.

Cunningham reads here,

—— *Cretam, ô patris, ô relictum
Fili nomen.*

This gives a much clearer Sense than the common Reading, and is followed by *Sanadon* and the Translator.

17 *Unde? quo veni?*] It may be worth while to observe how *Horace* treats this Subject. The first Thoughts he gives to *Europa*, are those of a Father forsaken, and her filial Duty violated. The next arise from the Place she has left, and That

C c

where

where she now is: And this last Reflection brings to her Remembrance the infamous Act she has committed with *Jupiter*: But she takes Care not to name it, and is contented to give a frightful Image of it, by confessing that a single Death is not sufficient to expiate her Fault. DACIER.

18 ——— An ———

Ludit imago

Vana, quæ portâ fugiens eburnâ

Somnium ducit ?]

‘ Or does a vain Image delude me, which, flying from the Ivory Gate of Hell, brings with it a Dream?’ As it seems more natural for a Dream to bring an Image, than an Image to bring a Dream, *Sanadon* reads here *quam portâ*; and, to justify his Correction, quotes this Line of *Petronius*:

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris.

Ib. *Horace* here follows *Homer*. See the 19th Book of the *Odyssey*; which is also imitated by *Virgil* in the 6th *Æneid*:

Sunt gemina Somni porta; quarum altera fertur

Cornea, quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris:

Alterâ, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto;

Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia manes.

Two Gates the silent House of Sleep adorn;
Of polish’d Ivory this, that of transparent Horn:
True Visions thro’ transparent Horn arise;
Thro’ polish’d Ivory pass deluding Lies. DRYDEN.

19 *Europa* doated so much on this beautiful Steer, while he was in the Meadow, that she gave him Herbs to eat, crowned him with Flowers, gently clapped his Sides with her Hand, and kissed him.

Ib. *Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvencum*

Dedat iratâ, lacerare ferro, et

Frângere enitar modo multum amati

Cornua tauri.]

Bentley and *Cunningham*, after the *Venice* Edition of *Horace*, 1478, and all the best Manuscripts, read here,

Cornua monstri;

Which Reading is also followed by *Sanadon*. This is more emphatic, and removes the disagreeable Repetition of *juvencus*

and *taurus*. However, *Dacier* is very angry with *Bentley* on this Occasion. 'Mr. *Bentley* (says he) has found *monstri* in some Manuscripts, and he immediately foists it into the Text. 'I cannot approve of this: *Monstri* is insufferable.' But why he should be more displeased with *monstri* than with *infamem*, I know not. This Word may, surely, be properly applied to one, who assumes a different Character from what he really is. There seems to be much the same Cast of Thought here, as there is in the Speech of *Pythias*, (a Servant of *Thais*,) in *Terence*. After *Charea* had been introduced into the House of *Thais*, instead of the Eunuch, and had deflowered *Pamphila*, *Pythias* cries out in a Passion,

——— *Qui nunc si detur mihi,
Ut ego unguibus facile illi in oculos involem venefico!*

And *Dorias*, another Maid-servant, says;

Au! observo, mea Pythias, quod istuc nam monstrum fuit?

The Words *venefico* and *monstrum* both refer to *Charea's* having acted a different Part from what he appeared to be. See the Eunuch of *Terence*, Act iv. Scene iii. D.

20 *Antequam turpis macies decentes
Occupet malas.]*

Horace has here drawn a true Picture of the Temper of the Ladies, who had rather die than lose their Beauty. *DACIER*.

How true soever this Picture may be, *Dacier* has gone out of his Way to present us with it; since *Europa* here only wishes to die in the Flower of Youth, as a just Punishment for her Offence.

21 *Pater urget absens:]* The Meaning is, The Consciousness of my Crime makes my provoked Father (tho' absent) seem always present to my Eyes.

These Words bring to my Memory a beautiful short Speech in *Shakespeare*, tho' on a different Subject. *Constance* thus laments the Confinement of her Son Prince *Arthur*:

Grief fills the Room up of my absent Child;
Lies in his Bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty Looks, repeats his Words,
Remembers me of all his gracious Parts.

SHAKESPEARE, Vol. III. *King John*, Act iii. D.

22 ——— Potes hac ab orno
Pendulum zonâ bene te sequutâ
Ladere collum.]

Bentley observes, that none of the Ancients have ever used the Word *ladere* for *elidere*, *oblidere*, *frangere*. He therefore reads, with some of *Lambinus's* Copies,

Pendulum zona bene te sequuta e-
-Lidere collum.

Horace has elsewhere thus divided a Word between two Verses ;

Labitur ripâ, Jove non probante, ux-
-Orius amnis. Lib. i. Ode 2.

Grosshe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ ve-
-Nale, nec auro. Lib. ii. Ode 16.

And thus also *Nicholas Heinsius* had corrected this Passage, in the Margin of his Book. Bentley proves also, by many Quotations, the Propriety of *elidere* here.

23 ——— Aderat querenti
Perfidum ridens Venus, et remisso
Filius arcu.]

Horace very seasonably introduces *Venus* and *Cupid* here, who explain this whole Adventure to *Europa*. I think this Ode might serve as a Sketch for a Picture in an excellent Taste.

DACIER.

24 *Cupid* had his Bow unbent, that he might not terrify *Europa*, and because he had no farther Occasion to use it. The whole Affair is finished, when she is acquainted that the Bull was *Jupiter*.

25 *Mox ubi lusit satis.*] That is, After she had sufficiently diverted herself ; or rather, after she had long enough deluded this poor Princess, by making her believe she had been ravished by a Bull. The latter Interpretation appears to me the most beautiful. DACIER.

It is surprizing to find this Remark from such a Scholar as *Dacier* ; since (as *Bentley* observes) all the Ancients, who have treated of this Story, are agreed, that when *Jupiter* arrived at *Crete*, he assumed a human Form. Thus *Moschus* says, that when he had reached *Crete*,

— Zeus

— Ζεὺς δὲ πάλιν ἑτέραν ἀνελάζετο μορφήν,
 Λῦσε δὲ οἱ μίτρην; καὶ οἱ λεχὸς ἔντυνον ᾤραι.

Jove strait assumes another Form and Air,
 And loos'd her Zone : The *Hours* his Couch prepare.

Where one cannot forbear observing, by the Way, how beautifully *Moschus* has here described the simple Circumstance of his employing the present Opportunity :

— The *Hours* his Couch prepare.

Thus also *Ovid* :

Littoribus tactis stabat sine cornibus ullis
Jupiter ; inque *Deum de bove versus erat*. Fast. v. v. 615.

Soon as they touch'd the *Cretan* Shore, he stood
 Shorn of his Horns : The Bull appear'd a God.

And *Lucian*, in his Dialogue of *Zephyrus* and *Notus* : ' As soon
 ' (says he) as he was landed in *Crete*, the Bull vanished : But
 ' *Jupiter*, seizing *Europa* by the Hand, led her, blushing, with
 ' her Eyes fixed upon the Ground, to the *Diſſean* Cave.'

26 ————— *Abstineto,*

Dixit, irarum, calidaque rixa.]

Sanadon observes, that this is an *Ellipsis* for *Abstineto à negotio irarum*.

27 *Quum tibi invisus laceranda reddet*

Cornua taurus.]

Bentley would read here,

Jam tibi injussus, &c.

According to which, the Translation ought to run,

Now will th' *unbidden* Bull extend

His Horns, &c.

But *invisus* makes the Irony stronger than *injussus*.

28 *Uxor inviſi Jovis eſſe nescis.*] This Verse may signify,
You do not know that you are the Wife of Jupiter ; i. e. ' You do
 ' not know, that this Bull, against whom you are so outrageous,
 ' was *Jupiter*, the King of the Gods ;' or, with a Point of In-
 terrogation, it may be translated, *Dost thou not know to be the*
Wife of Jupiter ? i. e. ' Have you not Spirit to bear so great

'an Honour?' The first Interpretation seems to agree best with the Context, and is also the most natural and simple.

DACIER.

29 ———— *Tua sectus orbis*
Nomina ducet.]

Sectus orbis signifies divided into two Parts, the Moiety of the World. Horace here follows the Opinion of some ancient Writers, and particularly of Moschus, who included the whole World under the Names of EUROPE and ASIA; as may be seen in the Beginning of his *Idyllium* on *Europa*. This Passage of Horace is explained more at large in my Commentary on *Festus*. DACIER.

Mr. Addison, in a short Supplement to his Translation of this Story in *Ovid*, makes *Jupiter* convey *Europa* thro' Storms and Tempests. But Moschus presents us with a fine Picture of Sea-Nymphs, mounted on Whales, swimming before him. *Neptune* rises in Pomp, smooths the Waves, and conducts his Brother. The *Tritons* attend, and sound a Nuptial Song on their hollow Shells. This seems much more agreeable to the Character of the King of the Gods than Mr. Addison's Comment.

After a frequent Perusal of this Ode, I am inclined to think that the Commentators have mistaken the Plan which Horace here follows. They take it for granted, that *Jupiter* had already enjoyed *Europa*, and suppose That to be the Subject of her Complaint. On the contrary, I think she only condemns herself for her Rashness and Folly, in playing so indecently with the Bull, and in giving him an Opportunity to carry her over the Seas, and leave her in a strange Land: For this Opinion I would offer the following Reasons:

1. Horace says, that *Europa* broke forth into this Complaint, *simul tetigit Creten*, as soon as she arrived at Crete; and consequently seems not to allow Time for the Violation supposed to be complained of.

2. It is plain from Horace, and allowed by Dacier and other Critics, that she did not then know the Bull to be *Jupiter*. But since all the Ancients are agreed (as has been before observed), that he consummated his Marriage with her, not in a Brutal, but in a Human Form, her Ignorance of the Person, and her Complaints against the Bull only, seem scarce reconcileable with this Notion.

3. If, on the other hand, it should be allowed, that *Jupiter* had embraced *Europa*, and that she knew him to be the Person, her

her Complaints are contrary to the Rules of *Decency* and *Decorum*; and she ought rather to have been thankful for the Honour done her by the King of the Gods. At least, she should only have upbraided him for leaving her so soon.

4. If we examine the Ode itself, we shall find *Europa* complains but of the Bull, and of her own Folly in giving him an Opportunity to carry her away. Thus she cries out,

*Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvencum
Dedat irata, &c.*

And,

Impudens liqui patrios Penates.

But she does not utter a Word against *Jupiter*, nor of the pretended Violation. Upon the whole, I guess that *Horace's* Scheme was this: *Jupiter* had, in the Shape of a Bull, carried away *Europa*, and landed her in *Crete*; after which he immediately vanished: Whereupon she breaks out into the Complaint imagined for her by the Poet: Towards the Conclusion of which, *Venus* appears, with her Son *Cupid*, to comfort her, to unravel the whole Mystery of this Adventure, and to confirm her Marriage with *Jupiter*; and, as she is speaking, or immediately after, *Jupiter* returns in a human Form. This I take to be implied in these Lines:

Abstineto.

Dixit, irarum, calidaeque rixæ,

Abstain, said Venus, from this hot Transport of Rage,

Quum,

Since, or Forasmuch as (not When, as Dacier translates it),

tibi invisus laceranda reddet

Cornua taurus;

this detested Bull will soon present himself to you. And then she proceeds to discover (very properly, according to this Scheme) who had been concealed under that Form.

I know but one Objection to this Interpretation, which, however, it must be owned, is very plausible.

It is said, that *Europa* plainly alludes to her being polluted by *Jupiter* in these Lines:

Levis una mors est

Virginum culpa: Vigilansne ploro

Turpe commissum, an, &c.

But as *Europa* is here aggravating her own Guilt, why may not *culpa virginum*, and *turpe commissum*, be applied to the indecent

Freedom she had taken with the Bull, in decking his Head with Flowers, kissing him, and getting upon his Back? This seems as natural as her calling herself *impudent* (in the Verse before quoted) merely because she had left her Father's House. *Moschus* says, that the Bull fell down upon his Knees to receive her, and that, as she was placing herself on his Back, she cried out to her Virgin Companions to mount him also; but springing up at once, he carried her off. In the Transport of her Affliction, she might justly call this a *shameful Action*. To be sure, it would have been indecent in any Virgin of a liberal Education, and was much more so in a King's Daughter.

Bentley, to fix the Sense here, corrects the Line following those above in this Manner:

— An vitio carentem

Ludit imago

Vana?

Tho' he owns, that all the Copies he has ever met with read *vitiis*. But (says he) *quantumvis ii reclament, sine dubio corrigendum est vitio*. 'How much soever they may reclaim against it, without Doubt this Passage must be corrected by the Word *VITIO*.' And *vitium* in the Singular (as he shows) signifies *stuprum*, or Fornication.

I shall only observe upon this, that if *Horace* intended to follow the Plan I have mentioned, he would purposely avoid the Word *vitia* here: And I can see no Reason why we should not translate *vitiis carentem*, without Faults, or blameless; i. e. without any intentional Fault.

To conclude; I dare not assert any thing positively, but submit these Conjectures to the Judgment of the Learned, by whom I shall be always glad to be instructed.

As this is allowed to be the most obscure Ode in *Horace*, it is hoped the Reader will excuse the Length of the Notes. D.

This Ode is omitted by Mr. *Greech*.





* O D E XXVIII.

To LYDE.

I.

WHAT Honours, ¹ *Lyde*, shall we pay
To ² *Neptune* on his Festal Day?

Produce your old *Cæcubian* Wine;
And each grave Thought for frolic *Airs* resign.

2.

You see, from Noon declines the Sun;

And yet, as if he ceas'd to run,

You spare to broach the tardy Jar,
Laid up in Consul *Bibulus's* Year.

3.

Our Voice, by Turns, to *Neptune's* Praise,

And to the ³ Sea-green Nymphs, we'll raise;

* *Latona*, to the tuneful String,

And ⁵ quiver'd *Cynthia*, You alone shall sing.

4. In

4.

In *Chorus* Her we'll praise, whose Sway
 The ⁶ shining *Cyclades* obey;
 Who, drawn by Swans, her ⁷ *Paphian* Plain
 Revives: And favouring ⁸ *Night* shall close our
 Strain.

NOTES.

This seems to have been written some Years after the 11th Ode of this Book.

¹ In the 11th Ode of this Book *Lyde* is described as a Girl quite wild:

*Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
 Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
 Nuptiarum expers, et adhuc protervo
 Cruda marito.*

But here she appears thoroughly tamed and gentle. It seems probable, that this was not the first Feast of *Neptune* she had given to her Lover. DACIER.

² *Festo die Neptuni.*] The Feast of *Neptune* was celebrated on the 23d of *July*. There was so great a Concourse of People at *Rome* on this Festival, that the Streets and Suburbs of the City were filled with Booths for the Entertainment of Strangers. *Horace*, who hated a Crowd, chose rather to pass the Day with *Lyde*. DACIER.

³ *Viridis Nereidum comas.*] The Hair of the *Nereids* was painted of a greenish Colour, like the Waves of the Sea.

⁴ *Lyde* was to sing *Latona* and *Diana*, because the Courtezans often wanted the Aid of those Goddesses, who were the Patrons of Lying-in Women.

⁵ *Celeris spicula Cynthia.*] *Diana* was called *Cynthia*, and *Apollo*, *Cynthius*, from a Mountain in *Delos*. *Horace* speaks here

here of the Arrows and Swiftneſs of *Diana*, becauſe ſhe delighted in Hunting.

⁶ The *Cyclades* are Iſlands in the *Ægæan* Sea ; which were ſo named becauſe they encompassed *Crete*. But *Horace* here ſpeaks of the *Sporades* (for they were alſo called *Cyclades* by the Ancients), fifty-three Iſlands of the *Ægæan* Sea from *Tenedos* to *Crete*. He very accurately calls them *fulgentes* here, and *nitentes* in the 14th Ode of the firſt Book ; for the *Sporades* are white and luminous, from the Chalk with which they abound : On which Account *Dionyſius* the Geographer compares them to Stars : ‘ After the *Cyclades*, ſays he, we ſee the *Sporades* ſhine, ‘ like Stars in a ſerene Sky, when the furious North Wind has ‘ chaſed away the moiſt Clouds.’ DACIER,

⁷ *Paphos* was a City in *Cyprus*.

⁸ *Horace* ſays, that after they have ſung *Venus*, they will alſo ſing the Goddeſs of Night, to thank her for the Pleaſures ſhe gives them an Opportunity of enjoying.



ODE XXIX.

To MÆCENAS.

By JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

I,

DESCENDED of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuſcan* Sceptre ſway'd,
Make Haſte to meet the generous Wine,
Whoſe Piercing is for Thee delay'd :
The roſy Wreath is ready made ;

And

And artful Hands prepare [Hair.
The fragrant ' *Syrian* Oyl, that shall perfume thy

2.

When the Wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, *Come away*;
Make Haste, and leave thy Business and thy Care,
No mortal Interest can be worth thy Stay.

3.

Leave, for a while, thy costly Country Seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous Pleasures of the Great.
Make Haste, and come;
Come, and forsake thy cloying Store;
Thy Turret, that survey's from high
The Smoke, and Wealth, and Noise of *Rome*;
And all the busy Pageantry,
That wise Men scorn, and Fools adore:
Come, give thy Soul a Loose, and taste the Pleasures
of the Poor.

4.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try
A short Vicissitude, a Fit of Poverty.
A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,

Without

Without the stately spacious Room,
 The *Persian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,
 Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great.

5.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high ;
 The ² *Sirian* Star
 Barks from afar,
 And with his sultry Breath infects the Sky ;
 The Ground below is parch'd, the Heavens above
 us fry.

The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock
 Beneath the Covert of a Rock,
 And seeks refreshing Rivulets nigh :
 The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire,
 Those very Shades and Streams, new Shades and
 Streams require ;
 And want a cooling Breeze of Wind, to fan the
 raging Fire.

6.

³ Thou, watchful o'er the City's Weal,
 For Her a thousand Cares dost feel ;
 And what the *Bactrian* Arms will do,
 And what the Quiver-bearing Foe,
 Art anxiously inquisitive to know.

But

But *Jove* has wisely hid from human Sight
The dark Decrees of future Fate,
And sown their Seeds in Depth of Night ;
He laughs at all the giddy Turns of State,
When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

7.

Enjoy the present smiling Hour,
And put it out of Fortune's Power.
The Tide of Business, like the running Stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet Ebb, or a tempestuous Flow ;
And always in Extreme.
Now, with a noiseless gentle Course,
It keeps within the middle Bed ;
Anon it lifts aloft the Head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous Force :
And Trunks of Trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their Folds together drown :
Both House and Homestead into Seas are borne,
And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,
And Woods, made thin with Winds, their scatter'd
Honours mourn.

8.

* Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call *To-day* his own;
 He who, secure within, can say,
 'To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day;
 ' Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
 ' The Joys I have possess'd, in spite of Fate are mine.
 ' Not Heaven itself upon the Past has Power;
 ' But what has been, has been, and I have had
 ' my Hour.'

9.

Fortune, who with malicious Joy,
 Does Man, her Slave, oppress,
 Proud of her Office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleas'd to bless.
 Still various, and inconstant still,
 But with an Inclination to be ill;
 Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,
 And makes a Lottery of Life.
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;
 But when she dances in the Wind,
 And shakes her Wings, and will not stay,
 I puff the Prostitute away.
 The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd.

Content

Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm ;
And Virtue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm.

10.

What is't to Me,
Who never fail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black ;
If the Masts split, and threaten Wreck ?
Then let the greedy Merchant fear
For his ill-gotten Gain,
And pray to Gods, who will not hear,
While the debating Winds and Billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.
For Me, secure from *Fortune's* Blows,
(Secure of what I cannot lose)
In my small Pinnacle I can sail,
Contemning all the blust'ring Roar ;
And, running with a merry Gale,
With friendly Stars my Safety seek
Within some little winding Creek,
And see the Storm a-shore.

N O T E S.

This Ode was written a little Time after the 8th of this Book, and while *Mæcenæ* was still Governor of *Rome*. I take it to be of the Year 730. The Subject of it is very clear, and wants

no

no Explanation. It is one of the most beautiful in *Horace*, both with Regard to the Conduct of it, which is very judicious, and of the Diction, which is sublime. DACTER.

Sanadon thinks that the Date of this Ode may probably be referred to the Month of *July*, when *Mæneas* was sole Governor of *Rome* and of *Italy*. *Augustus* was then in *Greece*, in his Way to *Asia*; and *Agrippa* was obliged to quit *Rome*, and to take upon him the Government of *Gaul*, where the People, disturbed by the *Germans*, threatened to revolt.

Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of this Ode will give the *English* Reader a just Idea of the Beauties of the Original. With Regard both to the Elegance and Correctness of the Style, and the Harmony of the Numbers, it is one of the most finished Pieces in our Language. Tho' it may be unfashionable to own it, there are still some who dare subscribe to the Encomium given *Dryden* in the following Lines;

Most that remain (for so to Me they seem)
Are but the Shadows and the Ghosts of Him;
'Tis true, their Diction's pure, their Style is clear,
And Art and Labour thro' the Whole appear;
But where, if well we search them, shall we find
His Strength of Thought, his Energy of Mind;
The Words, that move us with mysterious Charms,
The Soul that actuates, and the Fire that warms?

¹ *Horace* promises Essences to *Mæneas*, who was very fond of them, and extremely profuse in that Article. The Care he took to perfume himself had, in some Measure, injured his Character; and it was in Allusion to this, that *Augustus* called his Style *μυεσσεχῆς*, *cincinnos*, Hair crisped and shining with Oyl, to signify that his Style was no less effeminate and finical.

² The *Dog Star* is called in *Greek* *Σειός*, and in *Latin* *Sirius*; but I do not remember to have seen this Phrase (*The Sirian Star*,) used for it by any other Author: And perhaps it is an Example not fit to be followed, because the Word *Sirian* is liable to be confounded with *Syrian*, derived from *Syria*. D.

³ *Horace's* own Thought is restored here, and three of *Dryden's* Lines are discarded; they run thus;

D d

Thou

Thou what befits the New Lord Mayor,
And what the City's Factions dare,
And what the Gallic Arms will do, &c.

But what Business can the Lord Mayor have with the Quiver-bearing Foe? It is evident to common Sense, that the Ode should have been all of a Piece, viz. entirely Modern, or entirely Antique. But Dryden never scrupled to transgress the Rules of Propriety and Decorum for a satyrical Stroke. There is a remarkable Instance of this kind in his OPERA, entitled *The State of Innocence*, which was written at a Time when it was fashionable to speak ill of the Dutch. Lucifer thus opens his Speech to the Devils assembled in Council,

Most High and Mighty Lords, who better fell
From Heaven to rise States General of Hell.

4 Mr. HUGHES, in a Letter to Lord Chancellor COWPER, (alluding to his own unhappy State of Health at that Time,) makes the following Remark on the Sentiment of Horace in this Passage; 'I do not find my Philosophy fail me so much in any Article, or leave me to regret the Want of Health more, than when I reflect on those Favours of your Lordship, which have rendered it chiefly desirable to me, and which, more than any thing, would give Relish to the Enjoyment of it. But I must submit to my Lot, with the Satisfaction that I can say, *I have been happy*; and I agree with my Friend Horace, that he has had no ill Portion,

Cui licet in diem

Dixisse, Vixi.

• But for the rest, viz. his recommending a total Unconcern for what may happen *To-morrow*, it is a fine Thought; but, I believe, was written in perfect Health.' Lord Cowper, in Answer says, with his usual Good Sense; 'I am of your Opinion, that your Friend Horace's Unconcern for the *Morrow* was a Rant wrote in good Health, when he had Reason to believe the *Morrow* would be agreeable. All that can be desired from one under Sickness, is to keep from a Degree of Dejection, which will help to increase the Distemper. D.'

• Mr. Dryden seems, by some Lines, to have had the old Translation of this Ode by Sir Richard Fanshawe in View, which in the main is a very good one.

• Sir Richard says;

Now

Now peeps *Andromeda's* small Star,
And *Procyon* shews the *Dog* not far;
He barks; and *Phœbus'* kindling Rays
Haste to bring back the sultry Days.

Dryden,

The *Sirian* Star
Barks from afar.

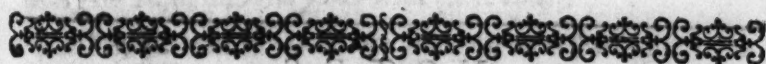
But it is a more proper Metaphor to say, a *Dog* barks, than a
Star barks.

Sir Richard,

And let *To-morrow* shine, or rain,
Yet can it not the Past make vain;
Nor uncreate, and render void
That which was *Yesterday* enjoy'd.

And *Dryden,*

To-morrow —————
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine, &c. D.



* O D E XXX.

1.

A¹ Monument on stable Base,
More strong than Brass, my Name shall
Than² Regal Pyramids more high, [grace;
Which Storms and Years unnumber'd shall defy.

2.

³ My nobler Part shall swiftly rise
Above this Earth, and claim the Skies,

D d 2

Long

Long as the ⁴ silent Maid attends,
While *Jove's* High Priest ⁵ the Capitol ascends.

3.

Old ⁶ *Aufidus*, who loudly roars,
Where ⁷ *Daunus* rul'd th' *Apulian* Shores,
Shall hear that I, with deathless Praise,
To ⁸ *Grecian* Notes ⁹ first tun'd the *Roman* Lays.

4.

With conscious Pride, ¹⁰ *Melpomene*,
Assume the Honours due to thee,
And gladly round my Temples spread
The Laurel Wreath, that decks *Apollo's* Head.

NOTES.

Scaliger, speaking of this Ode, says, *Fastum miscuit cum majestate*; Horace has blended Vanity with Grandeur. There is indeed a great deal of Grandeur in it; but the noble Pride, here displayed, does not deserve the Name of Vanity. See the Notes on the last Ode of the 2d Book. DACIER:

¹ *Exegi monumentum.*] *Ovid* says, in Terms still more strong,

*Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

⁴ I've now compil'd a Work, which nor the Rage

⁵ Of *Jove*, nor Fire, nor Sword, nor eating Age

⁶ Is able to destroy.

² The Pyramids of *Aegypt* (here referred to) were built on a small Hill fifty Furlongs from *Memphis*. Three of them, in particular, were thought one of the Wonders of the World. They were the Work of several Kings. On which Account *Horace* uses the Epithet *Regali*, Royal. DACIER.

3 *Multaque*

3 *Multaque pars mei.*] That is to say, *More than Half, the better Part of me*; for *Pars* by itself commonly signifies *Half*.

Thus *Ovid*;

*Parte tamen meliore mei super alta, perennis,
Astra ferar.* —

I shall be borne above the lofty Stars,
In my more noble Part, Immortal! —

4 *Cum tacita virgine.*] The Chief Priest was always accompanied in the public Sacrifices by one of the *Vestal Virgins*, who kept a profound Silence.

5 *Dum Capitolium scandet.*] There were a hundred Steps to the *Capitol*.

Horace here promises himself an immortal Reputation. *Rome* was then arrived at such a Height of Grandeur, that it was not doubted but she would continue for ever Mistress of the World. On which Account these Inscriptions were very common, *Roma Eterna*; *Imperii Eternitas*: And it was familiar among the *Romans*, to describe Eternity by the Duration of their Empire, and of the *Capitol*. Thus *Virgil* (in the 9th *Æneid*) concludes the Story of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* with these Lines,

*Fortunati ambo! — Si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aro;
Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit.*

Hail happy Pair! — If aught my Verse avails,
Each grateful Age for ever shall record
Your Fame; long as *Æneas*' Race shall hold
The *Capitolian* Rock, Immoveable;
And *Roman* Fathers rule the conquer'd World!

But the Verses of *Virgil* and *Horace* have long survived the *Capitol* and that renowned Empire. Nothing, indeed, but the Works of the Muses, and what they consecrate, can justly expect to live for ever. D.

6 *Aufidus* is a River of *Apulia*. It rises in the Mountains of *Hirpini*, and, passing by *Canusium* and *Canna*, falls into the *Adriatic* Sea. *Horace* uses the Epithet *violens*, on Account of its Rapidity. It is now called *Ofanto*.

7 *Daunus* (the Son of *Pilumnus* and *Danaë*, and the Grandfather of *Turnus*) was thought to have reigned in *Daunia*, and that it received its Name from him. By the *Aufidus*, *Horace* intends the *Pucetian Apulia*, from that River to *Calabria*; and by the Kingdom of *Daunus*, the *Daunian Apulia*, from the *Samnites* to the River *Cerbalus*. And, in general, he comprehends all *Italy*. But he mentions *Apulia* in particular, because it was his native Country; and the Applause we there receive is the most soothing. DACIER.

8 *Æolium carmen.*] *Sappho* and *Alcæus* (whose Numbers *Horace* copies) were both of *Mitylenè*, a City of *Æolia*: See the Notes on the 13th Ode of the second Book.

9 *Princeps.*] *Primus*, the First.

10 *Melpomenè.*] *Horace* puts *Melpomenè* for the Muse in general; for *Melpomenè*, properly speaking, presided only over Tragedy and Rhetoric. See the 1st Verse of the 3d Ode, Book V.



The SAME ODE Imitated.

On taking a DEGREE.

'TIS done: — I tower to that Degree,
And catch such heavenly Fire,
That *Horace* ne'er could rant like Me,
Nor is * *King's* Chapel higher.

* *Regali situ Pyramidum altius* —

My

My Name in sure recording Page

† Shall Time itself o'erpower,

If no rude Mice, with envious Rage,

The Buttery-Books devour.

A * Title too, with added Grace,

My Name shall now attend,

‡ Till to the Church, with silent Pace,

A Nymph and Priest ascend.

Ev'n in the Schools I now rejoice,

Where late I shook with Fear,

Nor heed the || *Moderator's* Voice,

Loud thundering in my Ear.

Then with * *Æolian* Flute I blow

A soft *Italian* Lay,

Or, where § *Cam's* scanty Waters flow,

Releas'd from Lectures, stray.

* Batchelor.

† *Quod non innumerabilis*
Annorum series, &c.

‡ ——— *dum Capitolium*
Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.

|| ——— *qua violens*
Obstrepat Ausfidus ———

* ——— *Æolium carmen ad Italos*
Deduxisse modos.

§ ——— *qua pauper aqua Daunus, &c.*

Mean while, Friend ² *Banks*, my Merits claim

Their just Reward from You ;

For *Horace* bids us * challenge Fame,

When once that Fame's our Due.

Invest me with a Graduate's Gown,

'Midst Shouts of all Beholders ;

† My Head with ample Square-cap crown,

And deck with Hood my Shoulders !

² A celebrated Taylor.

* — *Sume superbiam*

Quasitam meritis.

† — *mibi Delphicâ*

Lauro cinge volens—comam.

The END of the THIRD BOOK.



THE

ALEXANDER STRAHAN, ESQ.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ODES
OF
HORACE.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ODES
OF
HORACE

EDITOR

TO
ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Esq;

THIS FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ODES of HORACE

Is Inscribed

BY

His affectionate

humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

TO
ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Esq.

This Fourth Book

OF THE

ODES OF HORACE

ODES OF HORACE

Is Inscribed

BY

His affectionate

Friend &c

The Editor.



THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ODES of HORACE.

* ODE I.

To VENUS.

O Spare me, *Venus* !—Goddeſs, ſpare!
Nor wake the long-ſuſpended War;
For chang'd I am, ſince firſt thy Chain
I wore, in gentle *Cynara's* Reign.
' Mother too fierce of ſoft Deſires,
Warm not *my* Breſt with youthful Fires;
For, ſee! around my ſilver'd Head
Full fifty Years their Snow have ſpread.

To

To persecute thy Poet cease,
And let his Life decline in Peace.

Rather to blooming Youths repair,
Who seek thy Aid with ardent Prayer.

Would'st thou a worthy Heart inflame,
Young *Paulus* for thy Pupil claim ;

And, gently wafted thro' the Sky
By ² purple Swans, to *Paulus* fly ;
There from the golden Car alight,
And with thy Presence bless his Sight.

For he is graceful, nobly born ;

A hundred Arts the Youth adorn ;

A zealous Pleader in Defence
Of unbefriended Innocence :

He widely shall extend thy Sway,
And make the beauteous Nymphs obey.

Should his rich Rival strive in vain,

By Gifts the Maid he loves to gain,

Near *Alba's Lake*, by his Command,

Beneath a Citron Roof shall stand

Thy Marble Statue : Lovers there

The copious Incense shall prepare,

To scent thy Nostrils ; and, around,

The Harp, the Flute, and Haut-boy sound,

In

In Concert with the joyous Lays,
Which ³ twice a-Day, to chant thy Praise,
* The Youths and Virgins shall repeat;
And, springing thrice with ⁵ snowy Feet,
The Ground in ⁶ *Salian* Measures beat.
Nor Maid I court, nor Matron now,
Nor gather Flowers to bind my Brow;
No more in Drinking I delight,
Nor pass in Revels half the Night;
Nor, vainly-fond, can hope to prove
The long-lost Joys of mutual Love.

But why, alas! say, *Delia*, why
Starts this fond Moisture from my Eye,
And trickles down my glowing Cheek?
Why do I falter as I speak!
Why drops, in Words abrupt, my Tongue,
Which us'd to flow so smooth along?
I grasp you now, in nightly Dreams;
Now labour thro' the rolling Streams,
As swift you glide; or, o'er the Plain,
My cruel Fugitive pursue in vain.

NOTES.

¹ *Mater seva Cupidinum.*] Horace has taken this Line from the 19th Ode of his First Book.

² *Purpureis oloribus.*] The Ancients applied the Epithet *Purple* to every Thing that was of a bright and lively Colour: In this Sense the Swans are so called, who are of a shining White. *Albinovanus* applies it to Snow,

— *Purpureâ sub nive terra latet.*

and, in another Place,

Brachia purpureâ candidiora nive.

³ *Bis die.*] Hymns, in Honour of the Gods, were sung in the Temples, Morning and Evening.

⁴ *Pueri cum teneris virginibus.*] The Ancients had no Children educated on purpose to sing in the Temples, like those which are now called *Children of the Choir*; neither did they employ for that Purpose the public Musicians, who sung on the Stage; but a certain Number of Boys and Girls were selected out of the best Families, and stately sung, till others were chosen to succeed them. These Places were much coveted, and it was held a very great Honour to be chosen. DACIER.

⁵ — *Pede candido.*] The Arms and Feet of Boys and Girls were naked in Dancing.

⁶ *In morem Saliûm ter quatient humum.*] The *Sali* were the Priests of Mars, instituted by *Numa*. They carried every Year in solemn Procession the sacred Bucklers thro' the fourteen Divisions of Rome, singing, dancing, and clattering their Shields, like our Castanets, as they marched along. DACIER.





The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. POPE.

A GAIN? new Tumults in my Breast?
Ah spare me, *Venus!* let me, let me rest!

I am not now, alas! the Man
As in the gentle Reign of my Queen *Anne*.

Ah sound no more thy soft Alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy Charms.

Mother too fierce of dear Desires!
Turn, turn to willing Hearts your wanton Fires.

To *Number five* direct your Doves,
There spread round ' *Murray* all your blooming
Loves;

Noble and young, who strikes the Heart
With every sprightly, every decent Part;

Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.

He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
Shall stretch thy Conquests over half the Kind:

E e ~~~~~

To

To Him each Rival shall submit,
Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.

Then shall thy Form the Marble grace,
(Thy *Grecian* Form) and *Chloe* lend the Face :

His House, embosom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to social Life, and social Love,

Shall glitter o'er the pendent Green,
Where *Thames* reflects the visionary Scene :

Thither the silver-sounding Lyres
Shall call the smiling Loves and young Desires ;

There every Grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the Dance, or animate the Song ;

There Youths and Nymphs, in Concert gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting Day.

With Me, alas ! those Joys are o'er ;
For Me the vernal Garlands bloom no more.

Adieu ! fond Hope of mutual Fire,
The still believing, still renew'd Desire ;

Adieu ! the Heart-expanding Bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the Soul !

But why, ah tell me, ah too dear !
Steals down my Cheek th' involuntary Tear ?

Why Words so flowing, Thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn Nonsense, at one Glance of Thee ?

Thee,

Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy Beam,
 Absent I follow thro' th' extended Dream;
 Now, now I seize, I clasp thy Charms,
 And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my Arms;
 And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
 Or softly glide by the Canal,
 Now shown by *Cynthia's* silver Ray,
 And now on rolling Waters snatch'd away.

NOTES.

This, and an unfinished Imitation of the ninth Ode of this Book, show as happy a Vein for the Odes of *Horace* as for the Epistles. **WARBURTON.**

* The Hon. *William Murray*, Esq; now Lord *Mansfield*, and Lord Chief Justice of the Court of *King's Bench*.

Mr. *Pope* had all the Warmth of Affection for this great Lawyer; and indeed no Man ever more deserved to have 'a Poet for his Friend.' In the obtaining of which, as neither Vanity, Party, or Fear had any Share, so he supported his Title to it by all the Offices of true Friendship. **WARBURTON.**





* ODE II.

To ANTONIUS JULUS.

WHOE'ER would soar to ² *Pindar's* Height
 Attempts a bold but dangerous Flight
 On waxen Wings, and, lost to Shame,
 Will give, like ³ *Icarus*, the Sea a Name.
 As, rais'd above its Banks by Showers,
 A River from a Mountain pours,
 Rolls *Pindar* his impetuous Song,
 And with resistless Fury sweeps along.
 Justly he claims *Apollo's* Bays,
 Whether in free unfetter'd Lays,
 Thro' ⁴ *Dithyrambic* Metre bold,
 New Words with lawless Energy are roll'd ;
⁵ Or whether he, in measur'd Verse,
 Of Gods, or Chiefs, the Praise rehearse ;
⁶ Chiefs, sprung from Gods, whose Force could
 tame
 The *Centaurs* Might, and quench *Chimæra's* Flame.

If

If with some Bride, in moving Strains,
He of her Consort's Loss complains,
And to the Stars exalts the Youth,
For Courage, Piety, and ancient Truth ;
7 Or if the Hero, crown'd with Palms,
Or Victor Courser he embalms,
His lasting Lays in Worth surpass
The breathing Marble, and sepulchral Brass !
When the 8 *Dircean* Swan would rise,
A Whirlwind bears him to the Skies :
But as the Bee, with ceaseless Toil,
From each fair Flower collects her balmy Spoil ;
Laborious thus my weaker Muse
Light Themes in *Tibur's* Bower pursues :
But 9 You shall to a bolder String
The just Applause of matchless *Cæsar* sing ;
While round his Head the Laurel weaves,
For Conquests won, her verdant Leaves ;
And the 10 *Sicambrian* we survey,
In Fetters dragg'd along the Sacred Way.
Never was Gift so good and great
Bestow'd on Man by Heaven, or Fate,
Nor shall again, should Time be roll'd,
With backward Course, to his primæval Gold.

And You shall sing, in grateful Lays,
 The Feasts that *Rome* to *Cæsar* pays;
 The City's public Sports; the Bar
 Freed from litigious Suits, and noisy War.

I too, with feeble Voice, will join
 My Song to Your's; 'O *Phœbus*! shine
 'Auspicious, with thy brightest Ray,
 'And grace the Rites of this distinguish'd Day.
 Then Incense to the Gods shall rise,
 And shouting *Iôs* rend the Skies;
 All *Rome* shall join in choral Song,
 As *Cæsar*'s Train triumphant moves along.
 Your Vow ten Bulls, as many Kine
 Absolve; a sportive Heifer *mine*,
 Wean'd from his Mother; "on whose Brows,
 Full in the Front, a Star its Lustre shows;
 A Gloss of fallow Hue adorns
 His Skin; the Crescent of his Horns,
 So sharply turn'd, salutes the Sight,
 Like *Cynthia*'s Fires, the third revolving Night.

J. D.

NOTES.

NOTES.

¹ *Antonius Julius* was one of the Children of *Mark Antony*, by *Fulvia*. *Augustus*, after defeating his Father, not only pardoned the Son, but graced him also with the Priesthood, and the Dignities of *Prator* and *Consul*. He received him besides into his own Family, by marrying him to one of the Daughters which his Sister *Octavia* bore to her first Husband, *Marcellus*. But all these Favours were thrown away on this ungrateful Man, who polluted the House of his generous Benefactor; for he was one of the first who debauched his Daughter, *Julia*. This, with some Proofs of a Conspiracy, to which he was privy, so highly incensed *Augustus*, that he condemned him to Death. Some Historians relate, that, to avoid public Infamy, he killed himself with his own Hand.

² *Pindar* was of *Thebes* in *Boeotia*. He lived about the 75th *Olympiad*, 476 Years before the Christian *Æra*, and was cotemporary with *Xerxes*. A small Part only of the Works mentioned by *Horace* is come down to us; but the four Books still remaining are sufficient to justify the Encomium here given him by *Horace*, and to show that the Ancients were not mistaken in proclaiming him with one Voice, *The first of Lyric Poets*.

Quintilian had this Ode in View, when he gave the following Character of *Pindar*, in the first Chapter of his tenth Book: *Novem Lyricorum longè Pindarus princeps, spiritus magnificentiâ, sententiis, figuris, beatissimâ rerum verborumque copiâ, et velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine.*

'*Pindar* is indisputably the first of the nine Lyric Poets by the Elevation of his Spirit, by the Boldness of his Figures and the Beauty of his Sentences, by the Copiousness of his Words and Thoughts, and by his rapid Eloquence, which flows like a Torrent;' on which Accounts *Horace* rightly thought him inimitable.

A Lady, who does Honour to Female Genius, gives his Character in these nervous Lines:

Bold *Pindar* † next, with matchless Force and Fire,
Divinely careless, wak'd the sounding Lyre;

† i. e. After *Homer*.

Unbound by Rule he urg'd each vigorous Lay,
And gave his mighty Genius Room to play :
The *Grecian* Games employ his daring Strings,
In Numbers rapid as the Race he sings.

See a Copy of Verses, entitled, *The Progress of Poetry*.

3 The History of *Dædalus* and *Icarus* has been already explained in the Notes on the third Ode of the first Book. *Ovid* gives this Story at large in his second Book *De Arte amandi*.

4 The *Dithyrambics* were Hymns in Honour of *Bacchus*. It appears by this Passage (for none of them are now extant) that they were written in irregular Numbers, and not confined to any set Measure. It was (as Mr. *Cowley* observes,) a bold enthusiastical kind of Poetry, as if writ by Men inspired by *Bacchus*, that is, *half-drunk*; from whence came the Greek Proverb, *You are as mad as a Dithyrambic Poet*.

5 *Seu Deos, regesque canit, Deorum
Sanguinem.*]

After the *Dithyrambics* of *Pindar*, *Horace* alludes to his *Hymns* and his *Panegyrics*; the former were writ in Praise of the *Gods*, the latter of *Heroes*. It has been usual, in all Times, to call Kings the *Sons of God*; but *Horace* designs here, in particular, *Hercules*, the Son of *Jupiter*, *Theseus* the Son of *Nephtune*, and *Pirithoüs*, who was descended from *Mars*.

6 *Hercules, Theseus, and Pirithoüs, slew the Centaurs.*

7 *Sive quos Elea domum reducit
Palma caelestes.*]

Horace speaks here of those Odes where *Pindar* sings the Praise of the Victors at the *Olympic Games*, &c. which are the only Part of his Works now extant.

8 *Multa Dircaëum levat aura cycinum.*] *Pindar* is called *Dircaean* from *Dircè*, a Fountain near *Thebes*, where he was born.

9 *Antonius* was the Author of several Works in Verse, and had written an Heroic Poem, in twelve Books, entitled *Diomedea*,

10 *Sicambria*

10 *Sicambria, now Guelderland.*

11 *Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes*

Tertium Luna referentis ortum,

Quæ notam duxit niveus videri,

Cætera fulvus.]

Horace here imitates a beautiful Passage in *Moschus* where he describes the Bull, which carried *Europa* over the Sea on his Back.

His love-inspiring Eyes with lively Blue
Sparkled : His Hair was all of golden Hue.
Full in his ample Front a Silver Star
With its bright Ray distinguish'd him afar :
Two equal Horns on his bold Temples rose,
Whose polish'd Arch like the fair Crescent shows.

D.

It is thought the following Idea of a *Pindaric Poet* may entertain the Reader.

' A PINDARIC POET, according to the Notion I have formed to myself, must exceed the common Rate of Mankind, in an abundant Flow of Animal Spirits ; and hence, instead of traversing the Brain with a cool and methodical Genius to start proper Thoughts, or hunt after Images to adorn them, he is fired and transported with some noble Hint, and sees, at the same Moment, every thing that has any Relation to the principal Subject offering itself, unsought and uncalled, and, as it were, crowding upon his Imagination ; making so deep an Impression there, that he views them all, as actually present before him, and mistakes them for real.

' He is seized with a kind of prophetic Inspiration, and, transported with the Grandeur and Beauty of the mimic Shapes and pleasing Visions, eagerly grasps at all, discourses of all, (as in an Ecstasy), and pours them out of the inexhaustible Stores of his Soul, with a rich Profusion, and, as *Marvel* calls it, *Expence of Thought* ; but in no other Method or Order, than as he is hurried from Image to Image, with the utmost Connection indeed of Ideas, but without any Warning or Preparation of the Reader, in the hasty Transition from one Object to another, or from Ideas to warmest and justest Reflections upon them.'

' An

‘ An Instance of the *first*, viz. the View of different Objects at one and the same Moment, we meet with in the greatest of the Prophets, in his Description of the sudden March and Invasion of the *Assyrians*, and the Terror of *Israel*: *He is come to Aiath, he is passed to Migron; at Michmash he hath laid up his Carriages. They are gone over the Passage; they have taken up their Lodging at Geba; Ramah is afraid, Gibeah of Saul is fled. Lift up thy Voice, O Daughter of Gallim. Cause it to be heard unto Laish, O poor Anathoth. Madmenah is removed, the Inhabitants of Gebim gather themselves to flee.* ISAIAH X. 28—31. We have an Instance of the *latter*, viz. (the passing from one Object to another, without any regular Connection) in the 21st and 23d Verses of the Song of *Deborah*, JUDGES V. *The River of Kishon swept them away, that ancient River, the River Kishon: O my Soul, thou hast trodden down Strength! Curse ye Meroz, (said the Angel of the LORD) curse ye bitterly the Inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the Help of the LORD, to the Help of the LORD against the Mighty.*

The Rev. Mr. SAMUEL SAY, in a Letter to Mr. HUGHES,



Part of The SAME * ODE Imitated.

To the Rev. Mr. DOUGLAS.

WHOE’ER, with impious Hand, essays
To fully *Milton’s* spotless Lays,
In grisly Form will soon appear,
Like *Lauder*, touch’d with your *Ithuriel-Spear*,
As from *Plinlimmon*, swoln with Showers
And wintry Snows, *Sabrina* pours
Down *Cambria’s* Vales; so *Milton’s* Song
With unresisted Fury sweeps along.

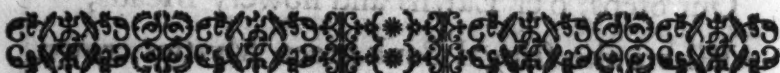
Th’

Th' *Homeric* Wreath he well may claim,
(Like Him in Fortune as in Fame,) Whether high Heaven resound th' Alarms
Of Angels and Archangels, clad in Arms ;
Or whether he thro' *Eden* leads
Our Steps, o'er Lawns and flowery Meads,
Where the fring'd Bank green Myrtles crown,
And Shades, unpierc'd, the noon-tide Bowers im-
brown.
Whene'er, to vain Delights a Foe,
He pensive strikes the Strings of Woe ;
Or bids *Euphrosyné* the Lyre
Resume, and warble to the dancing Choir ;
Or crowns his loft Companion's Shrine,
Or bids us *Comus*' Revels join ;
Not *Hayman*'s or *Roubilliac*'s Art
Such Life, such Grace, such Energy impart !
Thro' Tracts conceal'd from mortal Sight
Our *British* Eagle wings his Flight,
And basks, undazzled at the Blaze,
Like his own *Uriel*, in the Solar Rays,
My Muse, with weak but arduous Toil,
Culls, like the Bee, her balmy Spoil,
Ambitious, in these classic Bowers,
To draw *Horatian* Sweets from *British* Flowers.

Mean

Mean while 'tis yours, with patriot Zeal,
 This dark Imposture to reveal,
 And deathless Amaranth *, which grew
 Fast by the Tree of Life, now blooms for You.

1751.



O D E III.

To his MUSE.

By FRANCIS †, Lord Bishop of ROCHESTER.

HE, on whose Birth the *Lyric Queen*
 Of Numbers smil'd, shall never grace
 The *Isthmian* Gauntlet, or be seen
 First in the fam'd *Olympic* Race.
 He shall not, after Toils of War,
 And humbling haughty Monarchs Pride,
 With laurel'd Brows conspicuous far,
 To *Jove's Tarpeian* Temple ride.

* See PARADISE LOST, B. III. V. 354.

† Dr. ATTERBURY.

But Him the Streams, that warbling flow
 Rich *Tibur's* fertile Meads along,
 And shady Groves, his Haunts, shall know
 The Master of th' *Æolian* Song.
 The Sons of *Rome*, majestic *Rome* !
 Have plac'd me in the Poet's Choir,
 And Envy now, or dead, or dumb,
 Forbears to blame what they admire.
 Goddesses of the sweet-sounding Lute,
 Which thy harmonious Touch obeys,
 Who can't the finny Race, tho' mute,
 To Cygnets dying Accents raise ;
 Thy Gift it is, that all with Ease
 Me Prince of *Roman* Lyrics own ;
 That, while I live, my Numbers please,
 If pleasing, is thy Gift alone !



The

But

The SAME * ODE Imitated.

WHOE'ER, to studious Leisure train'd,
 Has ¹ once a FELLOWSHIP obtain'd,
 In *Granta's* learn'd Retreat,
 No more with ² *Syllogistic* Cares
 Perplex'd, at Dinner and at Prayers
 Assumes a loftier Seat.
 No more ³ he echoes in the Hall,
 With loud declamatory Brawl,
 The Fame of *Rome* and *Greece*,
 And ⁴ crowns with a triumphal Car
 Returning Heroes, great in War,
 And amiable in Peace.

¹ *Quem tu, Melpomene, semel, &c.*

² *Illum non labor Isthmius
 Clarabit pugilem.*

³ ————— non
*Ornatum foliis ducem
 Ostendet Capitolio.*

⁴ ————— neq
*Curru ducet Achaïco
 Victorem.*

Now with his Brethren view him roll,
With many a Shrug, the winding Bowl

Along the level Green ;

Now, unrestrain'd, behold him rove

On ⁵ *Cam*'s fair Borders, thro' the Grove,

Where * Scholars ne'er are seen.

When seven long Years are now complete,

He in the Senate takes his Seat

Each Congregation Day ;

And ⁶ envies no applauded Wits,

While there on ⁷ equal Terms he sits

By *Mason*, *Hurd*, and *Gray*.

By thy blest Aid, O powerful † GRACE!

The Sons of Lords obtain a Place

Among the Sons of Art ;

Thou point'st a ready Way to Fame,

And ev'n to ⁸ Dukes the sacred Name

Of Doctors can't impart !

⁵ *Quæ Tibur aqua fertile perfluunt
Et spissa nemoris coma.*

⁶ — *jam dente minus mordeat invidæ.*

⁷ *Romæ, principis urbium,
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros.*

⁸ — *mutis piscibus
Donatura cycni sonum.*

* The junior Part of the College are called SCHOLARS.

† A Grace is an Act of the Senate, conferring Degrees, &c.

From

Now

From thee our Votes and Voices flow,

To thee the filken Hoods we owe

That float adown our Shoulders ;

By thee, on festal Days, the Gown

Of Scarlet charms the gaping Town,

And dazzles all Beholders.

Tho' thou hast oft bestow'd Rewards

On Statesmen, Sages, Peers and ⁹ Bards,

And crown'd their high Deserts ;

Yet wond'ring Strangers ¹⁰ stare to see

Full many a Blockhead made by thee

A MASTER OF THE ARTS.

⁹ *Romana fidicen lyra.*

¹⁰ *Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quod monstror digito pratercuntium.*





ODE IV.

By GEORGE JEFFREYS, *Esq;*

The Praises of DRUSUS and TIBERIUS.

AS *Jove's* imperial Bird, to whom the Sway
O'er all the feather'd Race was given,
(For so did he his faithful Favourite pay,
For wafting ¹ *Ganymed* to Heaven)
With native Vigour join'd to youthful Prime,
Springs from the Nest, tho' check'd by Fear,
Unwonted Heights with tender Wing to climb,
* The Sky when Summer Breezes clear:
With hostile Rage the Spoiler next descends,
Impetuous, on the bleating Fold;
Thence, more assur'd, reluctant Dragons rends,
With Love of Prey and Combat bold:
Or as a Kid, on Pastures fair to graze
Intent, the Lion's Progeny,
Wean'd from his yellow Mother's Milk, surveys;
By Fangs in Slaughter new, to die;

F f

³ Such

³ Such *Drusus* the *Vindelici* beheld

Beneath the *Alps*, ⁴ unmatched in War!

And, by a sage and youthful Leader quell'd,

The Troops, victorious long and far,

Prov'd what a Genius and a Mind could dare,

By Precept and Example taught;

And what, *Augustus*! thy ⁵ Paternal Care

In either *Nero's* Bloom has wrought.

⁶ The Brave beget the Brave: The Bull, the Steed,

Are stamp'd upon their generous Race;

Nor is the Dove's unwarlike Brood decreed

The Royal Eagle to disgrace.

But Culture calls the hidden Vigour forth,

And Virtue, when on Learning built,

Confirms the Heart: In Blood, devoid of Worth,

The conscious Shame enhances Guilt.

What *Rome* her ⁷ *Neros* owes, let *Asdrubal*

Be Witness, that decisive Day,

The first, that near *Metaurus* by his Fall

From *Latium* chas'd the Night away:

When the dire *African* to *Mars*, among

Th' *Italian* Cities gave the Rein,

Impetuous as the Flame, that runs along

The Pines, or *Eurus* o'er the Main.

From that bright Dawn the *Roman* Youth sustain'd,

With better Fate, the Toils of Fight :

And the sad Shrines, by *Punic* Foes profan'd,

Now found their Guardian Gods upright.

When *Hannibal* at length desponding spoke :

‘ Like Stags, the Prey of Wolves, are We,

‘ And rashly to the Fight such Foes provoke,

‘ As to elude were Victory.

‘ The Warrior Race, who to the *Latian* Coast,

‘ From *Ilium* sunk in *Grecian* Fires,

‘ Convey'd their Gods, on *Tuscan* Billows tost,

‘ Their Offspring and their aged Sires,

‘ Uninjur'd, & like the widely-spreading Oak

‘ On *Algidus* with Shade embrown'd,

‘ Defy the sturdy Steel's repeated Stroke,

‘ And draw new Vigour from the Wound.

‘ Not baffled *Hercules* receiv'd a Foil

‘ More grievous from the sprouting Store

‘ Of *Hydra's* Heads ; no greater Pest the Soil

‘ Of *Thebes* or *Colchis* ever bore.

‘ Plung'd in the Deep, more graceful thence they

‘ The Sons of dearly purchas'd Fame ! [spring,

Tho' thrown, with vast Applause the Victor

‘ And Matrons their Exploits proclaim. [fling,

436 ODES of HORACE.

‘ With lofty ⁹ Tidings I shall ne’er again
 ‘ My long-triumphant Carthage hail;
 ‘ ¹⁰ Lost, lost, in *Asdrubal* untimely slain,
 ‘ Our Name’s best Hope and Fortune fail !
 The *Claudian* Hands all Wonders shall perform,
 By *Jove*’s indulgent Aid secur’d,
 And, by sagacious Care, to rule the Storm
 Of well-conducted War, inur’d.

NOTES.

Scaliger gives the following Character of this Ode ; *Quarta nec Pindaro cedit : Totâ verò cantione hæc et seipsum et omnem Graciam superavit.* ‘ The fourth Ode of the fourth Book is not inferior even to *Pindar* : In this little Piece *Horace* has excelled himself and all the *Grecian* Poets.’

¹ *Ganymedes* was the Son of *Tros*, King of *Troy*. *Homer* says he was the most beautiful Person in the World, on which account the Gods translated him into Heaven, and *Jupiter* made him his Cup-bearer. The Truth of the Story is, this young *Trojan* was carried away by *Tantalus*, King of *Lydia*, whose Troops bore an Eagle on their Ensigns. DACIER.

* *Vernique, jam nimbis remotis,*
Insolitos docuere nifus
Venti paventem ;

But *Bentley* and *Sanadon* read it thus ;

Vernisque jam nimbis remotis,

which is confirmed by several excellent Manuscripts.

The Spring Season is generally very showery ; and, besides, the Eagles are not hatched till the Summer.

3 This Passage in most Copies runs thus :

*Videre Rhæti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem Vindelici.*

But as it is clear from the Historians that the *Rhæti* and *Vindelici* were two distinct People, the Critics have corrected the last Line thus :

————— *gerentem et Vindelici.*

But it will not even this Way agree with History, since *Drusus* conquered only the *Vindelici*, and *Tiberius* the *Rhæti*. *N. Heinsius* therefore read *Rhæti Alpibus*, for *Rhætici*, which Contraction is common with our Author: And he is followed by *Bentley*, *Cunningham*, and *Sanadon*. This Reading is also confirmed by some old Copies, and entirely removes the Difficulty.

4 This Stanza follows in the Original :

————— *quibus*

Mos unde deductus per omne

Tempus Amazoniæ securi

Dextras obarmet, querere distuli :

(Nec scire fas est omnia) sed diu, &c.

Which may be thus almost literally translated : *Whose Custom it has been from Time immemorial to wield an Amazonian Axe in their right Hand ; but whence this Custom first arose I have not enquired, nor is it possible to know all Things.*

On this Passage the late Archbishop of *Cambray* makes the following Remark : ‘ When I read that admirable Ode of *Horace*,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

‘ I am always sorry to find these Lines in it,

————— *quibus*

Mos unde deductus, &c.

‘ Take away this Passage, and it is complete and perfect. If it should be said, that *Horace* designed to imitate *Pindar* in this sort of Parenthesis, which is agreeable to the Transport of an Ode ; I will not dispute that ; but, for my Part, I am not so fond of Imitations as to relish this flat and needless Digression. I allow of a noble Disorder flowing from Transport

‘ and secret Art, but cannot approve of such an Excursion, on a frivolous Subject : It flattens the whole Ode.’ Thus far the Archbishop of Cambray.

Sanadon is of the same Opinion : He cannot think these Lines genuine ; for which he also offers several critical Reasons, too long to be here repeated. He has therefore struck out this Stanza, and thus, in an easy manner, connects the Sense ;

——— *Vindelici, et diu*

Latæque victrices, &c.

On these Authorities the Translator has also omitted it.

5 *Tiberius Nero* died the same Year, in which he gave up his Wife *Livia* to *Augustus* ; and by his Will he not only made that Prince Guardian to his Son *Tiberius*, who was then about four Years old, but also to *Drusus*, of whom *Livia* was delivered, in the Palace of *Augustus*, three Months after her Marriage with him. So that *Augustus* was, in a double Sense, the Foster-father of these two Princes, both by marrying their Mother, and as their Guardian : On which account *Horace* uses the Phrase, *paternus animus*, *paternal Tendernefs* ; in which Sense he also employs it in the second Ode of the second Book ;

Vivet extento Proculeius avo,

Notus in fratres animi paterni.

It is to be observed, it was publicly reported at *Rome*, that *Augustus* had some Commerce with *Livia*, while she cohabited with her first Husband, and that *Drusus* was really his Son ; and, on the Birth of *Drusus*, three Months after *Augustus* had married *Livia*, this Proverb arose, *The Fortunate have Children three Months after Marriage*. If therefore *Horace* had applied the Words *paternus animus* to *Drusus* only, it might have occasioned some Raillery that would not have been at all agreeable to his great Patron. He therefore prudently includes both the *Neros* ;

——— *quid Augusti paternus*

In pueros animus Nerones. DACIER.

6 *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis :*

Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum

Virtus.]

The very same Thought occurs in *Shakespear* :

O Worthiness of Nature ! Breed of Greatness !
Cowards father Cowards, and base Things sire the Base :

Cymbeline, Act IV.

⁷ *Horace* speaks here of the Consul *Claudius Nero*, who, when he was encamped in *Lucania*, in Sight of *Hannibal* and his Army, stole away secretly with six thousand Foot, and a thousand Horse, and arriving in a few Days in *Umbria*, there joined *Salinator*, his Collegue, to oppose the Passage of *Asdrubal*, who was bringing a considerable Reinforcement to his Brother *Hannibal*. This Diligence saved *Italy* ; for *Asdrubal* was defeated near the River *Metaurus* ; and *Nero* being returned to the main Army, before the *Carthaginians* knew he had left it, he caused the Head of *Asdrubal* to be thrown into *Hannibal's* Camp, who from that Moment was only contriving how best to make his Retreat. This happened in the Year of *Rome* 546, about two hundred Years before *Horace* writ this Ode ; and, among many glorious Actions of the ancient *Neros*, he chose particularly to celebrate this, not only as one of the most memorable, but also because *Drusus* and *Tiberius* were derived from those two Consuls : For they were descended, both by Father and Mother, from *Claudius Nero* ; and their Grand-father, by the Mother, was adopted into the *Livian* Family, which was the same with that of *Salinator*. On this account *Claudius Nero* and *Livius Salinator* were considered as the true Ancestors of *Tiberius*. DACIER.

⁸ *Duris ut illex tonsa bipennibus*
Nigra feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.]

Mr. *Prior*, in his noble Ode on the Battle of *Ramillies*, has happily imitated several fine Passages in this Ode, and particularly this and the following Stanza.

Envy'd *Britannia*, sturdy as the Oak,
Which on her Mountain-top she proudly bears,
Eludes the Axe, and sprouts against the Stroke,
Strong from her Wounds, and greater by her Wars.
And, as those Teeth, which *Cadmus* sow'd in Earth,
Produc'd new Youth, and furnish'd fresh Supplies ;
So with young Vigour and succeeding Birth,
Her Losses more than recompens'd arise ;

And every Age she with a Race is crown'd,
For Letters more polite, in Battles more renown'd.

9. After the Battle of *Canna*, *Hannibal* dispatched his Brother *Mago* to *Carthage*, with an Account of his good Success, who reported to the Senate †, that their General had defeated six Consular Armies, slain above two hundred thousand *Romans*, and taken more than fifty thousand Prisoners; and he concluded with saying, that, for so many and so great Victories, it was meet to return solemn Thanks to the immortal Gods. Then, to confirm the Truth of what he had said, he poured out in the Senate House (as some Historians write) three Bushels and an half of Gold Rings, taken from *Roman* Knights and Senators slaughtered in the Battle. *Horace* here makes *Hannibal* allude to these Particulars.

10 — Occidit, occidit
Spes omnis —]

When *Hannibal* saw the Head of his Brother *Asdrubal*, he only said, *Agnosco fortunam Carthagini*, I see the Misfortune of *Carthage*.

This Ode is omitted by Mr. Creech.

† *Livy*, Book XXIII. Chap. XI.





* O D E V.

To AUGUSTUS.

O BORN when Stars auspicious smil'd ;
 Of joyful *Rome* thou Guardian mild !
 No longer let the Senate mourn,
 But, faithful to thy Word, return !
 Indulgent Chief, O! chear our Hearts,
 For, as the Spring new Life imparts,
 So, in thy Presence, smother run
 The Hours, and brighter shines the Sun.
 As some fond Mother begs of Heaven,
 Her Boy may to her Arms be given,
 Whom Winds, with envious Blast, detain
 Beyond the rough *Carpathian* Main ;
 Her Hands she raises to the Skies,
 Nor from the Shore can turn her Eyes ;
 Thy Country, smit with warm Desires,
 Devoutly thus her Lord requires !

For

¹ For safe our Oxen graze the Plain,
 And *Ceres* crowns with golden Grain
 Our smiling Fields. From Shore to Shore,
 The Merchant wafts his costly Store.
 Justice her Head unblemish'd rears,
 Nor any Violation fears.

² Adultery, that spotted Crime,
 No more pollutes our happy Clime.
 Example has a powerful Sway,
 The People Thine with Joy obey!
 To the chaste Mother's just Renown,

³ By his like Son the Sire is known.
 The Pains, to flagrant Vices due,
 The bold Offender strait pursue.
 If *Cæsar* be but safe, who fears

⁴ Th' enormous Sons *Germania* rears?
 Who trembles at th' *Iberian* War,
 Or *Parthians*, shooting from afar?

⁵ In his own Vineyard each Man spends
 The Day; and with sweet Labour tends
 His rural Task; to prune, or twine
 Round the tall Elm the fruitful Vine,
 Then takes a simple cheap Repaste;
 And, ere he will presume to taste

⁶ The

• The second Course, Libations pours,
And with his ⁷ Household Gods adores
Cæsar belov'd !---We bleſs thy Name,
And join Thee living to the Fame
Of ⁸ *Caſtor* and ⁹ great *Hercules*,
The tutelary Gods of *Greece* !
• ¹⁰ May'ſt thou, indulgent Chief, prolong
• Our Joy with many a Feſtal Song !
Thus, ſober in the Morn, we pray ;
And, mellow, thus we cloſe the Day.

NOTES.

As the former is one of the ſublimeſt Odes in *Horace*, this is one of the moſt tender and affectionate, and ſeems to flow from a Heart thoroughly warmed with a grateful Senſe of the Happineſs the *Romans* enjoyed under the mild Adminiſtration of *Auguſtus*. *Sanadon* fixes the Date of it to the Beginning of the Year of *Rome* 741, and the very Day on which the Conſuls addreſſed ſolemn Prayers to the Gods for the happy Return of the Emperor.

• In the common Editions, theſe Lines, in the Original, run thus,

*Tutus boſ etenim rura perambulat ;
Nutrit rura Ceres almaque Fauſtitas.*

But *Le Fèvre* and *Sanadon* read *prata perambulat*, which removes the ungraceful Repetition of *rura* ; and the Word *prata* ſeems more naturally to follow *perambulat*, which, ſays *Sanadon*, is never employed to expreſs ſuch laborious Work as tilling the Ground. *Dacier*, on the contrary, pretends it may be
fo

so employed, and, in Proof of it, produces a Passage from *Ca- tullus*, where, speaking of *Mamurra*, he says,

Perambulabit omnium cubilia;

But *Sanadon* says this Quotation is nothing to the Purpose, *perambulare cubilia* signifying *desultoriam voluptatem carpere*, which need not be explained.

The amiable Picture *Horace* here gives of the Happiness the Romans then enjoyed, is confirmed by all the Historians, and particularly by *Paterculus*, whose Words may pass for a Comment on this Ode; *Finita vicesimo anno bella civilia, sepulta externa, revocata pax, sopitus ubique armorum furor, restituta vis legibus, judiciiis authoritas, Senatus majestas, &c. Prisca illa et antiqua Reipublice forma revocata: rediit cultus agris sacris honos, securitas hominibus, certa cuique rerum suarum possessio: Leges emendata utiliter, late salubriter.*— In his twentieth Year
 ‘ all Wars both Civil and Foreign were happily extinguished;
 ‘ Peace returned; the Rage of Arms ceased; Vigour was re-
 ‘ stored to the Laws, Authority to the Tribunals, Majesty to the
 ‘ Senate, &c. The ancient and venerable Form of the Repub-
 ‘ lic revived: The Fields were again cultivated, Religion re-
 ‘ spected, and every one enjoyed his own Possessions with the ut-
 ‘ most Security: The old Laws, were revised and improved,
 ‘ and excellent new ones added.’

Faustitas (of whom the Romans made a Goddess) is derived from *faustus*, and signifies, as *Le Fèvre* observes, the benign Influence of the Heavens, or, in other Words, *seasonable Showers* and *wholesome Air*: It is the same Thing with what *Horace*, in his *Secular Ode*, calls *aquæ salubres et Jovis aura*.

2 *Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris:*

Mos & lex maculosum edomuit nefas.]

Horace often complains of the Corruption of Manners in that Age: He even ascribes the Judgments, with which the Gods visited the Romans, to the frequent Violation of the Marriage-bed. See the 6th and 24th Odes of the III^d Book. *Augustus* restrained these Disorders by the *Julian Law*, *De adulteriis*; on which account *Horace* says of him in the last Ode of this Book,

et ordinem

Rectum evaganti, frana licentie

Injecit, amorisque culpas.

He has curbed that Licentiousness, which surpassed all Bounds, and has chased away Vice.

Ib. Maculosum nefas.]

Dacier observes that *Horace* by this Word comprehends not only *Adultery*, but also a *libidinous Commerce with Boys*, which is properly denoted by *macula*. *Catullus*, speaking of *Mamurra* and *Cesar*, says, *macula pares utrisque*.

3. Laudantur simili prole puerpera.] The Ancients had a good Opinion of the Chastity of those Wives, whose Children were like their Husbands, and pretended they were able to discover the true Fathers by this Resemblance; and they carried this Matter so far, as to look on those as illegitimate, in whom they could find no such Likeness. *Hesiod* reckons it among the Felicities of good Men, that their Wives bear Children like them. Thus *Catullus* wishes, that *Manlius's* Son may be so lively a Picture of him, that every Body may know who was his Father, and that he may carry evident Proofs of his Mother's Chastity on his Face;

*Et pudicitiam sue
Matris indicet ore.*

An Accident happened in the Reign of *Augustus*, not altogether foreign to our present Purpose, which was the Subject of much Discourse: A Farmer in the Country was so very like *Augustus*, that every Body took Notice of it, which reaching his Ear, he had the Curiosity to send for him up to Court. When he came into his Presence, he was so affected with the striking Likeness, that he asked the Man if his Mother had not formerly sometimes come up to *Rome*. The Man, who understood the Drift of the Question, readily answered, that his Mother had never been at *Rome*, but his Father had often been there.

He might perhaps have more consulted his own Interest by a different Reply; but it is probable that the honest Countryman was piqued by the intended Reflection on his Mother's Character.

4 *Florus* takes Notice of the large Size of the *Germans*, and calls them *immania corpora*.

5 *Condit quisque diem collibus in suis.]* The holy Prophets, in describing the Peace and Happiness the World should enjoy at the Time of the Coming of the *MESSIAH*, (which happened in the

the Reign of *Augustus*,) use just the same Phrase; thus *Micah* Chap. iv. Ver. 3 and 4. *Nation shall not lift up Sword against Nation; but they shall sit every Man under his Vine and under his Fig-tree, and none shall make him afraid.*

6 *et alteris*
Te mensis adhibet Deum.]

The Romans made use of two Tables. On the first, the Meat and solid Provisions were served; and when they had done with that, another was brought in, covered with Fruit: At this second Table they sung Hymns and offered Libations. *Virgil* mentions both these Tables,

*Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaeque remotæ,
Grateras magnos statuant, & vina coronant.*

Æneid. I. Ver. 727.

From the first Course they pause; the Table change;
Then place huge Jars of Wine, and crown the Bowls.

7 The *Lares* were not only the tutelary Gods of private Persons, but also of the whole Empire; on which account *Augustus* was ranked among them.

8 *Castor* and *Hercules* were the tutelary Gods of *Greece*, and were called *Σωτῆρες* and *Dii communes*, the Saviours and common Gods, because their Influence extended over all the World, and every Body worshipped them.

9 Great was the Epithet commonly ascribed to *Hercules*.

10 *Longas Outinam, Dux bone, serias
Præstes Hesperii!]*

These Words were taken from the Hymns commonly used on those Occasions.

Bentley was inclined to have read here *Rex*, instead of *Dux*, only because *Horace* uses the Word *Dux* at the Beginning of the Ode; but, as *Dacier* rightly observes, the Word *Rex* would have been shocking to a Roman Ear.



*The SAME * ODE Imitated.*

To the KING.

GUARDIAN of *Britain*! come away,
Thy anxious People mourn thy Stay:
Haste, *Anson*, and restore
(Ere faithless Foes and wintry Skies
Alarm) a far more precious Prize
Than what you brought before.

2.
Chase, best of Kings, these Shades of Night,
And bid once more returning Light
Her balmy Influence shed!
Thus chear'd, the Birds more blithe will sing;
The Sun new Glories wear; and Spring
Weave Flowers for Autumn's Head.

3.
As some fond Mother, lost to Joy,
From *China's* Coast, her darling Boy
Expecting, Day by Day

Stands

Stands trembling, praying on the Shore,

Ev'n so thy Absence we deplore,

Ev'n so for Thee we pray.

4.

For Freedom guards her favourite Isle,

By Thee secur'd; and with her Smile

Fair Plenty crowns our Toil:

While Justice deals her warmest Rays,

And Commerce to thy Realm conveys

The Wealth of every Soil.

5.

When Thou art safe, in vain will *France*

Her Standards and her Sails advance;

Her Threat'nings we disdain;

For soon our Fleets shall scour the Sea,

And soon, we trust, our Arms shall free

The *Ohio* from her Chain.

6.

Then the rude *Indian*, undismay'd,

Shall smoke, beneath his Plantane Shade

The Calumet of Peace;

By Ambuscades alarm'd no more;

For Conflagrations shall be o'er,

And scalping Horrors cease.

7. At

7.

At thy dread Name the Chief shall bow
The plummy Honours of his Brow,
And, pleas'd, that Sovereign own,
Who bids him lay his Hatchet by,
And let his harmless Arrows fly
At savage Beasts alone.

8.

While in his unpolluted Grove,
At Morn, at Night, his sable Love
Shall *Britain's* Praises sing;
And every Sachem of the Plain
A spicy Bowl to thee shall drain,
Their FATHER and their KING!

1755.



G g

* ODE



* O D E VI.

To A P O L L O.

O *Phæbus* ! ¹ whose unerring Darts,
 With speedy Vengeance, pierc'd the Hearts
 Of ² *Niobe's* opprobrious Crew,
 And, bent on Rape, lewd ³ *Tityus* slew,
 And the proud ⁴ *Phthian* Chief, whose Hand
 No *Trojan* Hero could withstand !
 Great as he was, in thee he found
 A greater ; ⁵ prostrate on the Ground,
⁶ Like some tall Pine, which long had stood
 Untouch'd, the Glory of the Wood ;
 Or Cypress, tow'ring o'er the Field,
 By Winds or Axes forc'd to yield.
⁷ He would not in *Minerva's* ⁸ Horse
 Have basely pent the *Grecian* Force,
 Pretending, at the parting Hour,
 To pacify her wrathful Power ;

Th'

Th' unguarded City to destroy,
 While *Priam* gave a Loose to Joy :
 But, in the Sun's Meridian Light,
 With open Force, in generous Fight,
 Had storm'd the Town ! His ruthless Rage
 Had doom'd to Death both Youth and Age ;
 And Infants, in their Mother's Womb,
 Had found (O Shame !) an early Tomb,
 ' Unless, in Pity to thy Prayers,
 And lovely *Cytherea's* Tears,
 Great *Jove* had to *Æneas'* Toil
 New Walls assign'd in *Latium's* Soil.
 O thou ! ¹⁰ who lead'st the sacred Choir
 Of ¹¹ *Greece*, now tune the ¹² *Daunian* Lyre :
 Hear, ¹³ smooth *Agyieus* ! pleas'd to ¹⁴ lave
 Thy flowing Locks in *Xanthus'* Wave.

To the two CHOIRS.

By *Phæbus'* heavenly Aid I claim
 My Genius, and a Poet's Name.
 Illustrious ¹⁵ Maids ! who *Rome* adorn,
 And Youths ! of noble Parents born,
 Whom ¹⁶ *Delia* (with unerring Bow
 Skilful to pierce the Lynx or Doe,)

452 ODES of HORACE.

Still loves to cherish and defend,
 To my Advice, with Care attend!
 Keep Measure with the ¹⁷ *Lesbian* Foot,
 And to ¹⁸ *my Lyre your Voices* suit!
 If with due Rites *Latona's* Son,
 And Night's fair Lamp, ¹⁹ th' increasing Moon,
²⁰ Powerful to bless the springing Ground,
 And ²¹ swift to roll the Seasons round,
 You sing devout ; in holy Bands
 Each Maid shall join her plighted Hands,
 And ²² married boast, ' When festal Days
 ' Began this ²³ Age, I join'd in Praise
 ' Of all the Gods ; well-skill'd to sing
 ' Notes fitted to th' *Horatian* String.

NOTES.

After displaying the awful Power of *Apollo*, the Poet here begs him to grant the more solemn Vows, which are to be addressed to him by the Choir of Youths and Virgins in the *Secular Hymn*.

In the four last Stanzas (which seem entirely distinct from the former Part) he applies himself to the two Choirs, whom he exhorts carefully to discharge their Office, and, in singing, to keep Time with the utmost Exactness.

¹ *Dive, quem proles Niobæa magnæ
 Vindicem linguæ, Tityosque raptor
 Sensit.*

All the Lines between *quem* in the first Verse, and *Doſtor arguta fidicen Thalia* in the ſeventh Stanza, are a Parentheſis, ſo that the whole Invocation to *Apollo* is contained in four Lines.

² *Niobe*, the Daughter of *Tantalus*, and the Wife of *Amphion*, was ſo proud with being the Mother of twelve Children, that ſhe even dared to contemn *Latona*, and reproached her for having but two. This Goddeſs was ſo provoked at her Inſolence, that ſhe complained to her Son *Phæbus*, who killed *Niobe's* Children with his Arrows: *Niobe*, tranſported with Grief, diſſolved into Tears, and was at laſt changed into a Rock. *Homer* relates this Story in the laſt Book of the *Iliad*.

³ *Tityus* attempted to violate *Latona*, and pretended to have received Favours from her.

⁴ *Horace* here accuſes *Achilles* of having ſpoken inſolently to *Apollo*; and no doubt he had in his Eye that Paſſage of the *Iliad*, where *Achilles* thus addreſſes him:

Ἐλπίσας μ' Ἐκέρχῃ, Θεῶν ὀλοώτατε πάντων,

Ἢ σ' ἄν τιſαῖμην, εἰ μοι δύνამις γέ παρῇ.

Thou haſt deceiv'd me, faithleſs God of Light!

But, if I had the Power, I would requite

This Wrong with Vengeance due!

This is one of the Paſſages in *Homer*, which *Plato* cenſures in the third Book of his *Commonwealth*. DACIER.

Achilles was born in *Phthia*, a City of *Phthiotis*, a Province of *Theſſaly*.

⁵ *Procidit latē.*] *Latē*, to ſhow the huge Bulk of *Achilles's* Body. This is alſo taken from *Homer*, who, in the laſt Book of the *Odyſſey*, introduces *Agamemnon* thus accoſting him:

Κεῖσο μέγας μεγέλας.

Thy mighty Bulk o'erſpread a Length of Ground.

Horace here follows the Opinion of thoſe who tell us, that *Apollo* had a great Share in the Death of *Achilles*, and that he guided the Arrow, which *Paris* aimed at him. DACIER.

⁶ *Mordaci velut iſta ferro*

Pinus.]

Horace here alſo imitates Homer, who compares his Heroes ſlain in Battle to huge Trees, torn up by the Roots by Winds, or cut down by Axes.

⁷ *Ille, non incluſus equo.]* Horace praises Achilles with great Addreſs. If Achilles had lived (ſays he) the Grecians would not have been reduced to the Neceſſity of employing a ſhameful Stratagem to make themſelves Maſters of Troy. He, on the contrary, would have taken their City in open Day, and have reduced it to Aſhes, without ſparing Women or Children.

⁸ *Equo Minervæ ſacra mentito.]* The Greeks, tired with the Length of the Siege, cauſed a prodigious wooden Horſe to be built, which they filled with their choſen Troops, and pretended to conſecrate it to Minerva, thereby to prevail on her to grant them a happy Return. Some old Authors ſay that this is only a Fiction, which has been explained in different Manners: Some pretended that this Horſe meant a warlike Machine, like the Ram, with which their Walls were battered: Others, that the Gate, which Antenor opened to the Greeks, had the Figure of a Horſe painted on it. See the Remarks of Scrvius on the 14th Verſe of the 2d Book of the *Æneid*. DACIER.

⁹ *Ni tuis victus, Veneriſque grata*

Vocibus.]

Horace ſays that Jupiter, liſtening to the Prayers of Apollo and Venus, reſolved on the Death of Achilles, to give *Æneas* an Opportunity of founding elſewhere a happier City than Troy. This Compliment could not but pleaſe the Romans.

¹⁰ *Ductor arguta fidicen Thalia.]* Torrentius, one of the moſt learned Commentators on Horace, reads here, on the Credit of ſome ancient MSS, *Ductor*; and thinks that by *Ductor Thalia*, Horace alludes to the Word *Μουσάρχης*, which is a famous Epithet applied to Apollo, and ſignifies *Dux Muſarum*, the Leader of the Muſes, or him who preſides over the Choir of the Muſes. As this Reading gives a very good Senſe, it is followed by the Tranſlator.

¹¹ Mr. Cuninghām reads *Argeæ Thalia*, instead of *argutæ*.

¹² *Daunia defende decus Cantinae.*] He calls his Muse *Daunia* because he was of *Apulia*. Thus the Verses of *Simonides* were called *Cea Camen*, because he was of *Ceos*, those of *Anacreon* *Tei Musa*, because he was of *Teos*, and those of *Ennius*, who was of *Calabria*, *Calabra Pierides*.

¹³ *Levis.*] That is to say, *unshaven* or *beardless*, to signify that *Apollo* is always young, and always beautiful. Thus *Callimachus* :

Καί κεν' αἰὲν καλὸς καὶ αἰνέας, ἔπος τε φοῖβε
Θηλείας, ἡ δ' ὄσσον ἐπὶ χροὸς ἦλθε παρειαίς.

Phabus is deck'd with every youthful Grace,
No tender Down e'er shades his blooming Face.

DACIER.

Agyia is a Greek Word, which signifies the Streets of Cities. *Apollo* was called *Agyieus*, i. e. *viis præpositus*, or the Guardian of the Streets ; on which Account the Greeks erected Altars and Statues to him in the Streets, before the Doors of their Houses, and in all the cross Ways. DACIER.

¹⁴ *Qui Xantho lavit amne crinet.*] By these Words *Horace* means that *Apollo* frequented the Borders of that River. Thus a Person was said, in the same Sense, to drink the Waters of the Rhone ; meaning that he lived near the Rhone. In like Manner, in the 4th Ode of the 3d Book, *Horace* uses these Words :

*Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit
Crines solutos,*

to signify the God, who inhabits *Parnassus*. But when *Horace* here says, that *Apollo* washes his Hair in *Xanthus*, he is to be understood in the same Sense as when he says in the said 4th Ode of the 3d Book,

— *Qui Lyciæ tenet
Dumeta.*

For he does not here intend to describe the *Xanthus* of *Troy*, which was not the Patrimony of *Apollo*, but the *Xanthus* of *Lycia*, which was consecrated to him. DACIER.

456 ODES of HORACE.

¹⁵ *Virginum prima.*] The two Choirs consisted of 27 Youths and as many Virgins; they were all to be of the best Families in Rome, and to have both their Parents living.

¹⁶ *Delia tutela Dea.*] Youths and Virgins were under the Protection of Diana, till they were married: On which Account they say in Catullus:

*Diana sumus in fide
Puella et pueri integri.*

We, unpolluted Youths and Maids,
Depend on chaste Diana's Care,

Diana was called *Delia* because she was born at *Delos*.

¹⁷ *Lesbium servate pedem.*] He calls the Measure of the Verses of his Secular Ode (which are *Sapphic*, like those of this Ode) the *Lesbian Foot*, because that Metre was invented by *Alcaeus* and *Sappho*, who were of *Mitylené*, the Capital of *Lesbos*.

DACIER.

¹⁸ *Meique pollicis ictum.*] He exhorts the Choir to keep Time with his Harp, which is signified by *ictum pollicis*, for they touched the Strings with the Thumb and Fore-finger; and the Thumb commonly denoted the End of the Cadences and Measures. *Horace* here speaks, as if he himself played on the Harp, while the two Choirs sung. DACIER.

¹⁹ *Ritè crescentem face noctilucam.*] The Secular Ode was sung in the new Moon, on which Account they then called it *crescentem face*: For the same Reason *Horace* calls her in the Secular Ode *Regina bicornis*.

Noctilucam] The Moon which enlightens the Night. *Simonides* calls the Moon *νυκτιλαμπή*. *Varro* has made use of the same Word to signify a Lamp, *noctilucam tollo; ad focum fero; inflo; anima reviviscit*.

²⁰ *Prosperam frugum.*] The Moon has an Influence in the Growth of Plants and Fruits. This Expression is *Elliptical*, for *prosperam frugum* stands for *prosperam*, or *propitiam proventui frugum*: Thus, in the following Phrase of *Dictys*, *ventorumque status navigandi prosperos*, we must understand *tempori*.

DACIER.

²¹ *Celeremque*

²¹ *Celeremque pronos, volvere menses.*] The Moon runs thro' the whole Zodiac in 29 Days, which is the Measure of Months.

²² *Nupta jam dices.*] The Romans were of Opinion, that the Virgins who had the Honour to bear a Part in the *Secular Ode*, stood the fairer Chance of being happily married.

²³ *Seculo.*] A hundred and ten Years were reckoned to make up an Age. See the Remarks on the *Secular Ode*.



* O D E VII.

To MANLIUS LUCIUS TORQUATUS.

THE Snow is melted. See! the Ground,
Fresh Verdure wears; the Trees with
Leaves are crown'd.
Earth smiles reviv'd. The Rivers know
Their Bounds, and gently in their Channels flow.

The *Graces* and the *Wood-Nymphs* dare,
With Face unveil'd; to dance in open Air,
The *Hours*, that whirl along the Day,
Admonish us of fleeting Life's Decay.

To *Zephyr's* soothing Power succeeds
Fierce *Summer's* Rage, and burns the thirsty Meads:
Then *Autumn*, crown'd with Apples, rears
His jovial Head: Slow *Winter* last appears,

Loaded

458 ODES of HORACE.

Loaded with Ice, and Storms, and Rain,
Till *Spring* rolls round the various Year again.

The waning Moons their changeful Face
Monthly renew, and shine with wonted Grace.

But to the dreary Realms below
Who sink ; must no Return for ever know !

Enroll'd among the mighty Dead,
Our Body will be Dust, our Soul a Shade.

Old *Charon* to the *Stygian* Shore
Pious *Aeneas*, ³ *Tullus*, & *Ancus*, bore.

What Mortal can presume to say,
The Gods to this will add another Day ?
Indulge your Genius then, nor spare
Your Treasure, to enrich a greedy Heir !

When You among the Shades are cast,
And *Minos* has the solemn Sentence past ;

Nor Birth, *Torquatus* ! Eloquence,
Nor Piety, can e'er recall you thence.

The ⁵ *Sylvan* Goddess wish'd in vain,
Her chaste *Hippolytus* from *Styx* to gain.

Nor could great *Theseus* ever rend
The Adamantine Fetters of his * Friend.

* *Pirithous*.

NOTES.

¹ ————— *Et decrefcentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt.]*

This Passage has perplexed fome of the Critics. The Difficulty is, to know *how decreafing Rivers can overflow their Banks*, which is the literal Translation of the Words. Very eafily, fays *Dacier*; for if they overflow their Banks to deluge the Country, they muft re-pafs again, when they return into their own Channels. But this feems forced and unnatural.

The Conſtruction of *Sanadon* is undoubtedly right. *Præter* muſt be ſeparated from *eunt*, and the Words placed thus, *flumina eunt præter ripas*, that is, *flumina ſecundum ripas fluunt*; and *præter*, fays he, does not here ſignify *ultra* nor *intra*, but *juxta*, i. e. *near*, or *at no great Diſtance* from their Banks; thus in *Livy*, *præter amnem Aëum*, means, *along the River Aëus*.

This will not be thought unnatural by one who conſiders how widely the *Po*, and other Rivers in *Italy*, overflow the Lands all around them

² The Seasons paſs away and return again, but Man, once dead, ſhall riſe no more! This Subject is elegantly treated by *Mofchus*, in his *Idyllium* on the Death of *Bion*:

Αἱ αἶ, τὰι μαλ' ἄχαι μὲν ἐπ' ἀν κατὰ χεῖτον ὄλωνται, &c.

The tender Roſe, which ſeems in Winter dead,
Revives in Spring, and lifts its dewy Head;
But we, the *Great*, the *Glorious*, and the *Wiſe*,
When once the Hand of Death has cloſ'd our Eyes,
In Earth forgotten lie, and never more ſhall riſe!

J. D.

³ *Tullus Hoſtilius*, the third King of the *Romans*.

⁴ *Ancus Martius*, the Grandſon of *Numa*. He ſucceeded *Tullus Hoſtilius*.

' Since pious *Aeneas*, rich *Tullus*, and valiant *Ancus* have ſubmitted to Fate, why ſhould meaner Mortals repine at the Summons of Death?'

This Argument is placed in a very ſtrong Light by *Lucretius*:
Hoc

*Hoc etiam tibi tute interdum dicere possis :
 Lumina sis oculis etiam bonus Ancu' reliquit.
 Tu verò dubitabis, et indignabere obire
 Mortua quoi vita est, propè, jam vivo, atque videnti ?
 Qui somno partem majorem conteris avi,
 Et vigilans stertis ; nec somnia cernere cessas ?*

Lib. iii. prope finem.

— When Thoughts of Death disturb thy Head,
 Consider, *Ancus*, Great and Good, is dead.
 And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy Breath,
 Whose very Life is little more than Death ?
 More than one half by lazy Sleep possést,
 And, when awake, thy Soul but nods at best,
 Day-dreams and sickly Thoughts revolving in thy Breast.

DRYDEN.

⁵ Even in the Time of *Horace*, the Romans offered Sacrifices, in the Forest of *Ericia*, to *Diana* and *Hippolytus*, who were supposed to have been raised from the Dead by *Æsculapius*. But *Horace*, who was not over-credulous, ridicules those superstitious Rites. DACIER.

⁶ *Horace* here follows the true History, and not the Fable : *Theseus* and *Pirithoüs* went into *Epirus*, in order to carry away the Daughter of *Adoneus*, King of the *Molossians*, but were discovered, and prevented. *Adoneus* caused *Pirithoüs* to be torn in Pieces by a Mastiff, and imprisoned *Theseus*, who was afterwards delivered by *Hercules*. DACIER.

Mr. *Dacier*, says *Sanadon*, need not have given himself the Trouble to reconcile the Sentiments of *Horace* with History. The Truth of the Matter is, *Horace*, in this Ode, writes as an *Epicurèan* ; now, according to *Epicurus*, there could be no Resurrection ; consequently, all the popular Opinions about *Hippolytus*, *Theseus*, and others, who were supposed to have arisen from the Dead, are mere Fictions.

Tho' *Horace* was, in Fact, an *Epicurèan*, he occasionally adopts the fabulous Theology. *Sanadon* seems to have overlooked this Line,

— et de te splendida Minos

Fecerit arbitria—

* O D E



* O D E VIII.

To MARTIUS CENSORINUS.

COULD I ¹ *Parrhasius*' Works command,
 Or those which own great ² *Scopas*' Hand,
 (A Hero *This*, or God display'd
 In Marble; *That* with Light and Shade,)
 A Cauldron, curiously imboss,
 A Tripod or a Bowl of Cost,
 Rewards which *Grecian* Leaders gave,
 To crown the Merits of the Brave,
 I gladly to my Friends would give,
 Nor You the meanest should receive.
 But these rich Gifts my Power exceed,
 And such you neither prize nor need.
 You Verse admire; I Verse can send,
 And of the Gift the Worth commend.

The Pillars in the *Forum* plac'd
 At public Charge, with Titles grac'd,

By

By which great Chiefs themselves survive,
 And after Death with Honour live ;
 And *Hannibal*, driv'n back with Shame,
 Cannot so widely spread *his* Fame,
 Who did from conquer'd *Afric* gain
 His Name, as *Ennius*' deathless Strain.
 Unless the Muse your Worth record,
 It can receive no just Reward.
 Who would have known, if left unsung,
 The Son of *Mars*, from *Ilia* sprung,
 Had envious *Silence* hid from View
 The Praise to *Rome*'s great Founder due ?
 The Bards by Song and powerful Lays
 Did *Æacus* from Darkness raise,
 And consecrate, o'er happy Isles
 A God, where Spring eternal smiles.
 The Muse forbids the Man to die,
 Who merits Immortality :
 In Heaven she seats him ; thus, with *Jove*
Alcides feasts in Realms above.
 Thus the *5* Twin Stars, indulgent, save
 The shatter'd Vessel from the Wave ;
 And *Bacchus*, crown'd with Ivy, hears
 His Votaries Vows, and speeds their Prayers !

NOTES.

NOTES.

¹ *Parrhasius*, a famous Painter, born at *Ephesus*, Cotemporary with *Zeuxis*. He lived about 400 Years before the Birth of our Saviour.

² *Scopas*, an excellent Statuary. He lived about 430 Years before the same Æra.

³ *Ennius*, an ancient Poet, of *Rudiae*, a small Town in *Calabria*: He writ Annals of the *Roman* History, in which he celebrated the great Exploits of *Scipio Africanus*.

⁴ *Horace* says, that Poets are able to raise Men from the Grave, and to deify them; that *Æacus* enjoys so honourable a Place in the *Elysian* Fields, *Hercules* feasts with *Jupiter*, *Castor* and *Pollux* preserve the tempest-beaten Ships from the Fury of the Waves, and *Bacchus* sits in Heaven, by the Credit of their Writings. He hereby clearly discovers what Thoughts Men of Sense entertained at that Time of the vulgar Theology.

DACIER.

⁵ *Castor* and *Pollux*.



The



The SAME ODE Imitated.

By SOAME JENYNS, *Esq;*

To the Right Hon. PHILIP Lord Viscount
ROYSTON.

DID but kind Fate to Me impart
Wealth equal to my generous Heart,
Some curious Gift to every Friend,
A Token of my Love, I'd send;
But still the choicest and the best
Should be consign'd to Friends at *Wrest*.

An Organ, which, if right I guess,
Would best please Lady Marchioness,
Should first be sent by my Command,
Worthy of her inspiring Hand:
To Lady *Bell*, of nicest Mold,
A Coral, set in burnish'd Gold:
To You, well knowing what you like,
Portraits by *Lely* or *Vandyke*,
A curious Bronze, or Bust antique.

}
But

But since these Gifts exceed my Power,
And You (who need not wish for more,
Already blest with all that's fine)
Are pleas'd with Verse, tho' such as mine ;
As Poets us'd in ancient Times,
I'll make my Present all in Rhymes :
And, lest you should forget their Worth,
Like them, I'll set their Value forth.

Not monumental Brass or Stones,
The Guardians of heroic Bones,
Not Victories won by *Marlb'rough's* Sword,
Nor Titles, which those Deeds record,
Such Glories o'er the Dead diffuse,
As can the Labours of the Muse.
But if she should her Aid deny,
With *You* your Virtues all must die ;
Nor Tongues unborn shall ever say,
How wise, how good, was Lady *Grey* !

Nay, what would now have been the Doom
Of him, who built imperial *Rome* ?
Or him, whose Virtues all adore,
Who fed the Hungry, cloath'd the Poor,

H h

Clear'd

Clear'd Streams and Bridges laid across,
 And built the little Church of *Ros*;
 Did not th' eternal Powers of Verse,
 From Age to Age, their Deeds rehearse?

The Muse forbids the Brave to die,
 Bestowing Immortality:
 Still by her Aid, in blest Abodes,
Alcides feasts among the Gods:
 And royal ARTHUR still is able
 To fill his high-pil'd generous Table
 With ENGLISH Beef, and ENGLISH Knights,
 And looks with Pity down on WHITE's.



* O D E IX.

To LOLLIVS.

1.

THINK not, my *Lollivs*, that the Song
 Shall perish, which I chant, along
 Rough *Aufidus*'s sounding Shore,
 With *Art*, to Roman Ears unknown before!

2. The

2.
The noblest Wreath tho' *Homer* claim,
Yet *Pindar* swells the Trump of Fame:
The grave ³ *Stesichorus* still charms,
And still to Battle, bold ⁴ *Alcæus* warms.

3.
⁵ *Simonides*, with soothing Flow,
Trills forth his soft melodious Woe;
And blithe ⁶ *Anacreon's* sportive Lay
Still lives, in spite of Time's destructive Sway.

4.
Enchanting ⁷ *Sappho's* Lyric Muse
In every Breast must Love infuse;
Love breathes on every tender String,
And still in melting Notes we hear her sing.

5.
Not only sigh'd the ⁸ *Spartan* Fair,
Charm'd by a Lover's graceful Hair,
Whom Splendor, Pomp, and rich Attire
Fondly allur'd to fan the fatal Fire.

6.
Nor ⁹ *Teucer* was the first, who knew
With Skill to bend the *Cretan* Yew.

468 ODES of HORACE.

Troy more than ¹⁰ once has been destroy'd,
And vengeful Gods to raze her Walls employ'd.

7.

Not great ¹¹ *Idomeneus* alone,
And ¹² *Sthenelus* deserve Renown :
Others before as boldly fought,
And Actions worthy of the Muses wrought.

8.

Not *Hector* first, profuse of Life,
Bore glorious Wounds to guard his Wife,
And singly clear'd th' ensanguin'd Field,
His much-lov'd Boy and aged Sire to shield.

9.

Before *Atrides*, brave in Fight
Reign'd many Kings ; but endless Night
To all denies our Tears and Praise,
For never were they grac'd with sacred Lays.

10.

If worthy Deeds no Glory gain,
To what avail your Cares and Pain ?
Virtue conceal'd, unknown to Fame,
From *Indolence* scarce differs but in Name.

11. 13 You

11.

¹³ *You* shall not with the vulgar Throng
Pass silent, unadorn'd in Song :

Your various Toils shall crown my Page,
And baffle Envy and forgetful Age.

12.

Let Fortune smile, or prove unkind,
You still maintain a steady Mind.
Attractive GOLD, which all obey,
Your purer Honour would in vain betray.

13.

Not only ¹⁴ Consul for a Year,
But long as, faithful and sincere,
With noble Pride *You* Bribes despise,
And a fair Fame above all Treasure prize.

14.

Style not those ¹⁵ *happy* who abound
In Wealth, with Stores profusely crown'd :
To him alone *that Name* be given,
Who rightly knows ¹⁶ to use the Gifts of Heaven ;

15.

¹⁷ Hard Poverty who dauntless bears,
But, more than Death, Dishonour fears,

H h 3 And

You

And for his Friend's or Country's Good,
Would generously dare to spill his Blood !

NOTES.

Horace has divided the foregoing Ode into three Parts ; in the *first* of which he refutes a common Error, viz. That in every Art none but the most eminent ought to be regarded ; in the *second* he praises *Poetry*, and shows that this alone is able to consecrate Men to Immortality ; and, in the *third*, extolls the Virtues of *Lollius*.

Sanadon thinks it must have been written between the Year of Rome 731 (in which *Lollius* defeated the *Germans*) and the Year 746, which was the last of *Horace's* Life. The 2d and 18th Epistles of the 1st Book were addressed to the same *Lollius* ; but the second seems to have been written long before this Ode, and the eighteenth some Time after it.

¹ ———— *Qua*
Longè sonaxtem natus ad Aufidum.]

Horace was of *Apulia*, which is watered by the River *Aufidus*, now called *Ofanto*.

² *Non ante vulgatas per artes.*] He was the first Roman, who imitated the Lyric Poetry of the *Greeks*.

³ *Stesichorus* was of *Himera*, a City in *Sicily*. He lived in the 42d Olympiad, 610 Years before *Christ*.

⁴ *Alcæi minaces Camæna*] He uses the Epithet *minaces* (*threatening*) because *Alcæus* had writ against the Tyrants, to whom he was a mortal Foe. His Style was strong and noble, and admirably described the great Qualities of his Soul. See the 32d Ode of the 1st Book.

⁵ *Ce læque Camæna.*] *The Muses of Céos*, i.e. The Works of *Simonide*, a Native of *Céos*, an Island in the *Ægæan* Sea. He lived about 500 Years before *Christ*.

⁶ *Nec, si quid olim lufit Anacreon,
Delevit atas.]*

With Rofes crown'd, on Flowers fupinely laid,
Anacreon * there the fprightly Lyre effay'd;
In light fantaftic Meafures beat the Ground,
Or dealt the mirth-infpiring Juice around.

No Care, no Thought the tuneful Trifler knew,
But mark'd with Blifs each Moment as it flew.

Progreff of Poetry. By a Lady.

⁷ For the Character of *Sappho*, fee the Notes on the 13th Ode of the 2d Book.

⁸ *Non fola comtos arfit adulteri
Crines, & aurum veftibus illitum
Mirata, regalesque cultus,
Et comites, Helene Lacana.]*

This is the fecond Part of this Ode. The Conftitution of this Paflage muft run thus: *Helene Lacana non fola arfit, mirata comtos crines & aurum regalesque cultus adulteri*; not *arfit comtos crines*.

Horace takes Notice of the lovely Hair of *Paris* in the 15th Ode of the 1ft Book.

ib. The Beauty of this Stanza in a great Meafure depends on the Word *Lacana*, *Spartan*, for the *Spartans* affected the utmoft Plainnefs both in Drefs and Diet. Thus *Ovid*, in his Epiftle from *Paris* to *Helena*,

Sceptra parens Afia—tenet, &c.

Wide *Afia* owns my Father's Sway,
And half her fcepter'd Kings his Power obey.

The Walls of *Troy* you will admire,
Built by the Mufic of *Apollo's* Lyre!

Our Palaces are roof'd with Gold;
Our Temples worthy of the Gods they hold.

Tho' lovely in itfelf, your Face
Deferves the Aid of every outward Grace.

Judge by the coftly Robes we wear,
How elegantly drest our *Wives* appear.

D.

* In Greece.

⁹ *Horace* had here in View a Passage of the *Iliad*, where *Homer* says, that *Teucer* was the most skilful Archer among the *Greeks*.

¹⁰ *Troy* was besieged three Times, first by *Hercules*, then by the *Amazons*, and lastly by the *Greeks*.

¹¹ *Idomeneus*, the Son of *Deucalion*, and the Grandson of *Minos*, King of *Crete*, was one of the chief Heroes among the *Greeks*, at the Siege of *Troy*. Part of his Exploits may be seen in the 13th Book of the *Iliad*.

¹² *Sthenelusæ.*] See the 15th Ode of the 1st Book.

¹³ — non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum fileri
— patiæ.]

Here begins the third Part of this Ode : For *fileri*, *Bentley* reads *filebo*, which is adopted by *Dacier*.

¹⁴ *Consulque non unius anni.*] *Lollius* was *Consul* in the Year of *Rome* 732. That Office was only for a Year ; but, according to the *Stoics*, the Wise and Virtuous stand always possessed of the most eminent Posts, nor is it in the Power of the Crowd to degrade them. *Horace* takes Occasion from this Doctrine to compliment *Lollius*, by telling him he was not *Consul* merely for a Year ; but would continue so while he practised the Virtues worthy a *Consul*.

¹⁵ The *Romans* called a *rich* Man a *happy* Man ; but the *Stoics* applied the Word *happy* only to those who were Masters of their Passions, and enjoyed a full Tranquillity of Mind. Thus with us, and especially in the City, a *good* Man means a *rich* one. See the Notes on the second Ode of the second Book.

¹⁶ *To use the Gifts of Heaven wisely*, is, in the Language of the *Stoics*, to acquiesce chearfully under all the Dispensations of Providence, DACIER,

¹⁷ *Duramque callet pauperiem pati.*] *Epicurus* was as much a *Stoic* in regard to his Sentiments on Poverty, as *Zeno* or *Chrysippus* ; for he declares, that a State of chearful Poverty is preferable to the most affluent Wealth.



The SAME * ODE Imitated.

To the Right Hon. JOHN Earl of CORKE
and ORRERY.

THINK not, my Lord, these Strains shall die,
Or sink in *Lethe's* Stream ;

No—they shall Time's rude Grasp defy,

Protected by their Theme.

Tho' foremost in the Lists of Fame

We matchless *Milton* place,

Yet long will *Pope's* distinguish'd Name

The Muse's Annals grace.

Tho' Nature's own heart-melting Lyre

Immortal *Shakespeare* won,

Still deigns the Goddess to inspire

Her favourite *Richardson*.

Our *Edwards* and our *Henries* Praise

Grows with increasing Years,

And *Britons* still attune their Lays

To *Cressy* and *Poitiers* ;

Yet shall each Veteran Chief with Flowers

Bestrew his *Anna's* Shrine,

And long to Fame shall *Blenheim's* Towers

Their *Marlb'rough's* Deeds consign.

Before great *Alfred*, we could boast

Of Princes brave and good,

Yet all, by Bards unsung, are lost

In dark Oblivion's Flood.

In *Marston's* Shades unseen, unknown,

Conceal'd thy Virtues lie ;

O let them now, in Senate shown,

Attract the public Eye.

Tho' every Muse her Spirit breathes

On Thee ; and every Grace

Adorns thy Brow with Olive Wreaths,

Familiar to thy Race ;

Yet now the Converse of the Dead

For active Scenes decline ;

For O ! the Living want each Head,

And claim each Heart like thine.

To *Laurentinum's* Grove retir'd,

Thy *Pliny* fled from Care,

Yet, when his Country's Voice requir'd,

He fill'd the Consul's Chair.

Then

Then, like that Consul, lend thy Aid
To prop our tottering Walls;
For *Rome* demands thee from the Shade,
And hoary *Nerva* calls.

1757.

J. D.



* O D E X.

To LIGURINA.

By J. M. M. A. late of Oriel-College, Oxford.

BLEST as thou art with Beauty's Arms,
And proudly wanton in Excess of Charms,
What tho' kind *Venus* decks thy Face
With all the blushing Violet's purple Grace?
What tho' she taught that Hair to break
In easy Ringlets, o'er thy polish'd Neck?
Pale Age shall soon that Face invade,
And thy grey Locks forget their nut-brown Shade.
Then at thy Glas (if there that Day
Thou dar'st to look) repentant thou shalt say,
Why

- ‘ Why were the Charms of Youth confign’d
- ‘ In vain Profusion to so proud a Mind ?
- ‘ Or why, since now that Pride is o’er,
- ‘ Will Youth with all its Charms return no more ?’



* O D E XI.

To PHYLLIS.

OF *Alban* Wine, full nine Years old,
 My Vault is proud a Cask to hold :
 To weave a Chaplet for your Head,
 My Garden is with ‘ Parsley spread,
 And Ivy, in a Knot behind,
 The Tresses of my Fair to bind.
 My Altar, crown’d with vervain Bands,
 The Lamb’s devoted Blood demands.
 * With shining Plate my Side-board’s grac’d ;
 My Boys and Girls, with busy Haste,
 Run to and fro—From trembling Fires
 The Smoke in dusky Clouds aspires.

If

If You should now enquire, what Feast
 Demands the Presence of my Guest ;
 Know that this * Day the Month divides,
 O'er which the Queen of Love presides ;
 And first the Light this happy Day
 Did to *Mæcenas*' Eyes display,
 Ev'n than my own ³ almost more dear :
 This Day, thro' each revolving Year,
 I'll grateful every God implore,
 On him their choicest Gifts to pour.

Fair † *Telephus*, on whom you doat,
 (That noble Youth above your Lot)
 A rich and wanton Nymph detains,
 And holds fast bound in pleasing Chains.
 Proud *Phaëton*, from highest Heaven
 By angry *Jove* with Lightning driven,
 And *Pegasus*, who scorn'd to bear
 His ‡ mortal Rider thro' the Air,
⁵ But headlong threw ; this Lesson teach,
 Not to aspire above our Reach.
 Come then, the last whom I shall love,
 (No ⁶ future Nymph my Heart can move)

* The 13th of *April*.

‡ *Bellerophon*.

And

478 ODES of HORACE.

And with your tuneful Voice prepare,
To sing some soft and soothing Air.
Music and Poësy compose
The troubled Breast, and lull our Woes.

NOTES.

¹ The Ancients thought there was a Virtue in Ivy and Parsley to dissipate the Fumes arising from Wine.

² *Ridet argento domus.*] In the Days of *Horace* the Romans were very profuse in Furniture and Plate. They had Tables, Chandeliers, Cisterns, Basons, &c., of solid Silver, curiously engraved.
DACIER.

³ ——— *Sanctiorque
Pene natali proprio.*]

Horace adds the Modification *pene*, almost, for Fear of giving Offence to the Deity, who presided at his own Birth.

⁴ This is the same *Telephus*, who is mentioned in the 13th Ode of the first, and in the 19th Ode of the third Book.

⁵ The Story of *Bellerophon* may be seen at large, in the sixth Book of the *Iliad*.

⁶ *Non enim posthac aliud calebo
Fœminâ.*]

Phyllis was his last Mistress, which shows that *Horace* was about forty when he writ this Ode.



* ODE



* O D E XII.

To VIRGIL.

THE Spring's Companions, *Thracian* Gales,
 Now fan the Sea and swell the Sails.
 The Meads no more with Frost are seen
 Deform'd, but shine in native Green.
 No longer in loud Torrents flow
 The Streams, increas'd with wintry Snow.
 Her Nest the busy Swallow rears,
 And in ¹ harsh Notes her Woes declares.
 The Swain now tunes his rural Reed,
 Grateful to *Pan* ; (while round him feed
 His fleecy Charge,) the Flocks who loves,
 And haunts ² *Arcadia's* shady Groves.
Virgil! (whom *Cæsar's* ³ princely Race
 With Patronage and Friendship grace,)
 The warmer Season Thirst excites,
 And gaily to soft Joys invites ;
 But if the rich reviving Juice,
 Which the *Calenian* Grapes produce,

You

You here expect with Me to share,
 You must the fragrant Oyl prepare ;
 Of Spikenard a small + Box procures
 A Jar of Wine from *Galba's* Stores,
 Powerful to chear the gloomy Soul,
 Raise languid Hope, and Care controul.
 If then you chuse, this genial Night
 To give with *Horace* to Delight ;
 Haste with your *Quota* to my Feast ;
 I ask no empty-handed Guest :
 To treat you at my proper Cost,
 Requires more Wealth than I can boast.

A while the $\pm$ anxious Search of Gain,
 Indulgent to yourself, restrain.
 Mindful of Death, without Delay,
 Then seize the present passing Day :
 Severer Cares with Mirth relieve,
 And a few Hours to Folly give.
 'Tis sweet to trifle with a Friend
 In Season, and our Thoughts unbend.



NOTES.

¹ Alluding to the known Story of *Progne's* being changed into a Swallow, after she had killed her own Son, *Itys*, and served him up at a Banquet to her Husband *Tereus*, in Revenge for his having ravished, and cut out the Tongue of her Sister *Philomela*. See *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Book VI.

² It was pretended that *Pan* came into *Italy* the 13th of *February*, and returned to *Arcadia* the 5th of *December*. On both these Days the *Romans* held Festivals in Honour of him. See the Remarks on the 18th Ode of the 3d Book.

³ ——— *Juvenum nobilium ciliens.*] *Drusus* and *Tiberius*, the Sons of the Empress *Livia*, and *Marcellus*, the Nephew, adopted Son, and Son-in-Law of *Augustus*.

⁴ *Onyx* properly signifies a perfumed Shell, which was found in the Marshes of *India*. The Oysters there fed on the *Plantain*, growing in the said Marshes, which gave a Fragrance to their Shells. On this Account, the Ancients made use of them to hold Spice and Essences. Thus *Horace* in the 7th Ode of the 2d Book,

— *Funde capacibus*

Unguenta de conchis.

⁵ Pour forth Essences from copious Shells. But there was also a small *Onyx*, as appears from this Ode, and from *Martial*.

Unguentum fuerat, quod onyx modo parva gerebat :
Olsecit postquam Papius, ecce garum est.

That little Box, with fragrant Essence stor'd,
Smelt to by *Papius*, stunk like a T—d. DACIER.

⁶ *pone Verum moras, et studium lucri.*] *Horace* knew how unwilling *Virgil* was to be drawn from his Study; but as he had been liberally rewarded for some of his Poems by *Augustus*, and the *Roman Court*, he pleasantly intimates he stuck so close to writing Verse, on Account of the Profit he reaped by it. But, in Fact, he was so far from being of a covetous Temper, that he

had refused a large forfeited Estate, which the Emperor offered him. DACIER.

Virgil made a Voyage into *Greece* in the Year of *Rome* 735, and died soon after. *Dacier* and *Sanadon* observe that this must have been written before the 3d Ode of the 1st Book, which is addressed to him on that Occasion.



The SAME ODE Imitated.

By J. W. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

To CHARLES PRATT, Esq;

OBSERVE how calmly warm, my Friend,
O'er the smooth Plain the Zephyrs blow,
While Trees in gentlest Motion bend,
And Streams scarce murmur as they flow.

Sweet *Philomela* trills her Song
Of pleasing Sadness through the Groves,
Wailing a wretched Virgin's Wrong,
And a base King's incestuous Loves.

The Shepherds to the Shades repair,

And on the Grass their Lays indite ;
Which the great Patron of their Care,
Arcadia's listening God, delight.

Thirft

Thirst, with the Season, *Charles*, comes on ;

Would you not then in Thirst repine,
Bring the sleek Soal, or Turbot, down,
And well you shall be paid with Wine.

See ! as the sounding Cork bursts forth,
Pale Care and Sadness startled fly ;
And all Reflections, Foes to Mirth,
Drown'd in the sparkling Brimmer lie.

If then you'll throw your *Coke* aside,
To such enlivening Joys inclin'd,
Quick mount your Steed, and briskly ride,
And bid *Tom* bring the Fish behind.

For think not *gratis* to come off,
Or tippie, scot-free, at my Board,
As when o'er sumptuous Meals you laugh,
With yon fair Villa's bounteous Lord.

Come then, nor rack your Brains to know
How many Fees would *Wimple* buy ;
Come ; and, considering as you go,
That *HARDWICKE*'s 'self at last must die,
Severity for Folly leave,
Best Successor to puzzling Laws ;

In public Life however grave,
Be gay in private with Applause.

1745.



ODE XIII.

By RICHARD RODERICK, *Esq;*

LYCE, at length my Vows are heard,
My Vows so oft to Heaven preferr'd ;

• Welcome, thy silver'd Hairs !

In vain thy Affectation gay,
To hide the manifest Decay ;

In vain thy youthful Airs !

If still thy Cheeks preserve a Blush,
With Heat of Wine, not Youth, they flush,
Unamiable Stain !

If still thou warblest, harsh the Note,
When trembling Age shakes in the Throat
Th' involuntary Strain.

Think'st thou can these my Love prolong?
(Ungrateful Blush ! untuneful Song !)

Or rival *Hebe's* Charms ?

Hebe

Hebe melodious, *Hebe* fair,
 For Judgment swells *her* rapt'rous Air,
 And Youth *her* Blushes warms.

The rosy Cheek, the Forehead smooth,
 Those native Ornaments of Youth,
 Once lost, are lost for aye :
 No Art can smooth, no Paint repair,
 The furrow'd Face ; no Diamond's Glare
 Give Lustre to Decay.

What now of all which once was thine,
 Feature, Complexion, Mien divine,
 Remains the Sense to charm ?
 Why now command they not my Love ?
 Once they prevail'd ; though *Cynara* strove
 Their Empire to disarm.

Cynara! — alas, thou much-lov'd Name !
 Thou, full of Beauty, full of Fame,
 Found'st an untimely Urn !

* While *Lyce*, 'rest of every Grace
 T'enrich the Mind, t'adorn the Face,
 Still lives the public Scorn !

NOTES.

¹ When the Dutchess of *Portsmouth* told the first Duke of *Ormonde* that she hoped to see his Head cut off, he calmly replied, 'And I hope to see your Grace an OLD WOMAN.' C.

² The contemptuous Satire at the Conclusion of the Original is preserved in the *English*; but a graver Turn is given to it, instead of the more ludicrous one of *Horace*.

* ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

I.

HOW shall the Senate, how the People's
Care,

To faithful Annals thy Exploits consign,

What worthy Monuments prepare,

To make thy Virtues shine,

And to each future Age thy spreading Glory bear?

2.

O greatest Prince, that in his annual Round

The Sun surveys; whom † late, though void

The fierce ‡ *Vindelici* have found of Fear,

Invincible in War,

† felt thee less in Fiction than by Deeds renown'd.

3. For

3.

For *Drusus* led thy conquering Legions on;
 And oft the ³ wild *Genaunian* Nation broke;
 The nimble *Breunians* too, o'erthrown,
 Confess the *Roman* Yoke;
 And their strong *Alpine* ⁴ Forts his matchless Cou-
 rage won.

4.

Next, ⁵ elder *Nero* claims the like Applause,
 Who the ⁶ huge *Rhætians*, dreadful in the
 Field,
 With Slaughters tir'd : In Freedom's Cause,
 Unknowing how to yield,
 They generous Victims fell for their dear Country's
 Laws.

5.

As furious *Auster's* unresisted Course
 Provokes the Billows when the ⁷ *Pleiads*
 glow
 Through parting Clouds ; with equal Force,
 He dauntless charg'd the Foe,
 And, 'midst the Heat of Battle, urg'd his foaming
 Horse.

6.

Or as ⁸ horn'd ⁹ *Aufidus* the Bounds disdains,
 Which guide him, rolling through *Apulia's*
 States,
 When, swell'd with melting Snow or Rains,
 He, rising, ¹⁰ meditates
 Swift with his Torrent-floods to deluge all the
 Plains !

7.

So *Claudius*, rapid in his wide Career,
 Forc'd the Barbarians, ¹¹ cas'd in Steel, to
 yield,
 And, with small ¹² Loss, from Front to Rear,
 Mow'd down the standing Field,
 While with ¹³ thy Council, Arms, and Gods, he
 led the War.

8.

For on ¹⁴ *that Day* when *Ægypt's* empty Throne
 Hail'd *Thee* her Lord, the Fates who love to
 bless,
 And *thy* unrival'd Title own,
 By *fifteen Years* Success,
 On that *returning Day* they now thy Glory crown.

9.

The fierce ¹⁵ *Cantabrian*, not to be o'ercome
 But by thy Arms, the ¹⁶ *Indian* and the ¹⁷ *Mede*,
 The ¹⁸ *Scythian*, lurking now at home,
 Justly thy Prowess dread,
 O tutelary God of *Italy* and *Rome* !

10.

The ¹⁹ *Nile's* mysterious Springs thy Grace implore,
 The rapid ²⁰ *Tigris*, the wide ²¹ *Danube* bends
 To Thee ! E'en to the ²² *British* Shore
 Thy awful Sway extends,
 Where Tempests rage, and ²³ monster-teeming
 Billows roar !

11.

Thy Name *Iberia's* hardy Sons alarms ;
 Alarms the ²⁴ *Gauls*, who Death undaunted
 meet :
 The wild ²⁵ *Sicambrian* lays his Arms,
 Submissive, at thy Feet ;
 While Thirst of Blood no more his savage Ven-
 geance charms.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Augustus had directed *Horace* to celebrate the Victories gained by his Sons-in-law, *Drusus* and *Tiberius Nero*. He had already performed the first Part of this Task in the 4th Ode of this Book, viz. so far as it regarded the Actions of *Drusus*.

In this Ode (which may be considered as a Sequel to the former) he resumes and prosecutes the same Subject: First, touching on the great Actions of *Drusus* (who seems to have been his Favourite;) he then extolls the Victories obtained by *Tiberius* over the *Rhætiens*. At the same Time, he makes his Court to *Augustus*, in a very polite and artful Manner; ascribing the Success of these young Princes to the good Education they had received from *Him*, to his wife Counsel, and to the Protection of his tutelary Gods.

¹ *Vindelici didicere nuper,
Quid Marte posses.*]

For *Drusus* subdued this People in the Year of Rome 738, and this Ode was written after the Return of *Augustus* from Gaul, towards the Spring of the Year 740.

By this Calculation, the preceding Invitation to *Virgil* must have been written above five Years before this Ode.

² The *Vindelici* possessed the Country from the Northern part of the *Alps* to the *Danube*: It makes now Part of *Swabia* and *Bavaria*.

³ *Genaunos* ————— *Breunosque.*]

For so these Words are to be spelt; not *Geraunos* and *Brennos*. This Reading is confirmed by *Strabo*, and by an ancient Monument erected on the *Alps*.. **DACIER.**

Ib. Implacidum genus.] *Strabo*, speaking of the Cruelty of this People, says, that, as soon as they had taken any City, they were not content to put to the Sword all the Men able to bear Arms, but they slew also all the male Children, and as many of the Women big with Child, as their Prophets told them would be delivered of Boys. The same is related by *Dion Cassius* :

On

On which Account *Velleius Paterculus* styles them *feritate truces, savagely fierce*.

* *Et arces*

Alpibus impositas tremendis.]

We learn from *Velleius*, that they had fortified themselves on the *Alps*, in Places deemed inaccessible; from which, however, they were driven by *Drusus* and *Tiberius*, who took several of their Cities and strong Castles.

5 Major *Neronum*.] *Tiberius*, who was about four Years older than *Drusus*.

6 *Immanesque Rhætos*.] Now the *Grisons*. See the 4th Ode,

7 The *Pleiads* are seven Stars, between the Tail of the Ram, and one of the Knees of the Bull. The *Romans* called them *Vergilia*. One of them is scarce ever seen. They were said to be the Daughters of *Atlas*, and Sisters of the *Hyads*. Their Rise and Setting are generally very stormy.

8 *Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus*.] The Ancients generally described and painted the River-gods in the Form of old Men, with two Horns on their Forehead; perhaps on Account of the bellowing Noise their Waters make. *Samadon* thinks they are so described, because they frequently divide themselves into two or more Streams before they fall into the Sea. Thus *Virgil* styles the *Rhine*, *Rhenus bicornis*, the two-horned *Rhine*; because the *Rhine* had then only the two Channels which formed the Island of the *Batavi*; but *Drusus Germanicus* afterwards opened a third, to join its Waters with those of the *Iffel*.

9 *Aufidus*] Now the *Ofanto*. This Image, viz. the comparing a powerful Prince to a rapid River is common both to the *Greeks* and *Oriental*s; thus *Isaiah*, speaking of the King of *Affyria*; 'Now therefore behold, the Lord bringeth up upon them the Waters of the River, strong and many, even the King of *Affyria*, and all his Glory; and he shall come up over all his Channels, and go over all his Banks. He shall pass thro' *Judah*; he shall overflow; &c.' *Isaiah* viii. 7 & 8. DACIER.

¹⁰ ———— *Horrendamque cultis
Diluvium meditatur agris.*]

The Sublimity of this Passage depends on the Word *meditatur*, by which *Horace* animates the River *Aufidus*, describing it as a God, forming and executing Schemes at pleasure. Take heed not to read *minitatur*, though Dr. *Bentley* has admitted it into his Text. DACIER.

¹¹ *Ferrata agmina.*] Troops harnessed in Steel or Iron. They were armed with a Breast-plate and Helmet.

¹² *Sine clade victor.*] This is setting the Merit of *Tiberius* in the strongest Light, viz. that he conquered such a fierce and obstinate Foe, without any considerable Loss on his Part. It was thought a Virtue in those Times for a Leader to spare the Lives of his own Soldiers. It were to be wished, that *Christian* Generals would imitate the Example of this *Pagan* Hero.

¹³ *Te copias, te consilium & tuos
Præbente Divos.*]

This whole Stanza, with the Alteration only of two or three Words, is taken from Mr. *Creech*.

Ib. When the General did not lead his Army in Person, it was said, that he lent his Gods and his Troops to his Lieutenant. *Ovid*, speaking of *Tiberius*, and addressing himself to *Augustus*, uses the like Expression;

Auspicium cui das grande, Deosque tuos,

¹⁴ *Horace* had said, that the tutelary Gods of *Augustus* had aided *Tiberius* to conquer the *Rhætians*: To prove this, he observes, that they were overcome in the same Month, and on the very same Day, on which *Augustus* had triumphantly entered into *Alexandria*, fifteen Years before. From whence he infers, that the same Gods had been propitious on both these Occasions.

Ib. *Augustus* entered into *Alexandria* on the 29th of *August*, in the Year of *Rome* 723, which was then the first of the Month which the *Egyptians* called *Thot*,

DACIER.

¹⁵ The

¹⁵ The *Cantabrians*, though often overcome before, had always shaken off the Yoke ; but, at length, *Agrippa* absolutely subdued them in the Year of *Rome* 734, four Years before this Defeat of the *Rhætians*. This is what *Horace* means by *non ante domabilis*. See the Remarks on the 6th Ode of the 2d Book, and on the 8th Ode of the 3d Book.

¹⁶ *Horace* here refers to the Embassy which *Porus* King of *India* sent to *Augustus*, to desire his Friendship, and that of the Roman People. *Augustus* received this Embassy at *Samos*, in the Year of *Rome* 734.

¹⁷ By the *Mede* he means the *Parthians*. In the Year of *Rome* 733, *Phraätes* King of *Parthia* sent back to *Augustus* the Ensigns taken from *Craffus*.

¹⁸ The *Scythians*, that is to say, the *Dacians*, *Sarmatians*, and *Gelons* ; and, in general, all the People of the North. *Augustus* had conquered Part of them, and the most distant sent Ambassadors to beg Peace. *Suëtonius*, *Florus*, and *Victor* give an Account of this Embassy from the *Scythians*.

¹⁹ By the *Nile*, he means *Ægypt*, which, after the Battle of *Actium*, and the taking of *Alexandria*, was become a Roman Province, and an Apanage of the Emperor : On which Account the Governor of *Ægypt* was called *Præfectus Augustalis*.

Ib. — Fontium qui celat origines
Nilus.]

Touching the Source of the *Nile*, *Herodotus* owns that no Man of all the *Ægyptians*, *Libyans*, or *Grecians* he had conversed with, ever pretended to know any thing certain. Nor were the *Romans* better acquainted with it.

*Nile pater, quānam possum te dicere caussa,
Aut quibus in terris occuluisse caput.*

Tibullus, Lib. i. El. viii.

Thus also *Lucan* ;

— non fabula mendax
*Ausa loqui de fonte tuo est ; ubicunque videris,
Quareris ; et nulli contingit gloria genti
Ut Nilo sit lata suo.*

Lib. x. Ver. 282.

The

The Reason why this remained so great a Mystery to the Ancients undoubtedly was, because inaccessible Deserts lay between the Source of the *Nile* and *Egypt*. But, of late Years, it has been happily discovered by some *Portuguese* Jesuits.

This River, to speak properly, has but two Sources, which are two Fountains, round and very deep, issuing on a Plain called *Sicut*, at the Top of the Mountain *Dengla*, in a Province of the Kingdom of *Gouam*, called *Sabala*. The Rivulet, which these two Mountains form, at the Foot of the Mountain, flows Northerly, and then winds about to the East, receiving in its Course three small Streams; then, turning to the South, it flows for about twelve Leagues between the Kingdoms of *Bagemder* and *Goyam*, which latter, *Goyam*, is still on the right Side of its Current. Then, winding itself round *Goyam*, it advances Westerly for about twenty-five Leagues. Now, being recruited with the Waters of many Rivers, it flows again Northerly, and leaving *Abyssinia* on the right, it traverses the Kingdom of *Nubia*, by *Sennar*, or *Sufa*; from whence it carries its fruitful Waters into the Bosom of *Egypt*, which it commonly overflows in *June*. To conclude, after so long a Course, it discharges itself by two Mouths into the *Mediterranean* Sea. The Mountain in *Ethiopia*, where the Springs of the *Nile* rise, is in the 12th Degree of North Latitude, and in the 51st Degree of Longitude. The copious Showers, which fall in *Ethiopia*, from *June* even to *September*, are the sole Cause of the *Nile*'s overflowing *Egypt*. The Ancients seem not to have been entirely Strangers to this; at least, if they were, it must be owned, that the *Greek* Historian, *Arrian*, had a very happy Guess, since, speaking of some Rivers in *India*, which are overflowed in the Summer by periodical Showers of Rain, he has this remarkable Passage, 'From hence it is easy to conjecture that the same Causes produce the Overflowings of the *Nile*; viz. the Showers which may fall on the Mountains of *Ethiopia*, during the Summer; and that the River, swelled with these Floods, overflows its Banks, and spreads its troubled Waters over all the Land.'

The *Nile* was not known by that Name in the Time of *Homer*, who always calls it *Ægyptus*.

²⁰ At that Time the *Euphrates*, and not the *Tigris*, was the Boundary of the *Roman* Empire: But he here speaks of the latter as such, because the *Parthians*, from the Dread of *Augustus*'s

Augustus's Arms, had quitted *Armenia*, and sent back the Ensigns they had taken from *Crassus* and *Antony*, and all their Prisoners. On this Account, *Horace*, in the 5th Ode of the 3d Book, speaks of the *Persians* as subject to the *Roman Empire*. See the Remarks there, and on the 9th Ode of the 2d Book, where he speaks of *Augustus's* new Trophies.

²¹ In the Reign of *Augustus* the *Danube* was the Bounds of the *Roman Empire* to the North; so that when *Horace* says the *Danube* owns the Power of *Augustus*, he means the People on this Side that River, namely, the *Dacians*, the *Pannonians*, the *Vindelicians*, &c. What he says in the next Ode is to be understood in the same Sense;

*Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt,
Edicta rumpent Julia.*

²² The *Britons* had sent Ambassadors to *Augustus* to beg Peace, and had put the whole Kingdom under his Protection.

²³ ——— *Bellus qui remotis
Obstrepat Oceanus Britannis.*]

The monster-bearing Ocean, which roars round the remote Island of Britain. The Sea nourishes in its capacious Bosom various Animals of uncouth Form. *Pliny*, in the 9th Chapter of his 5th Book, writes, that the Tide, one Day, left above three hundred Monsters on the Coast of Britain. DACIER.

²⁴ *Te non paventis funera Gallæ,
—— Tellus audit.*]

When *Horace* writ this Ode, the *Gauls*, after many Wars and many Revolts, were entirely subject to the *Roman Empire*.

As the *Britons* and *Gauls* had imbibed from their Priests, the *Druids*, *Pythagoras's* Doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls, they esteemed it the utmost Baseness to be sparing of a Life, which, if they gave it up in the Cause of Virtue and their Country, should be restored to them again in a happier Form. *Lucan* describes the glorious Effects of this popular Opinion with great Spirit;

————— *Vobis auctoribus, umbra
Non tacitas Erebi sedes, Ditisque profundi*

*Pallida regna petunt : regit idem spiritus artus
 Orbe alio : longæ (canitis si cognita,) vitæ
 Mors media est. Certè populi, quos despicit Arctos;
 Felices errore suo, quos ille timorum
 Maximus, haud urget leti metus. Inde ruendi
 In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
 Mortis ; et ignavum reditura parcere vitæ.*

Lucanus de Bello civili, Lib. i. Ver: 454.

* You teach that Souls, from fleshly Chains unbound,
 Seek not pale Shades, and Erebus profound ;
 But, fleeting hence, to other Regions stray,
 Once more to mix with animated Clay.
 That Death's a Point (if we may trust your Lore)
 'Twixt Lives behind, and longer Lives before.
 A blest Mistake ! which Fate's dread Power disarms,
 And spurs its Votaries on to War's Alarms.
 Lavish of Life, they rush with fierce Delight
 Amidst the Legions, and provoke the Fight,
 O'ermatching Death, and freely cast away
 That Loan of Life, the Gods are bound to pay.

²⁵ *Sicambri*] Now *Guelderland*, one of the seven United Provinces. The *Sicambrians* were defeated by *Drusus*, in the Year of *Rome* 742. But *Horace* cannot possibly speak of that Defeat here, since it was two Years after the writing of this Ode. Undoubtedly this Passage must be understood of the first Revolt of the *Sicambrians*, in the Year of *Rome* 737, when joining their Forces with some of the neighbouring Nations, they defeated the Army of *Lollius*. But being terrified by the Arrival of *Augustus* in *Gaul*, they laid down their Arms, sued for Peace, and accepted such Terms as he was pleased to grant them : On which Account *Horace* says,

Compositis venerantur armis.

* The DRUIDS.

* O D E



* O D E XV.

To AUGUSTUS.

TO sing of Wars when I aspire,
 And conquer'd Cities ; with his Lyre
 ' *Apollo* check'd me ; ' Dare not brave
 ' With thy weak Skiff the *Tyrrhene* Wave.'
 'Twas fix'd by Fate, that ³ *Cæsar*'s Reign
 Should clothe the Fields with plenteous Grain,
 And Trophies to our ⁴ *Jove* restore,
 Which *Parthian* Pillars proudly bore.
 The ⁵ Fane, that by *Quirinus* rose
 To *Janus*, free from War You close,
⁶ Licentious Crimes by Law subdue,
 And *Latium*'s ⁷ ancient Arts renew,
 By which, e'en from his *Western* Bed,
 To *Phæbus*' Rife, our Empire spread.
 While ⁸ *Cæsar* reigns, nor *civil* Jars
 Shall break our Peace, nor *foreign* Wars,

K k

Nor

Nor *Discord's* Rage, that forges Arms,
 And fills the World with dire Alarms;
 Who drink the ⁹ *Danube's* Stream profound,
 Are by the ¹⁰ *Julian* Edicts bound:
 The faithless *Parthians* now obey;
 The *Getes* and *Seres* own his Sway:
 The People, born where *Tanaïs* flows,
 Dare not his mighty Name oppose.

We, with our Wives and blooming Train,
 (Thus did our Sires of old ordain)
 Invoking first the Powers divine,
 With *Lydian* ¹¹ Flutes our Songs will join,
 And, as thy Blessings, *Bacchus*, flow,
 Which cheer the Heart, and banish Woe,
 On common, as on *festal* Days,
 Of our old Heroes sing the Praise;
¹² And *Troy*, *Anchises*, and the Race
 Of Beauty's Queen our Songs shall grace.

 NOTES.

Horace, whose Gratitude made him think he could never do Justice to the Merit of *Augustus*, here intimates the Design he had to celebrate his Battles and Victories in a complete Poem, but that *Apollo* checked his Vanity, by showing how unequal his Muse was to so sublime a Subject.

Dacier is of Opinion, that this was the last Ode he ever writ, and that he might then be in his 54th Year.

¹ *Augustus*

¹ *Augustus* affected to believe, that *Apollo* was his Father, or at least his Patron and Protector, and that he fought for him in Person, at the Battle of *Actium*. *Virgil* has not forgot to place this Circumstance in his *Æneid*:

Actius hac cernens arcum intendebat Apollo
Desuper. ———

This seen, *Apollo*, from his *Actian* Height,
Pour'd down his Arrows ——— DRYDEN.

And *Propertius* also enlarges on it in the 6th Elegy of his fourth Book. *Horace*, therefore, could not more agreeably flatter *Augustus*, than by representing *Apollo* so jealous of his Honour, that he would not suffer his heroic Exploits to be celebrated in an unworthy Manner. DACIER.

Ib. *Increpuit lyrâ.*] *Struck or tapped him with his Lyre*. This was to render him more attentive to the Advice he was about to deliver. Thus *Ovid*, in the last Verse of his 6th Book *De Fastis*,

Annuat Alcides, increpuitque lyrâ.

It was usual to give Persons a little Blow, or to pinch their Ear, to rouse their Attention. Thus *Virgil*, in his 6th Eclogue,

————— *Cynthius aurem*
Vellit, et admonuit.

“*Apollo* twitch'd my Ear, and gave this Warning.”

² *Ne parva Tyrrenum per æquor*
Vela darem.]

And admonish'd me must here be understood; in like Manner as *Virgil* uses the Word *admonuit*. To launch out on the Tuscan Sea, in a small Skiff, signifies metaphorically, to attempt a great Undertaking with a little Genius.

³ *Tua, Caesar, atas.*] *Horace* does not fully express his Sentiment here; for he would intimate to *Augustus*, that the Blessings of Peace, which he has procured to the Romans, afford ample Matter for his Muse, &c. But he frequently omits a regular and close Connection, to preserve that Spirit of Enthusiasm so necessary to an Ode. DACIER.

4 *Et signa nostro restituit Jovi.*] *Augustus* treated the *Regard* the *Parthians* showed him, in sending back the *Ensigns* they had taken from *Crassus* and *Antony*, and restoring the *Roman* Prisoners, as a complete *Victory* over them. A triumphal Arch was erected to him on this Account, the Medals of which are still extant with this Inscription; *Civibus & signis militari-bus à Parthis restitutis*. See the Notes on the 5th Ode of the 3d Book.

Ib. *Augustus* had made a Vow, in the Year of *Rome* 711, to erect a Temple to *Mars* the *Avenger*, after he should have done Justice on the Murderers of *Caesar*. But the Multiplicity of Affairs in which he was involved, or his Flow of Prosperity made him forget his Vow, and he seems to have thought no more of it, till after *Phraëtes* had sent back the *Roman* *Ensigns*, in the Year 733. Then the Joy arising from this unhopèd-for Felicity, induced him to issue out Orders for the building this Temple on the *Capitoline* Hill; not so much for the Accomplishment of his Vow, as to place those *Ensigns* there, and to erect this Monument to his Vanity. From whence comes it to pass then, that *Horace* speaks here only of *Jupiter*, and says not one Word about *Mars*? The Truth of the Matter is this: This Temple, which had been vowed in 711, was not begun to be built till 733, nor finished till eighteen Years afterwards, viz. in the Year of *Rome* 751, under this Prince's 13th Consulship, who then made a solemn Dedication of it with great Pomp, treated the *Romans* with a magnificent Combat of Gladiators, and exhibited also a *Naumachia*, or Sea-fight, in the *Circus*; as we learn from *Velleius*, who was present at these Sports. These *Ensigns*, therefore, were carried and placed in the Temple of *Jupiter Capitoline*, while this Temple was building. It was impossible for *Horace* to speak of the Temple of *Mars* the *Avenger*, since it was not finished or consecrated till six Years after his Death. DACIER.

5 ————— *Vacuum duellis*
Janum Quirini clausit.]

There were at *Rome* three or four Temples of *Janus*; but that here referred to is the Temple of *Janus Bifrons*, or *Janus Geminus*, built by *Romulus*; on which Account *Horace* calls it *Janus Quirini*, the *Janus* of *Romulus*. This Temple was al-
ways

ways open in Time of War, and shut in Time of Peace. It had no Gates during the Reign of *Romulus*. It was first shut by his Successor *Numa*, who added Gates to it;

Portas Jano gemino Numa edificavit. VICTOR.

This has led some Authors into a Mistake, who have imagined that this Temple was the Work of *Numa*. From *Romulus* even to *Augustus*, it was shut but twice; and *Augustus* shut it three Times in his Reign. *Janum Quirinum semel atque iterum à conditâ urbe memoriam ante suam clausum, in multo brevioris spatii temporis, terra marique pace partâ ter clusit.* SUTTONIUS. Cap. 22.

Janus was the same as *Mars*: He was drawn with two Faces, either to denote the Fickleness of that God, or the Prudence essential to a General, who should never engage his Enemy without being Master of the Country behind him, and securing a Retreat, if necessary. The Temple of *Mars* was kept open in Time of War, because the People resorted thither perpetually to offer Oblations, and to implore his Protection; but it has been too much the Practice of Mankind, in all Ages, to forget Providence in the Time of Prosperity. DACIER.

Dacier is of Opinion, that *Horace* saw this Temple shut but twice, and that he was dead some Years before it was shut the third Time; but *Sanadon*, on the contrary, says, that *David Blondel* and Mr. *Mason* have shown, by the Authority of *Dion Cassius*, that *Horace* was then living, and an Eye-witness of it. On which Occasion he supposes he actually writ this Ode towards the End of the Spring, in the Year of *Rome* 744.

⁶ *Fræna licentiæ
Injecit.*]

This was the Subject of *Horace's* Wish in the 24th Ode of his 3d Book;

*Si quæret pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam.*]

We have already often remarked the Disorders and Licentiousness of the *Romans*. *Augustus* restrained them both by wholesome Laws, and his own Example. See the Notes on the two following Lines in the 5th Ode of this Book:

*Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris:
Mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas.*

7 Et

7 *Et veteres revocavit artes.*] By the *ancient Arts* of the *Romans*, *Horace* means the *Morals* of their *Ancestors*, namely, their *Veneration* for the *Gods*, their *Justice*, *Probity*, *Temperance*, *Patience*, *Frugality*, and all that *Train* of heroic *Virtues* which so eminently distinguished the old *Romans*. DACIER.

To apply this to ourselves: In vain would we be thought to honour the *Memory* of our *Edwards* and *Henries*; in vain do we extoll their *Virtues* and heroic *Actions*, while we mimic the *French* in all their fantastic *Fopperies*; while we waste our *Estates*, enervate our *Bodies*, and weaken our *Minds*, by *Gaming*, *Luxury*, and *Profusion* of all *Sorts*; and then, to repair our shattered *Fortunes*, sacrifice the *Interest* of our *Country*, for a precarious *Subsistence*. D.

8 *Custode rerum Casare.*] As this *Passage* tallies exactly with the 14th *Ode* of the third *Book*, which was written a little before the second closing of the *Temple of Janus*, *Sanadon* draws a new *Proof* from it for his *Opinion*, viz. That this *Ode* was written after it was shut the third and last *Time*.

9 *Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt.*] This also seems to prove that this *Ode* was written in the *Year of Rome* 744; for, in the *Beginning* of that *Year*, *Tiberius* and *Drusus* entirely reduced the *Dacians* and the *Germans*, just before the closing of the *Temple of Janus*, which was only deferred till these *People* were quelled. *Augustus* had reduced the *Seres* (*Indians*), the *Persians* (*Parthians*), and the *Borderers* on the *River Tanais*, that is to say, the *Scythians* and the *Sarmathians*, when he was in the *Levant*, in the *Years* 733 and 734.

10 *Augustus* styled the *Laws* he imposed on the conquered *Nations* *Leges Juliae*, in Honour of *Julius Caesar*.

11 *Lydis remisto carmine tibiis.*] The *Lydian Air*, or *Tone*, was lively and chearful. It was used on *Occasions* of *Joy* and *Festivity*, and particularly at *Feasts* and *Banquets*: On which Account *Plato* calls the *Lydian Tunes*, ἡρμῶν ἀνσυμμετρικῶν, *Festal Harmony*.

12 *Trojamque, et Anchisen, et almae
Progeniem Veneris canemus.*]

Though

Though *Horace* says, they extoll, at their Meals, the Gods and Heroes, he mentions, in particular, only *Anchises* and the Descendants of *Venus*, by which he compliments *Augustus* and his Family, who boasted to have derived their Lineage from *Æneas* by that Goddeſs.

I ſhall conclude the Notes on this fourth Book, with an obvious Remark.

Though *Horace* ſet out in the World with ſtrong Notions of Liberty, and in his youthful Days had a warm Affection for the old Form of Government, inſomuch that he left his Studies at *Athens* to follow the Arms and Fortune of *Brutus*; yet, when that great Man was defeated, and with him periſhed the Hopes of the Commonwealth, our Poet had the Addreſs to recommend himſelf effectually to the Conquerors, ſwam with the Tide, and by the Help of his *Epicuræan* Philoſophy, ſpent his Days with great Eaſe and Chearfulneſs: So that what he ſays of *Ariſtippus* is juſtly applicable to himſelf;

*Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, et ſtatus, et res;
Tentantem majora ferè præſentibus æquum.*

To every Habit, State, and Circumſtance,
Could *Ariſtippus* decently conform,
Not fretting at his Lot, though aiming ſtill
At higher Things. —————

Whereas, on the contrary, the great Men of thoſe Times, rigid Adherents to the *Stoic* Philoſophy, were by that inſpired with ſo much Pride and Haughtineſs of Soul, that, when they were diſappointed of their Hopes, and could not govern the State according to their own Humour, they found no other Remedy for their Diſtreſſes, but in a ſplenetic Fit to quit the World in Deſpair, by plunging their Daggers into their own Breasts.

The END of the FOURTH BOOK.

The Reader is desired to correct the following Errors of the
Press.

- Page 26. In the Notes, read *lachrymis*.
 — 43. In the Notes, — *Horace calls them*.
 Ib. after *Andalusian*, read *Soil*.
 — 44. penult. read *thy Primæ*.
 — 61. In the Notes, read *Paris was, &c.* and strike out
 was after Priam.
 — 74. Verse 5 from the Bottom, for *Rights*, read *Rites*.
 — 168. last Verse, for *On*, read *Or*.
 — 212. Note 6. read *against* the Ground.
 — 306. Note 15. read *Face nuptiali*.
 — 352. penult. for *of*, read *if*.
 — 361. Line 6. after *Gold*, read *and Silver*.
 — 385. Note 16. read *Filiæ nomen*.
 — 446. Note 9. read *Hesperia*.
 — 455. Note 12. Line 1. read *Camæna*.
 — — — *Ib.* — 3. — *Camæna*.
 — — — *Ib.* — 4. — *Teia*.
 — 481. — 5. read *Verum pone moras*.